The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XI

First Edition

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

BY PIETRO GABRINI

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born about 1446, near Genoa in Italy. In 1473 he went to Portugal, then the most famous maritime nation in Europe, took part in several expeditions along the coast of Africa and one to Iceland, and became known as a maker of maps. While in Portugal he began to study the problem of reaching Asia by sailing to the west and thus avoiding the long and perilous voyage around Africa. His plan was submitted to the King of Portugal, but the dangers of the Atlantic were supposed to be so great that it was dismissed as impractical. Columbus next tried the court of Spain, and for five years sought in vain to obtain the necessary assistance for the execution of his project. Twice councils were summoned to consider his plans, but each council rejected them. Apparently his years of patient endeavor had gained him nothing but the reputation of being a little mad (see "A Glimpse of Columbus in Spain," volume v).

Thoroughly discouraged, Columbus set out for England to lay his project before Henry VIII. On his way he stopped at a convent to ask for food, and fell into conversation with the prior, who was so struck by the vast benefits that would accrue to the first nation that discovered a direct passage to the East, that he dispatched a messenger to the court and aroused Queen Isabella's interest. As a result Columbus secured the money necessary for his undertaking, and Spain a mighty colonial empire whose treasures made her, in the next century, the most powerful nation in Europe.

On the 13th of August, 1492, three small ships, the Santa Maria, Niña, and Pinta, set sail for the unknown West. The rest of the story is told in the accompanying selection.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

CANADA
SOUTH AMERICA

CENTRAL AMERICA MEXICO AND THE WEST INDIES

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME XI

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CONTENTS

CANADA

I. DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

What the Italians thought of John Cabot
From two contemporary letters 3
From "John and Sebastian Cabot," by Frederick A. Ober.
Jacques Cartier at Quebec . . . . *John Fiske* 8
From "New France and New England."
Sir Humphrey Gilbert . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 16
The Last Days of Henry Hudson . . . *Agnes C. Laut* 19
From "The Conquest of the Great Northwest."
Why the Iroquois hated the French *Eva March Tappan* 28
Champlain and the Impostor Vignan . . *Francis Parkman* 32
From "Pioneers of France in the New World."

II. HEROES AND HEROINES OF EARLY CANADA

The Story of Jean Brébeuf . . . . . . *Rev. J. O. Miller* 41
From "Brief Biographies, supplementing Canadian History."
The Women who founded the Ursuline Convent at Quebec
W. S. Herrington 47
From "Heroines of Canadian History."
The Story of Ville Marie de Montreal
Agnes Maule Machar 50
From "Stories of New France."
Madame de la Tour and her Defense of Fort St. John
Mary Hartwell Catherwood 60
From "The Lady of Fort St. John."
The Child who defended Castle Dangerous
Thomas G. Marquis 71
From "Stories of New France."

III. LIFE IN THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS

In the Days of Frontenac . . . . *Rev. J. O. Miller* 85
From "Brief Biographies Supplementing Canadian History."
How People lived in New France *Charles G. D. Roberts* 91
From "A History of Canada."
The Coureur de Bois . . . . . *Samuel Mathewson Baylis* 99

CONTENTS

IV. CANADA BECOMES A BRITISH PROVINCE

THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 103
From "Evangeline."
THE SECOND CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG . . . *Agnes C. Laut* 109
From "Canada, the Empire of the North."
THE FALL OF QUEBEC . . . . *George Bancroft* 114
From "History of the United States."
THE TROUBLES OF THE LOYALISTS . . *Eva March Tappan* 128
LOYALIST SHELBURNE . . . . *Daniel Owen* 136
HOW A SETTLER BUILT HIS LOG BARN . . *Samuel Thompson* 143
From "Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer."
THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER . . *William Wye Smith* 147

V. SCENES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

WHEN TECUMSEH MET GENERAL BROCK . *Walter R. Nursey* 153
From "The Story of Isaac Brock."
LAURA SECORD, A HEROINE OF THE WAR OF 1812
Rev. J. O. Miller 155
From "Brief Biographies Supplementing Canadian History."
THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE . . . . . *Agnes C. Laut* 158
From "Canada, the Empire of the North."
THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE CAROLINE . *John Charles Dent* 163
From "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion."
TAKEN PRISONER BY THE FENIANS . . . . *David Junor* 170
THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE . . . *William Wye Smith* 180

VI. STORIES OF THE TRAPPERS

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG . . . . *Thomas Moore* 185
HOW THE NORTHWEST COMPANY LOST FORT GABRIEL
Sir Gilbert Parker 187
From "The Chief Factor."
SHOPPING AT A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FORT
H. M. Robinson 194
From "The Great Fur Land."
THE TRADE INTO THE NORTH . . . . . *Aubrey Fullerton* 20

VII. THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOW ALEXANDER MACKENZIE REACHED THE PACIFIC OCEAN
Rev. J. O. Miller 213
From "Brief Biographies Supplementing Canadian History."

CONTENTS

How Canada acquired the Northwest *Eva March Tappan* 217
How the Canadian Pacific crossed the Selkirks
Frederic A. Talbot 223
From "The Railway Conquest of the World."
The Canadian Northwest Mounted Police
W. G. Fitz-Gerald 230
How the Canadian Northwest awoke *A. G. Bradley* 242
From "Canada."

VIII. THE EMPIRE OF THE NORTH

The Cable Hymn . . . . *John G. Whittier* 251
The Bore of the Bay of Fundy . . . . *Eliza B. Chase* 253
From "Transcontinental Sketches."
How Dr. Grenfell was saved . . . . . *George Andrews* 256
From "Adrift on an Ice-Pan."
Given to Hospitality . . . *Dr. Wilfred Thomason Grenfell* 260
From "Down North on the Labrador."
Canada of the Future . . . . *Agnes C. Laut* 271
From "Canada, the Empire of the North."

SOUTH AMERICA

I. STORIES OF THE INCAS

The Stolen Child of the Inca . *Sir Clements R. Markham* 283
From "The Incas of Peru."
How Pizarro captured the Inca . *William Hickling Prescott* 289
From "History of the Conquest of Peru."
The Golden Ransom . . . . . . *Charles Bradford Hudson* 296
From "The Crimson Conquest."
The Execution of Atahuallpa . . *W. H. Davenport Adams* 302
From "The Land of the Incas."
The Hidden Treasure of the Incas
From the Spanish of Valverde 311

II. PERU, CHILE, BOLIVIA, AND ECUADOR

The Highest Railroad in the World *Frederick A. Talbot* 317
From "The Railway Conquests of the World."
How to conduct a Spanish-American Revolution
F. Hassaurek 330
From "Four Years among Spanish-Americans."

CONTENTS

The Unconquerable Araucanians . . *Nevin O. Winter* 336
The Christ of the Andes . . . . . . *Nevin O. Winter* 341
From "Chile and her People of To-day."

III. VENEZUELA, COLOMBIA, AND THE GUIANAS

The Adventures of Columbus off the Coast of Trinidad
Washington Irving 345
From "The Life and Voyages of Columbus."
What Sir Walter Raleigh thought of Guiana
Sir Walter Raleigh 348
From "The Discovery of Guiana."
The Story of Bolívar . . . . *Lindon Bates, Jr.* 351
From "The Path of the Conquistadores."
The Sword of Bolívar . . . . *Unknown* 365
The Asphalt Lake of Trinidad . . . *Lindon Bates, Jr.* 369
From "The Path of the Conquistadores."
Modern Colombia . . . . *Francis E. Clark* 372
From "The Continent of Opportunity."

IV. BRAZIL

The Discovery of Brazil . . . . . . *Robert Grant Watson* 379
From "Spanish and Portuguese in South America."
Why Brazil belonged to Portugal
Thomas Bonaventure Lawler 382
From "The Story of Columbus and Magellan."
How King John VI came to Brazil
D. P. Kidder and J. C. Fletcher 385
From "Brazil and the Brazilians."
Dom Pedro II, the Exiled Emperor *Marie Robinson Wright* 389
From "The New Brazil."
An American Colony in Brazil . . . *Nevin O. Winter* 394

V. PARAGUAY AND URUGUAY

Life at a Paraguayan "Reduction" *Mrs. Marion G. Mulhall* 401
From "Between the Amazon and the Andes."
The Escape of the American Minister from Paraguay
Charles A. Washburn 406
From "The History of Paraguay."
A Visit to Artigas . . . . *W. H. Koebel* 412
From "Uruguay."
Uruguay and the Uruguayans . . . . *Francis E. Clark* 416
From "The Continent of Opportunity."

CONTENTS

VI. THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

ARGENTINE INDEPENDENCE . . . . *Hiram Bingham* 425
From "Across South America."
THE PEOPLE OF THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS
Dr. Domingo Faustino Sarmiento 432
A REAL PATAGONIAN . . . . *Lady Florence Dixie* 438
From "Across Patagonia."
IN BUENOS AIRES . . . . *Hiram Bingham* 444
From "Across South America."

CENTRAL AMERICA

A SACRIFICE TO TOHIL . . . . *William T. Brigham* 453
From "Guatemala."
COPAN . . . . *Joaquin Miller* 458
BALBOA . . . . *Thomas Buchanan Read* 459
CHIEF NICARAGUA AND THE SPANIARDS . *Frederick Palmer* 462
From "Central America and its Problems."
WILLIAM WALKER, "THE LAST OF THE FILIBUSTERS."
Joaquin Miller 466
THE CARGADORS OF GUATEMALA . . . . *Nevin O. Winter* 469
From "Guatemala and her People of To-day."
HAPPY LITTLE COSTA RICA . . . . *Frederick Palmer* 471
From "Central America and its Problems."

MEXICO

I. STORIES OF THE AZTECS

A HYMN OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS . . . . *Unknown* 479
From "The Rig Veda Americanus," edited by D. G. Brinton.
NEZAHUALCOYOTL, KING OF THE TUSCUCANS
William Hickling Prescott 480
From "History of the Conquest of Mexico."
HOW AN AZTEC BOY BECAME A KNIGHT *Hubert Howe Bancroft* 483
HOW THE AZTEC KING PASSED HIS TIME *Hubert Howe Bancroft* 488
From "A Popular History of the Mexican People."

II. THE COMING OF THE SPANIARDS

HAS THE GOD QUETZALCOATL COME TO MEXICO?
William Hickling Prescott 495
From "History of the Conquest of Mexico."

CONTENTS

THE KING WITHOUT A THRONE . . *Hubert Howe Bancroft* 504
From "A Popular History of the Mexican People."
THE FALL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO . . . *Jacob Abbott* 512
From "History of Hernando Cortez and his Conquest of Mexico."

III. MODERN MEXICO

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA . . . . *John G. Whittier* 519
MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO . . . *Margaret Junkin Preston* 524
THE RULE OF PORFIRIO DIAZ
Channing Arnold and Frederick J. Tabor Frost 526
From "The American Egypt."

THE WEST INDIES

THE FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS . . *Ferdinand Columbus* 539
TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE . . . . . . *Wendell Phillips* 546
From "Speeches, Lectures and Letters."
"THE MARBLE MEMORY OF JOSEPHINE" . . *Lafcadio Hearn* 556
THE FER-DE-LANCE OF MARTINIQUE . . . *Lafcadio Hearn* 558
From "Two Years in the French West Indies."
THE ERUPTION OF MONT PELÉE . . *Charles Augustus Stoddard* 563
From "Cruising among the Caribbees."
THE COURT OF JUSTICE OF GENERAL GOMEZ *Grover Flint* 567
From "Marching with Gomez."
HOW FREEDOM CAME TO PORTO RICO . . . *William Dinwiddie* 570
From "Puerto Rico; Its Conditions and Possibilities."

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Landing of Columbus . . . . *Pietro Gabrini* Frontispiece

The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson . . . *John Collier* 24

The Attack on Quebec . . . . *From an old print* 122

Monument to Joseph Brant . . . . *Photograph* 152

A Glacier in the Selkirk Mountains . . . *Photograph* 228

Machu Picchu, A Ruined City of the Incas *Photograph* 288

Statue of Bolívar, Caracas, Venezuela . . *Photograph* 364

Mexican Hieroglyphs . . . . *Photograph* 482

Statue of Quauhtemoc . . . . *Photograph* 516

The Last Moments of Maximilian . . *Jean Paul Laurens* 524

The National Palace, City of Mexico . . *Photograph* 534

Execution Wall, Havana . . . . *Photograph* 568

CANADA

I

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

It is probable that even before the year 1000 the Norsemen sailed along the Canadian shores; but John Cabot was the first who is known to have landed (1497), and it is chiefly upon his exceedingly slight exploration of the coast that England based her claim to North America. Many years passed, however, before she established herself in what is now Canada; for the French were the first to explore the land and found colonies. As early as 1504 French fishermen began to visit the Newfoundland Banks; in 1518 an attempt was made to found a French colony on Sable Island; and in 1524 Verrazano, under orders of the French King, Francis I, sailed along the coast from the 34th to the 50th parallel of latitude. Ten years later the St. Lawrence River was explored by Jacques Cartier, who took possession of the country in the name of the King of France.

In 1603 Samuel de Champlain, "the father of New France," accompanied a colonizing expedition to the Canadian wilderness. Five years later he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the new colony. Under the guidance of this intrepid and vigorous leader the country was systematically explored, treaties were made with the Indians, and new settlements were founded. As the result of Champlain's efforts, French power was firmly established along the St. Lawrence before his death in 1635.

WHAT THE ITALIANS THOUGHT OF JOHN CABOT

[1498]

FROM TWO CONTEMPORARY LETTERS

[John Cabot, a Venetian, sailed in the service of Henry VII of England with permission to go north, south, or west in the hope of discovering regions "unknown to all Christians." He came upon the coast of North America, perhaps at Labrador, perhaps at Cape Breton. The following letter, written by Lorenzo Pasqualigo to his brothers in Venice, gives an account of Cabot's discoveries.

The Editor.]

Our Venetian who went with a small ship from Bristol to find new islands has come back, and reports he has discovered, seven hundred leagues off, the mainland of the country of the Gran Cam [Grand Khan, for whom, also, Columbus was ever searching], and that he coasted along it for three hundred leagues, and landed, but did not see any person. But he has brought here to the king certain snares spread to take game, and a needle for making nets, and he found some notched trees, from which he judged that there were inhabitants. Being in doubt, he came back to the ship. He has been away three months on the voyage, which is certain, and in returning, he saw two islands to the right; but he did not wish to land lest he should lose time, for he was in want of provisions. He says that the tides are slack, and do not make currents as they do here.

The king has been much pleased. He has promised for another time ten armed ships, as he desires, and has given him all the prisoners, except such as are confined for high treason, to go with him, as he has requested; and has granted him money to amuse himself till then. Meanwhile, he is with his Venetian wife and his sons at Bristol. His name is Zuam Calbot: he is called the "admiral," high honor being paid him, and he goes dressed in silk. The English are ready to go with him, and so are our rascals. The discoverer of these things has planted a large cross in the ground, with a banner of England, and one of St. Mark, as he is a Venetian; so that our flag has been hoisted very far afield.

[A few months later Raimondo di Soncino wrote as follows to the Duke of Milan, for whom he was an envoy to England.]

Perhaps amidst so many occupations, Your Excellency will not be unwilling to be informed how His Majesty [Henry VII] has acquired a part of Asia [which it was supposed to be then, the intervening continent of America not having been dreamed of, even] without a stroke of his sword.

In this Kingdom there is a Venetian named Zoanne Caboto, of gentle breeding and great ability as a navigator, who, seeing that the most serene kings of Portugal and Spain had occupied unknown islands, meditated a similar acquisition for the said Majesty. Having obtained royal privileges securing to himself the use of the dominions he might discover, the sovereignty being reserved to the Crown, he entrusted his fortune to a small vessel with a crew of eighteen persons, and set out from

Bristol, a port in the western part of this kingdom. Having passed Ibernia [Ireland], which is still farther to the west, and then shaped a northerly course, he began to navigate the eastern part of the ocean. Leaving the North Star on the right hand, and having wandered thus for a long time, he at length hit upon land, where he planted the royal banner, took possession for His Highness, and having obtained various proofs of his discovery, he returned.

The said Messer Zoanne, being a foreigner and poor, would not have been believed if the crew, who are nearly all Englishmen and from Bristol, had not testified that what he said was the truth. This Messer Zoanne has the description of the world on a chart, and also on a solid sphere which he has constructed, and on which he shows where he has been. And they say that the land is excellent, the climate temperate, suggesting that Brazil [wood] and silk grow there. They also affirm that the sea is full of fish, which are not only taken with a net, but also with a basket, a stone being fastened to it in order to make it sink in the water; and this I have heard stated by the said Messer Zoanne.

The aforesaid Englishmen, his partners, say that they can bring so many fish that this kingdom will no longer have need of Iceland. But Messer Zoanne has set his mind on greater undertakings, for he thinks that, when that place has been occupied, he will keep on still farther towards the East, until he is opposite an island called "Zipango," situated in the equinoctial region, where he believes that all the spices of the world, as well as the jewels, are found. He further says that he was once at Mecca, whither the spices are brought by caravan from

distant countries; and having inquired of those carrying them whence they were brought, and where they grow, they answered that they did not know, but that such merchandise was brought from remote countries by other caravans to their homes, and that the same information was repeated by those who brought the spices in turn to them.

Thus he adduces this argument: that if the Eastern people tell those in the South that these things come from a far distance from them, presupposing the rotundity of the earth, it must be that the last turn would be *by the north towards the west;* and it is said that the route would not cost more than it costs now, and I also believe it. And what is more, His Majesty, who is frugal and not prodigal, reposes such trust in him, because of what he has already achieved, that he gives him a good maintenance, as Messer Zoanne has himself told me. And it is said that before long His Majesty will arm some ships for him, and will give him all the malefactors to go to that country and form a colony, so that they hope to make of London a greater place for spices than Alexandria.

The principal people in the enterprise belong to Bristol. They are great seamen, and now that they know where to go, they say that the voyage thither will not occupy more than fifteen days, after leaving Ibernia. I have also spoken with a Burgundian, who was a companion of Messer Zoanne, who affirms all this, and who wishes to return, because the admiral (for so Messer Zoanne is entitled) has given him an island. And he has given another to his barber, who is a Genoese, and they both look upon themselves as counts; nor do they look

upon my lord the admiral as less than a prince! I also believe that some poor Italian friars are going on this voyage, who have all had bishoprics promised them; and if I had but made friends with the admiral when he was about to sail, I should have got an archbishopric at least; but I have thought that the benefits reserved for me by Your Excellency will be more secure. . . .

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

RAIMUNDUS.

JACQUES CARTIER AT QUEBEC

[1535]

BY JOHN FISKE

THERE enters now upon the scene a man of whose personality we have a much more distinct conception than we have of Verrazano. As that accomplished Italian is one of the chief glories of the town of Dieppe, so the Breton seaport of St. Malo is famous for its native citizen, Jacques Cartier. His portrait hangs in the Town Hall. Unfortunately its authenticity is not above question, but if it is not surely a true likeness it deserves to be; it well expresses the earnestness and courage, the refinement and keen intelligence of the great Breton mariner. He had roamed the seas for many years, and had won — and doubtless earned — from Spanish mouths the epithets of "corsair" and "pirate," when at the age of three and forty he was selected by Philippe de Chabot, Admiral of France, to carry on the work of Denys and Aubert and Verrazano, and to bring fresh tidings of the mysterious Square Gulf of Sylvanus.

On April 20, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo with two small craft carrying sixty-one men, and made straight for the coast of Labrador, just north of the Strait of Belle Isle, a region already quite familiar to Breton and Norman fishermen. Passing through the straits he skirted the inner coast of Newfoundland southward as far as Cape Ray, whence he crossed to Prince Edward Island, and turned his prows to the north. The

oppressive heat of an American July is commemorated in the name which Cartier gave to the Bay of Chaleur. A little farther on, at Gaspe, he set up a cross, and with the usual ceremonies took possession of the country in the name of Francis I. Thence he crossed to the eastern end of Anticosti, and followed the north shore of that island nearly to its western point, when he headed about, and passing through Belle Isle made straight for France, carrying with him a couple of Indians whom he had kidnapped, young warriors from far up the St. Lawrence, who had come down to the sea to catch mackerel in hemp nets.

With this voyage of reconnoissance the shadowy Square Gulf of Sylvanus at once becomes clothed with reality. Enough interest was aroused in France to seem to justify another undertaking, and in May, 1535, the gallant Cartier set forth once more, with three small ships and one hundred and ten men. Late in July he passed through the Strait of Belle Isle, and on the 10th of August, a day sacred to the martyred St. Lawrence, he gave that name to a small bay on the mainland north of Anticosti. Whales were spouting all around his course as he passed the western point of the island and ploughed into the broad expanse of salt water that seemed to open before him the prospect of a short passage to the Indian Ocean. Day by day, however, the water grew fresher, and by the September morning when he reached the mouth of the Saguenay our explorer was reluctantly convinced that he was not in a strait of the ocean, but in one of the mightiest rivers of the earth. To these newcomers from the Old World each day must have presented an impressive spectacle; for

except the Amazon and the Orinoco it may be doubted if there be any river which gives one such an overwhelming sense of power and majesty as the St. Lawrence; certainly the Mississippi seems very tame in comparison.

As the Frenchmen inquired the names of the villages along the banks, a reply which they commonly received from their two Indian guides was the word *Canada*, which is simply a Mohawk word for "village." Hence Cartier naturally got the impression that Canada was the name of the river or of the country through which it flowed, and from these beginnings its meaning has been gradually expanded until it has come to cover half of a huge continent. Presently on arriving at the site of Quebec, Cartier found there a village named Stadacona, with a chieftain called Donnacona. Painted and bedizened warriors and squaws came trooping to the water's edge or paddling out in canoes to meet the astounding spectacle of the white-winged floating castles and their pale-faced and bearded people. In the two kidnapped interpreters the men of Stadacona quickly recognized their kinsmen; strings of beads were passed about, dusky figures leaped and danced, and doleful yells of welcome resounded through the forest. Was this the principal town of that country? No, it was not. The town in question was many miles upstream, a great town, and its name was Hochelaga, but it would be rash for the bearded visitors to attempt to go thither, for they would be blinded with falling snow, and their ships would be caught between ice-floes. This ironical solicitude for the safety of the strangers has the genuine Indian smack. The real motive underlying it was doubtless "protection to home industry"; why should

the people at Hochelaga get a part of the beads and red ribbons when there were no more than enough for the people at Stadacona? Recourse was had to the supernal or infernal powers. On a fine autumn morning a canoe came down the river, carrying three scowling devils clad in dogskins, with inky-black faces surmounted by long antlers. As they passed the ships they paddled shorewards, prophesying in a dismal monotone, until as the canoe touched the beach all three fell flat upon their faces. Thereupon forth issued from the woods Donnacona's feathered braves, and in an ecstasy of yelps and groans seized the fallen demons and carried them out of sight behind the canopy of leaves, whence for an hour or so their harsh and guttural hubbub fell upon the ears of the Frenchmen. At last the two young interpreters crawled out from the thicket and danced about the shore with agonized cries and gestures of lively terror, until Cartier from his quarter-deck called out to know what was the trouble. It was a message, they said, from the mighty deity Coudouagny, warning the visitors not to venture upon the dangerous journey to Hochelaga, inasmuch as black ruin would surely overtake them. The Frenchman's reply was couched in language disrespectful to Coudouagny, and the principle of free trade in trinkets prevailed.

With a forty-ton pinnace and two boats carrying fifty men Cartier kept on up the river, leaving his ships well guarded in a snug harbor within the mouth of the stream now known as the St. Charles. A cheerful voyage of a fortnight brought the little party to Hochelaga, where they landed on a crisp October morning. There came forth to meet them — in the magniloquent phrase

of the old narrator — "one of the principal lords of the said city," with a large company of retainers, for thus did their European eyes interpret the group of clansmen by whom they were welcomed. A huge bonfire was soon blazing and crackling, and Indian tongues, loosened by its genial warmth, poured forth floods of eloquence, until presently the whole company took up its march into the great city of Hochelaga. A sketch of this rustic stronghold was published in 1556 in Ramusio's collection of voyages. The name of the draughtsman has not come down to us, but it was apparently drawn from memory by some one of Cartier's party, for while it does not answer in all details to Cartier's description, it is a most characteristic and unmistakable Iroquois town. It was circular in shape. The central portion consisted of about fifty long wigwams, about one hundred and fifty feet in length by fifty in breadth, framed of saplings tightly boarded in with sheets of bark. Through the middle of each wigwam ran a passageway, with stone fireplaces at intervals coming under openings in the high bark roof whereby some of the smoke might escape. Kettles of baked clay hung over most of the fires, and the smoky atmosphere was redolent of simmering messes of corn and beans and fowl, or, if it were a gala day, of boiled dog, while the fumes of tobacco were omnipresent. On either side were the rows of shelves or benches covered with furs, which served as beds; while here and there, overlooking sheaves of stone arrows and scattered tomahawks, there dangled flint knives and red clay pipes and dried human scalps. These spacious wigwams were arranged about a large central square, and outside of them a considerable interval or boulevard

intervened between habitations and wall. Such a town might have held a population of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand souls, but the actual number was apt to fall short of the capacity. The town wall was ingeniously constructed of three concentric rows of stout saplings. The middle row stood erect in the ground, rising to a height of twelve or fifteen feet; and the two outer rows, planted at a distance of five or six feet on either side of it, were inclined so as to make a two-sided tent-shaped structure. The three rows of saplings met at the top, and were tightly lashed to a horizontal ridge-pole, while at the bottom, and again about halfway up, they were connected by diagonal cross-braces, after the herring-bone pattern, thus securing great strength and stability. Around the inside of this stout wall, and near the top, ran a gallery accessible by short ladders, and upon the gallery our explorers observed piles of stones ready to be hurled at an approaching foe. Outside in all directions stretched rugged half-cleared fields clad in the brown remnant of last summer's corn crop, and dotted here and there with yellow pumpkins.

The arrival of the white strangers was the cause of wild excitement among the bark cabins and in the open square of Hochelaga. Their demeanor was so courteous and friendly that men, women, and children allowed curiosity to prevail over fear; they flocked about the Frenchmen and felt of their steel weapons and stroked their beards. Sick Indians came up to be touched and cured, trinkets were handed about, polite speeches were made, and at length amid a loud fanfare of trumpets the white men took their leave. Before they embarked the Indians escorted them to the summit of the neighboring

hill, which Cartier named "Mont Royal," a name which as "Montreal" still remains attached to the hill and to the noble city at its foot.

It was getting late in the season to make further explorations in this wild and unknown country, and upon returning to Stadacona the Frenchmen went into winter quarters. There they suffered from such intensity of cold as the shores of the English Channel never witnessed, and presently scurvy broke out with such virulence that scarcely a dozen of the whole company were left well enough to take care of the rest. In vain were prayers and litanies and genuflections in the snow. The heavenly powers were as obdurate as when Cassim Baba forgot the talismanic word that opened the robbers' cave. But presently Cartier learned from an Indian that a decoction of the leaves of a certain evergreen tree was an infallible cure for scurvy. The experiment was tried with results that would have gladdened Bishop Berkeley, had he known them, when he wrote his famous treatise on the virtues of tar water. Whether the tree was spruce, or pine, or balsam fir, is matter of doubt, but we are told that Cartier's men showed such avidity that within a week they had boiled all the foliage of a tree as big as a full-grown oak, and had quaffed the aromatic decoction, whereupon their cruel distemper was quickly healed.

The ranks had been so thinned by death that Cartier was obliged to leave one of his ships behind. Further exploration must be postponed. It was the common experience. A single season of struggle with the savage continent made it necessary to return to Europe for fresh resources. So it was with Cartier. The midsummer

of 1536 saw him once more safe within the walls of St. Malo, and confident that one more expedition would reveal some at least of the wonders which he had heard of, comprising all sorts of things, from gold and diamonds to unipeds. As we are confronted again and again with these resplendent dreams of the early voyagers to America, we are reminded not only that the wish is father to the thought, but also that the stolid-looking red man is the most facetious of mortals, and in his opinion the most delightful kind of facetiousness, the genuine epicure's brand of humor, consists in what English slang calls "stuffing," or filling a victim's head with all manner of false information.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

[1583]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, sailed for Newfoundland in 1583 to plant a colony, the first English colony in America. On his return voyage terrible storms were encountered, and the Squirrel, the vessel in which Sir Humphrey sailed, was cast away. In the midst of the storm, the general, "sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the Hind, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'"

The Editor.]

Southward with fleet of ice
  Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
  And the East-Wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
  Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
  Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
  Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
  Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
  Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;

Three days or more seaward he bore,
  Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
  And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
  The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
  He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
  Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
  The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
  Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
  Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
  At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
  Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
  They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
  Yet there seems no change of place.

CANADA

Southward, forever southward,
  They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
  Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LAST DAYS OF HENRY HUDSON

[1611]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

[HENRY HUDSON, in search of a Northeast Passage, touched the coasts of Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla. He explored the Hudson River in 1609, and in the following year he made yet another voyage, this time in search of a Northwest Passage. After three months of exploration of Hudson Bay, his vessel was frozen in.

The Editor.]

THE miserable winter dragged on. Snow fell continuously day after day. The frost giants set the ice whooping and crackling every night like artillery fire. A pall of gloom was settling over the ship that seemed to benumb hope and benumb effort. Great numbers of birds were shot by loyal members of the crew, but the ship was short of bread and the cook began to use moss and the juice of tamarack as antidotes to scurvy. As winter closed in, the cold grew more intense. Stone fireplaces were built on the decks of the ships. Pans of shot heated red-hot were taken to the berths as a warming-pan. On the whole, Hudson was fortunate in his wintering quarters. It was the most sheltered part of the bay and had the greatest abundance of game to be found on that great inland sea. Also, there was no lack of firewood. Farther north on the west shore, Hudson's ship would have been exposed to the east winds and the ice-drive. Here, he was secure from both, though the cold of James

Bay was quite severe enough to cover decks and beds and bedding and port windows with hoar frost an inch thick.

Toward spring came a timid savage to the ship drawing furs on a toboggan for trade. He promised to return after so many sleeps from the tribes of the south, but time to an Indian may mean this year or next, and he was never seen again. As the ice began to break up in May, Hudson sent men fishing in a shallop that the carpenters had built, but the fishermen plotted to escape in the small boat. The next time, Hudson himself led the fishermen, threatening to leave any man proved guilty of plots marooned on the bay. It was an unfortunate threat. The men remembered it. Juet, the deposed mate, had but caged his wrath and was now joined by Henry Greene, the secretary, who had fallen from favor. If these men and their allies had hunted half as industriously as they plotted, there would have been food in plenty; but with half the crew living idly on the labors of the others for a winter, somebody was bound to suffer shortage of food on the homeward voyage. The traitor thought was suggested by Henry Greene that if Hudson and the loyal men were themselves marooned, the rest could go home with plenty of food and no fear of punishment. The report could be spread that Hudson had died. Hudson had searched the land in vain for Indians. All unconscious of the conspiracy in progress, he returned to prepare the ship for the home voyage.

The rest of the Discovery's record reads like some tale of piracy on the South Sea. Hudson distributed to the crew all the bread that was left — a pound to each man

without favoritism. There were tears in his eyes and his voice broke as he handed out the last of the food. The same was done with the cheese. Seamen's chests were then searched and some pilfered biscuits distributed. In Hudson's cabin were stored provisions for fourteen days. These were to be used only in the last extremity. As might have been expected, the idle mutineers used their food without stint. The men who would not work were the men who would not deny themselves. When Hudson weighed anchor on June 18, 1611, for the homeward trip, nine of the best men in the crew lay ill in their berths from overwork and privations.

One night Greene came to the cabin of Prickett, who had acted as a sort of agent for the ship's owners. Vowing to cut the throat of any man who betrayed him, Greene burst out in imprecations with a sort of pot-valor that "he was going to end it or mend it; go through with it or die"; the sick men were useless; there were provisions for half the crew but not all —

Prickett bade him stop. This was mutiny. Mutiny was punished in England by death. But Greene swore he would rather be hanged at home than starve at sea.

In the dark, the whole troop of mutineers came whining and plotting to Prickett. The boat was only a few days out of winter quarters and embayed in the ice halfway to the Straits. If such delays continued, what were fourteen days' provisions for a voyage? Of all the ill men, Prickett alone was to be spared to intercede for the mutineers with Sir Dudley Digges, his master. In vain, Prickett pleaded for Hudson's life. Let them wait two days; one day; twelve hours! They called him a fool! It was Hudson's death, or the death of all! The

matter must be put through while their courage was up! Then, to add the last touch to their villainy, they swore on a Bible to Prickett that what they contemplated was for the object of saving the lives of the majority. Prickett's defense for countenancing the mutiny is at best the excuse of a weakling, a scared fool — he could n't save Hudson, so he kept quiet to save his own neck. It was a black, windy night. The seas were moaning against the ice-fields. As far as human mind could forestall devilish designs, the mutineers were safe, for all would be alike guilty and so alike pledged to secrecy. It must be remembered, too, the crew were impressed seamen, unwilling sailors, the blackguard riffraff of London streets. If the plotters had gone to bed, Prickett might have crawled above to Hudson's cabin, but the mutineers kept sleepless vigil for the night. At daybreak two had stationed themselves at the hatch, three hovered round the door of the captain's cabin. When Hudson emerged from the room, two men leaped on him to the fore, a third, Wilson, the bo'swain, caught and bound his arms behind. When Hudson demanded what they meant, they answered with sinister intent that he would know when *he* was put in the shallop. Then all pretense that what they did was for the good of the crew was cast aside. They threw off all disguise and gathered round him with shouts and jeers and railings and mockery of his high ambitions! It was the old story of the ideal hooted by the mob, crucified by little-minded malice, misunderstood by evil and designing fools! The sick were tumbled out of berths and herded abovedecks till the shallop was lowered. One man from Ipswich was given a chance to remain, but begged to be

set adrift. He would rather perish as a man than live as a thief. The name of the hero was Philip Staffe. With a running commentary of curses from Henry Greene, Juet the mate now venting his pent-up vials of spleen, eight sick men were lowered into the small boat with Hudson and his son. Some one suggested giving the castaways ammunition and meal. Juet roared for the men to make haste. Wilson, the guilty bo'swain, got anchors up and sails rigged. Ammunition, arms, and cooking-utensils were thrown into the small boat. The Discovery then spread her sails to the wind — a pirate ship. The tow-rope of the small boat tightened. She followed like a despairing swimmer, climbing over the wave-wash for a pace or two; then some one cut the cable. The castaways were adrift. The distance between the two ships widened. Prickett, looking out from his porthole below, caught sight of Hudson with arms bound and panic-stricken, angry face. As the boats drifted apart the old commander shouted a malediction against his traitor crew.

"Juet will ruin you all —."

"Nay, but it is that villain, Henry Green," Prickett yelled back through the porthole, and the shallop fell away. Some miles out of sight from their victims, the mutineers slackened pace to ransack the contents of the ship. The shallop was sighted, oars going, sails spread, coming over a wave in mad pursuit. With guilty terror as if their pursuers had been ghosts, the mutineers out with crowded sails and fled as from an avenging demon! So passed Henry Hudson down the Long Trail on June 21, 1611! Did he suffer that blackest of all despair — loss of vision, of faith in his dream? Did life suddenly

seem to him a cruel joke in which he had played the part of the fool? Who can tell?

What became of him? A silence as of a grave in the sea rests over his fate. Barely the shadow of a legend illumines his last hours; though Indians of Hudson Bay to this day tell folklore yarns of the first Englishman who came to the bay and was wrecked. When Radisson came overland to the bay fifty years later, he found an old house "all marked by bullets." Did Hudson take his last stand inside that house? Did the loyal Ipswich man fight his last fight against the powers of darkness there where the goddess of Death lines her shores with the bodies of the dead? Also, the Indians told Radisson childish fables of a "ship with sails" having come to the bay; but many ships came in those fifty years: Button's to hunt in vain for Hudson; Munck, the Dane's, to meet a fate worse than Hudson's.

Hudson's shallop went down to as utter silence as the watery graves of those old sea vikings, who rode out to meet death on the billow. A famous painting represents Hudson huddled panic-stricken with his child and the ragged castaways in a boat driving to ruin among the ice-fields. I like better to think as we know last of him — standing with bound arms and face to fate, shouting defiance at the fleeing enemy. They could kill him, but they could not crush him! It was more as a viking would have liked to die. He had left the world benefited more than he could have dreamed — this pathfinder of two empires' commerce. He had fought his fight. He had done his work. He had chased his Idea down the Long Trail. What more could the most favored child of the gods ask? With one's task done, better to die in harness

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON

BY HON. JOHN COLLIER

The illustration represents a desolate scene in the North. The water is full of floating ice; towering bergs are threatening to crush the little open boat in the foreground. In this boat sits Henry Hudson, with long gray beard and glassy, unseeing eyes. His left hand still grasps the tiller, but he is evidently paying small attention to the course of the vessel. At his feet sits his son, gazing up into the father's face in hopeless appeal. At the left a sick man in the bottom of the boat is drawing the skin of a polar bear about him. It is the very embodiment of desolation and hopelessness.

than rot in some garret of obscurity, or grow garrulous in an imbecile old age — the fate of so many great benefactors in humanity!

It needed no prophet to predict the end of the pirate ship with such a crew. They quarreled over who should be captain. They quarreled over who should be mate. They quarreled over who should keep the ship's log. They lost themselves in the fog, and ran amuck of icebergs and disputed whether they should sail east or west, whether they had passed Cape Digges leading out of the Straits, whether they should turn back south to seek the South Sea. They were like children lost in the dark. They ran on rocks, and lay ice-bound with no food but dried sea moss and soup made of candle grease boiled with the offal left from partridge. Ice hid the Straits. They steered past the outlet and now steered back only to run on a rock near the pepper-colored sands of Cape Digges. Flood tide set them free. They wanted to land and hunt, but were afraid to approach the coast and sent in the small boats. It was the 28th of July. As they neared the breeding-ground of the birds, Eskimo kyacks came swarming over the waves toward them. That day, the whites rested in the Indian tents. The next day Henry Greene hurried ashore with six men to secure provisions. Five men had landed to gather scurvy (sorrel) grass and trade with the fifty Indians along the shore. Prickett, being lame, remained alone in the small boat. Noticing an Eskimo boarding the boat, Prickett stood up and peremptorily ordered the savage ashore. When he sat down, what was his horror to find himself seized from behind, with a knife stroke grazing his breast. Eskimo carry their knives by strings.

Prickett seized the string in his left hand and so warded off the blow. With his right hand he got his own dagger out of belt and stabbed the assailant dead. On shore, Wilson, the bo'swain, and another man had been cut to pieces. Striking off the Indians with a club, Greene, the ringleader, tumbled to the boat with a death-wound. The other two men leaped down the rocks into the boat. A shower of arrows followed, killing Greene outright and wounding the other three. One of the rowers fainted. The others signaled the ship for aid, and were rescued. Greene's body was thrown into the sea without shroud or shrift. Of the other three, two died in agonies. This encounter left only four well men to man the ship home. They landed twice among the numberless lonely islands that line the Straits and hunted partridge and sea moss for food. Before they had left the Straits, they were down to rations of half a bird a day. In midocean they were grateful for the garbage of the cook's barrel. Juet, the old mate, died of starvation in sight of Ireland. The other men became so weak they could not stand at the helm. Sails flapped to the wind in tatters. Masts snapped off short. Splintered yardarms hung in the ragged rigging. It was like an ocean derelict, or a haunted craft with a maimed crew. In September, land was sighted off Ireland and the joyful cry of "A sail!" raised; but a ship manned by only four men with a tale of disaster, which could not be explained, aroused suspicion. The Discovery was shunned by the fisher-folk. Only by pawning the ship's furniture could the crew obtain food, sailors, and pilot to take them to Plymouth. Needless to say, the survivors were at once clapped into prison and Sir Thomas Button sent to hunt for Hudson;

but Hudson had passed to his unknown grave, leaving as a monument the two great pathways of traffic, which he found — Hudson River and the northern inland sea, which may yet prove the Baltic of America.

WHY THE IROQUOIS HATED THE FRENCH

[1609]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[In order to win the friendship of the Algonquins, Champlain agreed to assist them in their war against the Iroquois.
The Editor.]

In the spring of 1609 the expedition set out. Up the St. Lawrence the company paddled, and up the Richelieu River. There were sixty Indians, Algonquins and Hurons, in the canoes, and two white men besides Champlain. When the first night came and they were ready to encamp, they went ashore, and in two hours they had made shelters of bark, cut down trees and piled them into a barricade. They then lay down to sleep. Champlain told them that they ought to set a guard. "But we are tired," they replied. "We have worked all day, how could we watch all night? The scouts have looked through the forest a long way ahead, and they have found no tracks of the Iroquois."

The Indians set no guard, but they did one thing that seemed to them of far more importance; they consulted their soothsayer, or medicine man, to see whether they would win the fight. He shut himself into a little wigwam of poles covered with skins, while the rest of the tribe crouched about it, watching and listening with fear and wonder and curiosity. First a mumbling and a groaning came to their ears, then the tent shook. "That

is the power of the spirit, the manitou," the Indians whispered to Champlain. "Soon you will see fire and smoke coming out of the hole in the peak of the wigwam." The white man watched as closely as they, but he saw neither fire nor smoke. He did see, however, that not the manitou, but the soothsayer, was shaking the poles. The tones of the medicine man grew louder; then little squealing, wailing sounds were heard. "That is the voice of the manitou," said the Indians. "He is in the wigwam. He looks like a stone." After a while all was quiet. Then the conjurer came out and declared that the manitou promised them a great victory.

When they were once assured of success, they set to work to plan their battle. The chief brought a bundle of sticks a foot long, one to represent each Indian, with two longer ones to stand for the two lesser chiefs. These sticks he carried to a level spot and arranged them as he wished his men to stand in battle. The Indians watched every motion, and when he told them to take their places, they made no mistakes. This drill was repeated two or three times, and then the warriors felt that only one thing more was needed to make them certain of victory, and that was the report of their white friend that he had had a good dream. "What did you dream?" they asked him every morning. "Did you dream of the Iroquois?" At last he answered, "I dreamed that I saw the Iroquois drowning in the lake, and that you said, 'Let them drown, they are no good.'" Then the Indians were delighted, for victory was sure.

Up the beautiful island-studded lake which is named for Champlain they paddled. Each day they grew more watchful, for they might catch sight of the Iroquois at

any moment. Soon they began to sleep by day and move on only by night. Late one evening the canoes of the enemy were seen. Both parties gave exultant shouts, and the Iroquois made for the shore. "Want to fight?" called the Algonquins. "Nothing else," shouted the Iroquois. "Come on, then!" cried the Algonquins. "When the sun rises," the Iroquois answered. They cut down trees for their barricade, then they danced and sang, and called out insults to their foes. The Algonquins replied even more jubilantly than the Iroquois, for in the bottom of each of three canoes lay a white man with his fire-throwing stick.

When the sun rose, the Algonquins landed, and the Iroquois marched out to battle. The chiefs wore tall plumes, and many of the men carried shields of interwoven twigs or of wood covered with skins. The Algonquins and Hurons ran forward, then they opened a path between them for Champlain the great champion, in his breastplate and casque of steel. He fired, and two of the Iroquois fell. For a moment their friends were too amazed to move. Then came a storm of arrows from both sides; but one more shot from a second white man routed the enemy, and the fiercest tribe of Indians in the forests of the New World fled like rabbits. They could meet warriors, but not demons with sticks that breathed out fire.

This fight took place near the site of Fort Ticonderoga, and on that ground, a century and a half later, was fought a terrible battle between the English and the French. And yet, this little skirmish between two parties of Indians in the wilderness, one side aided by three white men, was of far more significance in the history of

America. From that day the Iroquois were the bitter foes of the French, and when the struggle came between France and England to decide who should rule in America, the fierce enmity of this most savage of Indian tribes did much to answer the question.

CHAMPLAIN AND THE IMPOSTOR VIGNAN[1]

[1613]

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

[In 1611, one of Champlain's company, a young man named Nicholas de Vignan, asked permission to spend a winter with the Algonquins who lived beyond the head of Lake Coulange. The following year he returned to Paris, telling a wondrous tale of having discovered a river flowing north and emptying into a great sea. Here he had found, he declared, the wreck of an English ship. His wide-eyed listeners thought that this was surely the remains of Henry Hudson's vessel, and Champlain could hardly wait to set out on a journey of discovery. Under the guidance of Vignan, he reached the cabin of Tessouat, the Algonquin chief. There he stopped to hire canoes for the rest of the journey.

The Editor.]

Champlain asked for guidance to the settlements above. It was readily granted. Escorted by his friendly hosts, he advanced beyond the head of Lake Coulange, and, landing, saw the unaccustomed sight of pathways through the forest. They led to the clearings and cabin of a chief named Tessouat, who, amazed at the apparition of the white strangers, exclaimed that he must be in a dream. Next, the voyagers crossed to the neighboring island, then deeply wooded with pine, elm, and oak. Here were more desolate clearings, more rude cornfields and bark-built cabins. Here, too, was a cemetery, which

[1] From *Pioneers of France in the New World.* Copyright (U.S.A.), 1865, 1885, 1897, by Little, Brown & Company.

excited the wonder of Champlain, for the dead were better cared for than the living. Over each grave a flat tablet of wood was supported on posts, and at one end stood an upright tablet, carved with an intended representation of the features of the deceased. If a chief, the head was adorned with a plume. If a warrior, there were figures near it of a shield, a lance, a war-club, and a bow and arrows; if a boy, of a small bow and one arrow; and if a woman or a girl, of a kettle, an earthen pot, a wooden spoon, and a paddle. The whole was decorated with red and yellow paint; and beneath slept the departed, wrapped in a robe of skins, his earthly treasures about him, ready for use in the land of souls.

Tessouat was to give a *tabagie*, or solemn feast, in honor of Champlain, and the chiefs and elders of the island were invited. Runners were sent to summon the guests from neighboring hamlets; and, on the morrow, Tessouat's squaws swept his cabin for the festivity. Then Champlain and his Frenchmen were seated on skins in the place of honor, and the naked guests appeared in quick succession, each with his wooden dish and spoon, and each ejaculating his guttural salute as he stooped at the low door. The spacious cabin was full. The congregated wisdom and prowess of the nation sat expectant on the bare earth. Each long, bare arm thrust forth its dish in turn as the host served out the banquet, in which, as courtesy enjoined, he himself was to have no share. First, a mess of pounded maize wherein were boiled, without salt, morsels of fish and dark scraps of meat; then, fish and flesh broiled on the embers, with a kettle of cold water from the river. Champlain, in wise distrust of Ottawa cookery, confined himself to the

simpler and less doubtful viands. A few minutes, and all alike had vanished. The kettles were empty. Then pipes were filled, and touched with fire brought in by the duteous squaws, while the young men who had stood thronged about the entrance now modestly withdrew, and the door was closed for counsel.

First, the pipes were passed to Champlain. Then, for full half an hour, the assembly smoked in silence. At length, when the fitting time was come, he addressed them in a speech in which he declared, that, moved by affection, he visited their country to see its richness and its beauty and to aid them in their wars; and he now begged them to furnish him with four canoes and eight men, to convey him to the country of the Nipissings, a tribe dwelling northward on the lake which bears their name.

His audience looked grave, for they were but cold and jealous friends of the Nipissings. For a time they discoursed in murmuring tones among themselves, all smoking meanwhile with redoubled vigor. Then Tessouat, chief of these forest republicans, rose and spoke in behalf of all.

"We always knew you for our best friend among the Frenchmen. We love you like our own children. But why did you break your word with us last year when we all went down to meet you at Montreal to give you presents and go with you to war? You were not there, but other Frenchmen were there who abused us. We will never go again. As for the four canoes, you shall have them if you insist upon it; but it grieves us to think of the hardships you must endure. The Nipissings have weak hearts. They are good for nothing in war, but

they kill us with charms, and they poison us. Therefore we are on bad terms with them. They will kill you, too."

Such was the pith of Tessouat's discourse, and at each clause, the conclave responded in unison with an approving grunt.

Champlain urged his petition; sought to relieve their tender scruples in his behalf; assured them that he was charm-proof, and that he feared no hardships. At length he gained his point. The canoes and the men were promised, and, seeing himself as he thought on the highway to his phantom Northern Sea, he left his entertainers to their pipes, and with a light heart issued from the close and smoky den to breathe the fresh air of the afternoon. He visited the Indian fields, with their young crops of pumpkins, beans, and French peas, — the last a novelty obtained from the traders. Here, Thomas, the interpreter, soon joined him with a countenance of bad news. In the absence of Champlain, the assembly had reconsidered their assent. The canoes were denied.

With a troubled mind he hastened again to the hall of council, and addressed the naked senate in terms better suited to his exigencies than to their dignity.

"I thought you were men; I thought you would hold fast to your word: but I find you children, without truth. You call yourselves my friends, yet you break faith with me. Still I would not incommode you; and if you cannot give me four canoes, two will serve."

The burden of the reply was, rapids, rocks, cataracts, and the wickedness of the Nipissings.

"This young man," rejoined Champlain, pointing to

Vignan, who sat by his side, "has been to their country, and did not find the road or the people so bad as you have said."

"Nicholas," demanded Tessouat, "did you say that you had been to the Nipissings?"

The impostor sat mute for a time, then replied, —

"Yes, I have been there."

Hereupon an outcry broke forth from the assembly, and their small, deep-set eyes were turned on him askance, "as if," says Champlain, "they would have torn and eaten him."

"You are a liar," returned the unceremonious host; "you know very well that you slept here among my children every night and rose again every morning; and if you ever went where you pretend to have gone, it must have been when you were asleep. How can you be so impudent as to lie to your chief, and so wicked as to risk his life among so many dangers? He ought to kill you with tortures worse than those with which we kill our enemies."

Champlain urged him to reply, but he sat motionless and dumb. Then he led him from the cabin and conjured him to declare if, in truth, he had seen this sea of the North. Vignan, with oaths, affirmed that all he had said was true. Returning to the council, Champlain repeated his story; how he had seen the sea, the wreck of an English ship, eighty English scalps, and an English boy, prisoner among the Indians.

At this, an outcry rose, louder than before.

"You are a liar."

"Which way did you go?"

"By what rivers?"

"By what lakes?"

"Who went with you?"

Vignan had made a map of his travels, which Champlain now produced, desiring him to explain it to his questioners; but his assurance had failed him, and he could not utter a word.

Champlain was greatly agitated. His hopes and heart were in the enterprise; his reputation was in a measure at stake; and now, when he thought his triumph so near, he shrank from believing himself the sport of an impudent impostor. The council broke up; the Indians displeased and moody, and he, on his part, full of anxieties and doubts. At length, one of the canoes being ready for departure, the time of decision came, and he called Vignan before him.

"If you have deceived me, confess it now, and the past shall be forgiven. But if you persist, you will soon be discovered, and then you shall be hanged."

Vignan pondered for a moment; then fell on his knees, owned his treachery, and begged for mercy. Champlain broke into a rage, and, unable as he says, to endure the sight of him, ordered him from his presence, and sent the interpreter after him to make further examination. Vanity, the love of notoriety, and the hope of reward, seem to have been his inducements; for he had, in truth, spent a quiet winter in Tessouat's cabin, his nearest approach to the Northern Sea; and he had flattered himself that he might escape the necessity of guiding his commander to this pretended discovery. The Indians were somewhat exultant. "Why did you not listen to chiefs and warriors, instead of believing the lies of this fellow?" And they counseled Champlain to have him

killed at once, adding that they would save their friends trouble by taking that office upon themselves.

No motive remaining for farther advance, the party set forth on their return, attended by a fleet of forty canoes bound to Montreal for trade.

II

HEROES AND HEROINES OF EARLY CANADA

HISTORICAL NOTE

Determined to convert the Indians, zealous missionaries of the Jesuit Order made their way to the Hurons, the Algonquins, and even the fierce Iroquois. W. J. Robertson says of them: "Among the Algonquins they suffered want and hardship, dwelling in wretched tents full of smoke and filth, and often ill-treated and despised by the people they were trying to benefit. At first their efforts were of little avail; even the Hurons, the most intelligent, kindly, and well-to-do of the Indian tribes, thought the missionaries brought them trouble in the shape of drought, sickness, and ill-success in hunting and war. But no amount of failure could discourage these patient and unselfish men. After a while the Indians began to respect them, and then came a general willingness to be baptized and to accept the religion taught by the missionaries. It was not long before nearly all the Hurons became converted to Christianity, and left off their heathen practices and habits. Two names will always be remembered in connection with these Huron missions, those of Father de Brébeuf and Father Lalemant; the first strong in frame, brave of heart, and capable of enduring any amount of hardship; the second, delicate, refined, loving, and unselfish. Other missionaries took their lives in their hands and went among the cruel and treacherous Iroquois, hoping to do some good to the fiercest enemies of the colony. But little, however, came of these missions. The Iroquois did not trust the French, and the missionaries after a brief stay were either murdered or compelled to escape for their lives. The name of Father Jogues, who suffered, first, mutilation, and later on, death, at the hands of the Iroquois, is one that shines bright on the roll of martyr missionaries.

"Equally courageous and devoted were the women who left homes of wealth and luxury to brave the awful dangers of the Canadian wilderness in their eagerness to save the souls of the savages who sought only their torture and death."

THE STORY OF JEAN BRÉBEUF

[1633-1649]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

JEAN BRÉBEUF was one of the devoted band of French missionaries who went out with the first Canadian colonists to preach the Gospel to the heathen. He came of a noble family; was a man of immense strength of body and firmness of will; and was filled with a deep love of his fellow men. Giving up the ease and pleasures of his life at home he came to Canada to devote himself to the conversion of the Indians.

After studying the Huron language at Quebec, he was sent in July, 1633, with two other priests, Daniel and Davost, up the Ottawa. He followed the route of Champlain and Le Caron. The journey of nine hundred miles was made in canoes, and the priests barefoot, and unaccustomed to paddling, suffered no small hardships. With great toil they reached Lake Nipissing, paddled down French River, and along the coast of the Georgian Bay, arriving at their destination at Thunder Bay a month after leaving Quebec. They were well received by the Indians, who helped them to build their house and chapel; and the mission made a favorable beginning.

Let us see them in their home. The house was built of poles stuck into the ground close together, and covered on the outside with bark. Differing from an Indian house, which was one long room, it was divided into three; one outside room, a hall and place for storage;

the other, the chapel. The living-room between had the fire on the ground, with a hole in the roof for the escape of smoke. At the sides were two large platforms on which they kept their clothing, and under which they slept on sheets of bark, covered with skins.

The Indians were delighted with two things they had never seen before — a hand-mill, and a clock. The latter they called the captain, and, hearing it strike, thought it was alive, and asked what it ate, and what it said. "When he strikes twelve times," answered Brébeuf, "he says, 'Hang on the kettle,' and when he strikes four times, he says, 'Get up, and go home.'" Thus the missionaries got a quiet hour to themselves in the evening.

Brébeuf found the work of converting the Indians to Christianity an almost impossible task. The constant answer of the chiefs was, "Your religion is good for the French, but we are a different people." He directed most of his efforts to teaching the children, and to caring for the sick and dying. In other ways he was of much service to the Hurons. They lived in perpetual fear of the Iroquois, and would flee to the woods on getting news of a war-party. He taught them how to build strong forts, and procured for them a few muskets.

All went well with Brébeuf and his companions so long as the Indians were free from trouble; but when sickness or famine visited them they accused the priests of being the cause of it. When a long drought threatened the crops in 1635, they blamed the red cross on the chapel; when disease entered their towns the lives of the missionaries were no longer safe.

In 1636 the pestilence fell upon the Huron towns and with it the smallpox. Careless of contagion, Brébeuf and

his companions went about from village to village, giving their simple medicines — often only sugar-water and raisins — and trying to comfort the sick with the consolations of religion, and, where possible, to baptize them before death. When the people were dying in great numbers a council was called, and Brébeuf was asked, "What must we do that your God may take pity on us?" He answered: "Believe in Him; keep his commandments; abjure your faith in demons; take but one wife; renounce your assemblies of debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to demons; and make a vow that if God will deliver you from this pest you will build a chapel to offer Him thanksgiving and praise." The stern demands of the faithful priest met with no acceptance; the Indians turned for help to their sorcerers.

These men, who looked upon the priests as their natural enemies, spread the report that they had introduced the pestilence. Everything about the mission was suspected. A small streamer, fastened on top of a tree to show the direction of the wind, was said to send forth the disease. Brébeuf had to stop the clock, as its striking was thought to be the signal of death. He and his companions were threatened with sacrifice; their destruction was openly advocated at a great council.

It was a custom among the Hurons for a man condemned to give a parting feast. Brébeuf, determined to show the Indians that he was not afraid to look death in the face, gave a farewell feast for himself and his friends. When the guests were seated, Brébeuf preached to them as they ate. His words were received with scowls; each guest, when he had finished his repast, rose and departed without a word. For some days Brébeuf lived in sus-

pense, unable to tell what his fate would be. Then the clouds of suspicion began to roll away, and friendliness was slowly restored.

In November, 1640, Brébeuf set out on a mission to the Neutral Nation, which occupied the Niagara Peninsula. These Indians were among the most ferocious in North America, so that they were left in peace between the Iroquois and the more peaceful tribes to the west and north. Brébeuf visited eighteen of their towns, and was in danger of his life wherever he went. Only fear of the French kept the Neutrals from destroying him.

"Go out and leave our country," said an old chief, "or we will put you into the kettle and make a feast of you." And another, "I have had enough of the dark-colored flesh of our enemies; I wish to know the taste of white meat, and I will eat yours." After a terrible experience of hunger, cold, and harsh treatment during four months, Brébeuf was obliged to return. We must admire the zeal and courage and Christian fortitude which made the missionary ready to suffer even torture and death in such a cause.

For some years he continued to labor among the Hurons. But this tribe, numerous though they were, were doomed to destruction by the ruthless Iroquois. Brébeuf found the Hurons harassed by them when he first arrived; he was to fall in their final onslaught. Year by year they made it more and more impossible for the Hurons and Algonquins to go down the Ottawa to trade, so that at length the missionaries became isolated from their friends in Quebec. To add to the power of the Iroquois, the Dutch at Albany provided them with guns, thus rendering them irresistible to other tribes.

Latterly the priests had many converts. The Hurons, decimated by the pestilence, and in constant dread of their foes, became willing to listen to the exhortations of the missionaries. Thus men in trouble turn to God. The accounts of work in the missions sent to Quebec were full of joy at present success, and of hope for the future.

In the summer of 1648 a large band of Iroquois invaded the Huron country. They first attacked the large town, called by the French, St. Joseph. Most of the men were away hunting. Father Daniel, who had come to the mission with Brébeuf, was there, and urged the people to flee, while he calmly remained. He put on his vestments and boldly came out of the chapel to meet the Iroquois. They stood for a moment in surprise, and then pierced him with a volley of arrows and bullets. The little church was set on fire, and his body thrown into the flames.

In March, 1649, they returned in greater numbers, captured the town of St. Ignace, and attacked St. Louis, where were Brébeuf and Lalemant. The Indians begged them to escape, but Brébeuf indignantly refused. After a bloody battle the Iroquois, twice beaten back, were victorious, and all within the towns were taken. It was set on fire, and most of the captives were burned to death.

A more dreadful fate was reserved for the heroic missionaries. They were stripped, bound with thongs, driven naked, and flogged with sticks, two miles back to St. Ignace. There Brébeuf was bound to a stake. He began to speak words of comfort to his people, when the savages rushed upon him, cut away his lower lip, and

thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. As he refused to show signs of pain, they brought out Lalemant, that Brébeuf might see his brother tortured. They tied strips of bark covered with pitch around him and set fire to them. He called out to Brébeuf with his last breath, in St. Paul's words, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men."

The torturers now hung a collar of red-hot hatchets around Brébeuf's neck, but he maintained his silence. Then in mockery of Christian baptism they slowly poured boiling water upon his head, crying, "We baptize you that you may be happy in Heaven." Still the hero stood steadfastly looking upon them with the face of an angel. Enraged, the Indians cut strips from his flesh, and devoured them in his presence. At last they scalped him, and, piercing his side, came to drink his blood, that they might acquire his marvelous courage.

Thus died Brébeuf, adding a martyr's crown to a life of self-sacrifice, freely spent in the service of God, for the conversion of the savage tribes that once claimed this land for their own.

THE WOMEN WHO FOUNDED THE URSULINE CONVENT AT QUEBEC

[1639]

BY W. S. HERRINGTON

THAT historic pile [the Ursuline Convent] stands to-day a fitting and everlasting monument to the heroism and Christian devotion of Madame de la Peltrie, its founder, and Marie de l'Incarnation, the first mother superior. The former was a wealthy widow much sought after in the social world. In her home in Paris she was surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries the age could produce. She had learned of the settlements of her fellow countrymen in the New World and of the numerous tribes of Indians to whom the faithful priests were carrying for the first time the glad tidings of the Prince of Peace. The thought occurred to her, what could she do to alleviate their condition? The more she considered the problem the stronger became her conviction that it was her duty to sacrifice her fortune and her life in an effort to give a Christian education to the young women of the New World. She did not act upon the impulse of the moment, but after prayerful consideration she formed her plan. Her old associates endeavored to dissuade her from such a mad act, for the mere thought of a voyage across the ocean in those days suggested weeks, and sometimes months, of sore discomfort. The ships were slow, of small tonnage, and had none of the luxurious appointments of the sea-going palaces of the twentieth century.

To Madame de la Peltrie's friends there appeared every reason for her abandoning the idea she had conceived. Wealth, beauty, youth, and popularity seemed to them all that was necessary to secure a happy and contented life. But deep down in her heart there was a voice summoning her to action, the voice of duty, which her more worldly-minded friends could not hear. She bravely, yes, gladly, responded to that call; she sacrificed her rich estates and worldly possessions and devoted them all to her pious undertaking. She secured Marie de l'Incarnation to take charge of the institution she was about to establish. The rest of their staff consisted of three hospital nuns, three Ursulines, and Père Vimond. They sailed on the 4th of May, 1639, and in eight weeks from that day landed at Quebec, where they were received with great rejoicing. We are told that "the Governor received the heroines on the river's bank at the head of his troops with a discharge of cannon, and after the first compliments he led them, amid the acclamations of the people, to church, where *Te Deums* were chanted as a thanksgiving."

The devoted women immediately entered upon their duties. Within two years from their arrival the convent was completed. It was a rather pretentious building, being ninety-two feet in length by twenty-eight broad. The chapel, occupying one end of the structure, was seventeen by twenty-eight feet. The building had four huge chimneys, and the historians inform us that they consumed one hundred seventy-five cords of fuel a year. For thirty-two years Madame de la Peltrie devoted her life, fortune, and talents to the spiritual welfare of the maidens of New France, and her work was established

on so firm a basis that it has continued for nearly three hundred years, and no institution of its kind on the continent to-day has a record to compare with the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. The mother superior, lovingly remembered to this day as the St. Theresa of New France, worked hand in hand with Madame de la Peltrie, and survived her by one year. These two pious women, who voluntarily renounced the comforts of home and civilization and devoted their entire lives to the good of others, who had no other claim upon them than the silent appeal of the heathen of to-day has upon each of us, certainly deserve a place among the heroines of our country.

THE STORY OF VILLE MARIE DE MONTREAL

[1642]

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR

[In 1641, a brave soldier named Paul de Maisonneuve, a devout woman called Mademoiselle Mance, and forty-three others set out on the difficult journey to Canada to found a colony at Montreal. They were so late in reaching Quebec that they were obliged to remain there through the winter.
The Editor.]

At last the icy barriers broke before the soft breezes of April, and the deep blue of the river greeted the longing eyes of the colonists. Early in May, all were embarked in the little flotilla, consisting of a pinnace, a flat-bottomed barge with sails, and two row-boats. As they slowly made their way up the windings of the wide river, the forest was beginning to put on its garment of delicate green, and the balmy fragrance of the opening buds floated to them on the soft sunshiny air. All seemed peace and promise to the outward eye, though the adventurers well knew that unseen and terrible dangers lurked behind the fair sylvan scene.

On the 17th of May, 1642, the little expedition drew near the forest-clad slopes of the stately Mont Royal, and as they approached it, a hymn of grateful praise went up from all the boats. Next day, after gliding past the green solitary shores that now bustle with warehouses and factories, the settlers landed at the rivulet-bordered meadow, called Point Callière, which

Champlain long before had chosen as the site of the settlement.

Maisonneuve was the first to spring to shore. The others quickly followed, and all fell on their knees and joined in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. The tents and baggage were soon landed, and then an altar was erected in a pleasant spot near the river. This was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the party with the graceful wild flowers that grew in such abundance around them. Then the whole party gathered about it — M. Vincent, the superior of the Jesuits, in his rich ecclesiastical robes; the governor, Montmagny, in his state dress; the tall, soldierly figure of Maisonneuve; the ladies with their female attendants; and all the sailors, soldiers, and artisans who made up the complement of the expedition. Each knelt in solemn silence as the ceremony of high mass was performed by M. Vincent. At the close, he turned to the colonists and addressed them in these words: "You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches shall overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

If the speaker could have seen as in a vision the French Canada of to-day, with its stately churches and convents, he would have felt that his confident words had been justified, and the self-sacrificing labors of the pioneers rewarded. In all things, men reap as they sow. As the soft May sunset melted into twilight, the fireflies began to sparkle among the dusky woods. The eager colonists caught them and festooned their altar with their living light. And then as the bright camp-fire blazed out in the gathering gloom and lighted up the outlines

of the tents pitched for present accommodation, the tired but hopeful colonists lay down to rest, and dreamed, perchance, of the future glory of Ville Marie de Montreal.

Next day everybody was early astir and hard at work. The men began to fell the great forest trees, and very soon all the tents were surrounded by palisades, and the altar was sheltered by a little chapel of birch bark. In a short time small wooden houses took the place of the tents, and the little settlement had some visible existence. The first experiences of the colonists here were all pleasant ones, with charming summer weather, with a fair landscape spread around them rich in noble outlines of distant hills and dense masses of forest as yet bearing no trace of human habitation.

On Sundays after mass the colonists loved to ascend the beautiful hill above them for the magnificent view, the main features of which civilization has but little altered, and to stroll in the surrounding meadow and the fair green woods that skirted it, enjoying the abundance of wild flowers so new and strange to them.

Madame de la Peltrie and Mademoiselle Mance had already some pupils to teach and catechise among the Indians who stopped at Ville Marie on their wandering course. On fête days they had solemn services, processions of the colonists, salutes from their cannon, all of which much impressed the savages. And so the summer passed at Ville Marie in quiet and tranquil labor.

But that summer of 1642 was an exciting one in the eventful history of New France. The hatred of the fierce Iroquois tribe had been silently smouldering ever since Champlain had unhappily commenced his warfare with

them thirty-two years before. The Iroquois were now pretty well supplied with arms by the Dutch settlers of the eastern coast, and their natural pride and ferocity were now stimulated to such a degree that they could be satisfied with nothing less than sole possession of the country. They declared that they would sweep away not only the Algonquins and Hurons, but the French also, and carry off the "white girls" (the nuns) to their villages. The hospital nuns were obliged to leave Sillery, to take refuge within the walls of Quebec. The colonists were harassed by sudden attacks on passing boats and canoes, or stealthy descents on French traders, or on the settlers near Three Rivers and Quebec, while crafty ambuscades were laid for the Hurons also, as they brought their furs to the trading posts. . . . With the frosts of December came the first troubles of the settlement of Ville Marie. The swollen river, dammed up by the accumulating ice, rose rapidly and threatened to sweep away their whole summer's work. Powerless to stop the advancing flood, the colonists had recourse to prayer.

Maisonneuve raised a wooden cross in front of the flood and vowed to plant another cross on the mountain summit as a thank-offering for deliverance. The advancing river stayed its course just as the waves were threatening to sap the powder-magazine; and as it soon began to recede, the colonists felt they were safe. Maisonneuve at once prepared to fulfill his vow. A path was cleared through the forest to the top of the mountain, and a large wooden cross was made and blessed for the purpose. On the 16th of January a solemn procession ascended the newly made pathway, headed by the Jesuit De Peron, followed by Maisonneuve, bearing on his

shoulders the heavy cross which had taxed even his strength to carry up the steep and rugged ascent. When the cross had been set up, the leaders received the Sacrament on the summit of Mont Royal.

The winter — little less severe than the winter of Quebec — was passed by the colonists in tolerable comfort. The greater part of the community lived with the two Jesuit fathers in one large wooden house, which they kept warm with blazing log-fires, and as all were animated by one spirit of devotion to their aim, — the conversion of the Indians, — their social life was one of peace and harmony.

Still it was with gladness that they again saw the snows melt away and give place to the fresh foliage and flowers of spring. In the following August they had the joy of welcoming a vessel from France which had safely passed through the perils of Iroquois ambuscades, and brought them new helpers — Louis D'Aillebout, a brave and devout gentleman who afterwards succeeded M. de Montmagny as governor of Canada, with his wife and her sister, both as zealous as himself, to devote their all to the Canadian mission. D'Aillebout was skilled in the art of fortification, and under his direction earthen ramparts and bastions soon replaced the primitive palisades that had been the only defense of the settlement.

A lady in France had contributed a large sum of money for the equipment of a hospital, which was built accordingly, though as yet there were no patients, and provided with all the necessary furniture, linen and medicines. Mademoiselle Mance was duly installed in it, to wait for the Indian patients whose bodies and souls were to be cared for within its walls. Meantime, she

and the other ladies made pilgrimages to the mountain cross, to pray for the success of their work. Sometimes fifteen or sixteen of the settlers would join in these pilgrimages, proving their sincerity by giving up to them the greater part of the day, when time was very precious. They seized every opportunity of gaining an influence over the Indians who came near Ville Marie, succoring and clothing them and sharing with them in time of need the provisions sent to them at great cost from France. Their efforts were crowned with some apparent success, and among their professed converts was numbered a chief famed for his savage and crafty nature — Tessouat, or, as the French called him, Le Borgne. He was christened by the name of Paul, and presented with a gun, as an encouragement to others to follow his example.

The French did all they could, however, to stimulate the Indians to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture, giving them implements for tilling the ground and showing them how to use them. But the dreaded Iroquois were perpetually lurking near, ready to harass and destroy; and unfortunately, in their pursuit of some Algonquins, these ferocious savages discovered the new settlement to which the fugitives fled for safety. Thenceforth, their ambuscades infested the vicinity, and none of the colonists could venture to any distance from the settlement, except in armed parties, prepared for sudden assaults. Pilgrimages and woodland strolls were no longer practicable, except at the risk of life; so crafty and vigilant was the cruel and stealthy foe.

A party of Hurons, coming down in June to sell their furs, were startled by finding at Lachine a rough Indian

fort, held by a large party of Iroquois. The Hurons, to save themselves, turned traitors to their French friends, and professed great friendship for the Iroquois, telling them all they knew about Ville Marie, and assuring them of an easy victory if they would attack it. The Iroquois were very ready to do this, and sent out a party of their warriors, who surprised six of the French laborers hewing wood near the fort, killing three and taking the others prisoners. The treachery of the Hurons, however, returned upon their own heads, for the Iroquois fell upon them unawares, and killed or captured all but a few fugitives, who fled to Ville Marie, where the unsuspected traitors were kindly received and sheltered. The marauding band speedily made off, carrying with them, besides their prisoners, the furs they had taken in the Huron canoes, and also letters and papers from the Jesuits at the Huron mission in the Far West.

After this successful raid, the vicinity of Ville Marie was more than ever infested by the bloodthirsty savages, who would hide, singly or in large parties, waiting for their prey. In the latter case, they would send out a few men to try to allure the French to attack them. But Maisonneuve was a very prudent commander. He knew that the wisest plan for his small band was to keep within the shelter of their fortifications, and that a single defeat would mean ruin to the whole settlement. So, although his men often murmured at being kept in forced inaction, he maintained this wise policy, until an occasion arose when he thought it best to act differently, and by one brilliant exploit he silenced the complaints of his men and inspired the whole party with renewed courage.

The settlement had received from France a welcome reinforcement in a present of a number of watch-dogs, whose sagacity and courage made them most valuable scouts and sentinels. Chief among them was one called Pilot, who not only herself daily went the round of the woods and fields near the fort, but brought up her numerous family to follow her example. If one of her puppies seemed unwilling to follow her in her rounds, she would bite it to stimulate its zeal, and when any one was so cowardly as to run home, it received a similar punishment on her return. As soon as she scented an Iroquois she would bark furiously and run back to the fort followed by her family. But when there were no Indians near, she much preferred to amuse herself by hunting squirrels.

One March morning in 1644, Pilot and her family were seen rushing toward the fort over the eastward clearing, all barking furiously. The soldiers crowded about their commander, asking if they were never to go out to meet this invisible enemy. Maisonneuve answered promptly that he would lead them out himself, and would see if they were as brave as they professed to be.

Quickly the little band was put in battle array. Guns were shouldered, and all the available snowshoes were tied on, though of these there were not nearly enough for all. At the head of his troops of thirty men, Maisonneuve crossed the clearing, still covered with deep snow, and entered the forest beyond, where for some time they saw no sign of human presence. But after wading for a good way through the deep snow, they were suddenly saluted with a shower of arrows and

bullets from some eighty Iroquois springing from their ambush.

Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter behind trees and fire at the enemy. For a time, they stood their ground, though three of their men were killed and several wounded. But their ammunition began to fail, while the Iroquois still pressed them close with a galling fire which broke the steadiness of the men and made them anxious to retreat. Maisonneuve directed them to follow a sledge-track used for drawing timber to the fort, which afforded firm footing, he himself remaining to protect the rear and help the wounded to escape. The men covered their retreat by turning frequently to fire, but when they reached the sledge-track, they made such a wild rush to the fort that they were mistaken there for the enemy, and but for an accident — dampness in the priming of the gun that commanded the sledge-track — they would have received a fatal fire from their own friends.

Maisonneuve gallantly stood his ground to the last, retreating backward with a pistol in each hand, with which he kept back his pursuers. The Indians were anxious to take him alive, and therefore would not shoot him. The chief wished to have himself the honor of capturing the French commander, and was in the act of seizing him, when Maisonneuve shot him dead. This caused such a confusion among the Iroquois, who rushed to secure the dead body of their chief, that Maisonneuve made good his retreat during the excitement, and was soon safe in the shelter of the fort. Thenceforward his men recognized him as a hero, and the wisdom of his generalship was unquestioned. And for some time,

at least, Ville Marie enjoyed comparative peace. The scene of this brilliant action of Maisonneuve is believed to have been what is now the Place d'Armes, close to the great Church of Notre Dame.

MADAME DE LA TOUR AND HER DEFENSE OF FORT ST. JOHN

[1645]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

[Between Charles de la Tour and D'Aulnay Charnisay there was a bitter rivalry for the possession of Acadia, which then included New Brunswick. While De la Tour was away from home, Charnisay swept down upon his fort at St. John. For two days Lady de la Tour defended herself with a slender garrison. At length Charnisay offered honorable terms of capitulation, and to save the lives of her faithful men, Lady de la Tour yielded. Then came the act for which he has ever since been despised and which is described in the following extract. The brave woman was carried to Charnisay's abode at Port Royal, and there, within three weeks, she died heartbroken.

The Editor.]

D'Aulnay ordered the gates shut. He would have shut out Father Vincent, but it could not be managed without great discourtesy, and there are limits to that with a churchman. The household and garrison ready to depart saw this strange action with dismay, and Marie stepped directly down from her hall to confront her enemy. D'Aulnay had seen her at Port Royal when he first came to Acadia. He remembered her motion in the dance, and approved of it. She was a beautiful woman, though her Huguenot gown and close cap now gave her a widowed look — becoming to a woman of exploits. But

she was also the woman to whom he owed one defeat and much humiliation.

He swept his plume at her feet.

"Permit me, Madame de la Tour, to make my compliments to an amazon. My own taste are women who stay in the house at their prayers, but the Sieur de la Tour and I differ in many things."

"Doubtless, my Lord De Charnisay," responded Marie, with the dignity which cannot taunt. "But why have you closed on us the gates which we opened to you?"

"Madame, I have been deceived in the terms of capitulation."

"My lord, the terms of capitulation were set down plainly and I hold them signed by your hand."

"But a signature is nothing when gross advantage hath been taken of one of the parties to a treaty."

The mistake she had made in trusting to the military honor of D'Aulnay de Charnisay swept through Marie. But she controlled her voice to inquire, —

"What gross advantage can there be, my Lord D'Aulnay — unless you are about to take a gross advantage of us? We leave you here ten thousand pounds of the money of England, our plate and jewels and furs, and our stores except a little food for a journey. We go out poor; yet if our treaty is kept we shall complain of no gross advantage."

"Look at those men," said D'Aulnay, shaking his glove at her soldiers.

"Those weary and faithful men," said Marie: "I see them."

"You will see them hanged as traitors, madame. I

have no time to parley," exclaimed D'Aulnay. "The terms of capitulation are not satisfactory to me. I do not feel bound by them. You may take your women and withdraw when you please, but these men I shall hang."

While he spoke he lifted and shook his hand as if giving a signal, and the garrison was that instant seized by his soldiers. Her women screamed. There was such a struggle in the fort as there had been upon the wall, except that she herself stood blank in mind, and pulseless. The actual and the unreal shimmered together. But there stood her garrison, from Edelwald to Jean le Prince, bound like criminals, regarding their captors with that baffled and half-ashamed look of the surprised and overpowered. Above the mass of D'Aulnay's busy soldiers timber uprights were reared, and hammers and spikes set to work on the likeness of a scaffold. The preparations of the morning made the completion of this task swift and easy. D'Aulnay de Charnisay intended to hang her garrison when he set his name to the paper securing their lives. The ringing of hammers sounded far off to Marie.

"I don't understand these things," she articulated. "I don't understand anything in the world!"

D'Aulnay gave himself up to watching the process, in spite of Father Vincent de Paris, whose steady remonstrances he answered only by shrugs. In that age of religious slaughter the Capuchin could scarcely object to decreasing heretics, but he did object as a man and a priest to such barbarous treachery toward men with whom a compact had been made. The refined nurture of France was not recent in D'Aulnay's experience, but

he came of a great and honorable house, and the friar's appeal was made to inherited instincts.

"Good churchman," spoke out Jean le Prince, the lad, shaking his hair back from his face, "your capote and sandals lie there by the door of the tower, where Edelwald took thought to place them for you. But you who have the soldier's heart should wear the soldier's dress, and hide D'Aulnay de Charnisay under the cowl."

"You men-at-arms," Glaud Burge exhorted the guards drawn up on each side of him and his fellow prisoners, "will you hang us up like dogs? If we must die, we claim the death of soldiers. You have your pieces in your hands; shoot us. Do us such grace as we would do you in like extremity."

The guards looked aside at each other and then at their master, shamed through their peasant blood by the outrage they were obliged to put upon a courageous garrison. But Edelwald said nothing. His eyes were upon Marie. He would not increase her anguish of self-reproach by the change of a muscle in his face. The garrison was trapped and at the mercy of a merciless enemy. His most passionate desire was to have her taken away that she might not witness the execution. Why was Sieur Charles la Tour sitting in the stockade at the head of Fundy Bay while she must endure the sight of this scaffold?

Marie's women knelt around her crying. Her slow distracted gaze traveled from Glaud Burge to Jean le Prince, from Renot Babinet to François Bastarack, from Ambroise Tibedeaux along the line of stanch faces to Edelwald. His calm uplifted countenance — with the horrible platform of death growing behind it — looked

as it did when he happily met the sea wind or went singing through trackless wilderness. She broke from her trance and the ring of women, and ran before D'Aulnay de Charnisay.

"My lord," said Marie,— and she was so beautiful in her ivory pallor, so wonderful with fire moving from the deep places of her dilated black eyes that he felt satisfaction in attending to her,— "it is useless to talk to a man like you."

"Quite, madame," said D'Aulnay. "I never discuss affairs with a woman."

"But you may discuss them with the king when he learns that you have hanged with other soldiers of a ransomed garrison a young officer of the house of De Born."

D'Aulnay ran his eye along the line. The unrest of Edelwald at Marie's slightest parley with D'Aulnay reminded the keen governor of the face he had last night seen under the cowl.

"The king will be obliged to me," he observed, "when one less heretical De Born cumbers his realm."

"The only plea I make to you, my Lord D'Aulnay, is that you hang me also. For I deserve it. My men had no faith in your military honor, and I had."

"Madame, you remind me of a fact I desired to overlook. You are, indeed, a traitor deserving death. But of my clemency, and not because you are a woman, for you yourself have forgotten that in meddling with war, I will only parade you upon the scaffold as a reprieved criminal. Bring hither a cord," called D'Aulnay, "and noose it over this lady's head."

Edelwald raged in a hopeless tearing at his bonds.

The guards seized him, but he struggled with unconquered strength to reach and protect his lady. Father Vincent de Paris had taken his capote and sandals at Jean le Prince's hint, and entered the tower. He clothed himself behind one of the screens of the hall, and thought his absence short, but during that time Marie was put upon the finished scaffold. A skulking reluctant soldier of D'Aulnay's led her by a cord. She walked the long rough planks erect. Her garrison to a man looked down, as they did at funerals, and Edelwald sobbed in his fight against the guards, the tears starting from under his eyelids as he heard her footfall pass near him. Back and forth she trod, and D'Aulnay watched the spectacle. Her garrison felt her degradation as she must feel their death. The grizzled lip of Glaud Burge moved first to comfort her.

"My lady, though our hands be tied, we make our military salute to you," he said.

"Fret not, my lady," said Renot Babinet.

"Edelwald can turn all these mishaps into a song, my lady," declared Jean le Prince.

Marie had that sensation of lost identity which has confused us all. In her walk she passed the loops dangling ready for her men. A bird, poised for one instant on the turret, uttered a sweet long trill. She could hear the river. It was incredible that all those unknown faces should be swarming below her; that the garrison was obliged to stand tied; that Lady Dorinda had braved the rabble of soldiery and come out to wait weeping at the scaffold end. Marie looked at the row of downcast faces. The bond between these faithful soldiers and herself was that instant sublime.

"I crave pardon of you all," said Marie, as she came back and the rustle of her gown again passed them, "for not knowing how to deal with the crafty of this world. My foolishness has brought you to this scaffold."

"No, my lady," said the men in full chorus.

"We desire nothing better, my lady," said Edelwald, "since your walking there has blessed it."

Father Vincent's voice from the tower door arrested the spectacle. His cowl was pushed back to his shoulders, baring the astonishment of his lean face.

"This is the unworthiest action of your life, my son De Charnisay," he denounced, shaking his finger and striding down at the governor, who owned the check by a slight grimace.

"It is enough," said D'Aulnay. "Let the scaffold now be cleared for the men."

He submitted with impatience to a continued parley with the Capuchin. Father Vincent de Paris was angry. And constantly, as D'Aulnay walked from him, he zealously followed.

The afternoon sunlight sloped into the walls, leaving a bank of shadow behind the timbered framework, which extended an etching of itself toward the esplanade. The lengthened figures of soldiers passed also in cloudy images along the broken ground, for a subaltern's first duty had been to set guards upon the walls. The new master of Fort St. John was now master of all southern and western Acadia; but he had heard nothing which secured him against La Tour's return with fresh troops.

"My friends," said D'Aulnay, speaking to the garrison, "this good friar persuades in me more softness than

becomes a faithful servant of the king. One of your number I will reprieve."

"Then let it be Jean le Prince," said Edelwald, speaking for the first time to D'Aulnay de Charnisay. "The down has not yet grown on the lad's lip."

"But I pardon him," continued the governor, "on condition that he hangs the rest of you."

"Hang thyself!" cried the boy. "Thou art the only man on earth I would choke with a rope."

"Will no one be reprieved?"

D'Aulnay's eye traveled from scorn to scorn along the row.

"It is but the pushing aside of a slab. They are all stubborn heretics, Father Vincent. We waste time. I should be inspecting the contents of this fort."

The women and children were flattening themselves like terrified swallows against the gate; for through the hum of stirring soldiery penetrated to them from outside a hint of voices not unknown. The sentinels had watched a party approaching; but it was so small, and hampered, moreover, by a woman and some object like a tiny gilded sedan chair, that they did not notify the governor. One of the party was a Jesuit priest by his cassock, and another his *donné*. These never came from La Tour. Another was a tall Hollandaise; and two servants lightly carried the sedan up the slope. A few more people seemed to wait behind for the purpose of making a camp, and there were scarce a dozen of the entire company.

Marie had borne without visible exhaustion the labors of this siege, the anguish of treachery and disappointment, her enemy's breach of faith and cruel parade of her. The garrison were ranged ready upon the plank;

but she held herself in tense control, and waited beside Lady Dorinda, with her back toward the gate, while her friends outside parleyed with her enemy. D'Aulnay refused to admit any one until he had dealt with the garrison. The Jesuit was reported to him as Father Isaac Jogues, and the name had its effect, as it then had everywhere among people of the Roman faith. No soldier could be surprised at meeting a Jesuit priest anywhere in the New World. But D'Aulnay begged Father Jogues to excuse him while he finished a moment's duty, and he would then come out and escort his guest into the fortress.

The urgent demand, however, of a missionary to whom even the king had shown favor, was not to be denied. D'Aulnay had the gates set ajar; and pushing through the aperture came in Father Jogues with his *donné* and two companions.

The governor advanced in displeasure. He would have put out all but the priest, but the gates were slammed to prevent others from entering, and slammed against the chair in which the sentinels could see a red-headed dwarf. The weird melody of her screaming threats kept them dubious while they grinned. The gates being shut, Marie fled through ranks of men-at-arms to Antonia, clung to her, and gave Father Jogues and Van Corlaer no time to stand aghast at the spectacle they saw. Crying and trembling, she put back the sternness of D'Aulnay de Charnisay, and the pity of Father Vincent de Paris, and pleaded with Father Jogues and the Hollandais for the lives of her garrison as if they had come with heavenly authority.

"You see them with ropes around their necks, Mon-

sieur Corlaer and Monsieur Jogues, when here is the paper the governor signed, guaranteeing to me their safety. Edelwald is scarce half a year from France. Speak to the governor of Acadia; for you, Monsieur Corlaer, are a man of affairs, and this good missionary is a saint — you can move D'Aulnay de Charnisay to see it is not the custom, even in warfare with women, to trap and hang a garrison who has made honorable surrender."

A man may resolve that he will not meddle with his neighbor's feuds, or involve a community dependent upon him with any one's formidable enemy. Yet he will turn back from his course the moment an appeal is made for his help, and face that enemy as Van Corlaer faced the governor of Acadia, full of the fury aroused by outrage. But what could he and Father Jogues and the persevering Capuchin say to the parchment which the governor now deigned to pass from hand to hand among them in reply? — the permission of Louis XIII to his beloved D'Aulnay de Charnisay (whom God hold in his keeping) to take the Fort of St. John and deal with its rebellious garrison as seemed to him fit, for which destruction of rebels his sovereign would have him in loving remembrance.

During all this delay Edelwald stood with his beautiful head erect above the noose, and his self-repressed gaze still following Marie. The wives of other soldiers were wailing for their husbands. But he must die without wife, without love. He saw Antonia holding her and weeping with her. His blameless passion filled him like a great prayer. That changing phantasm which we call the world might pass from before his men and him at the

next breath; yet the brief last song of the last troubadour burst from his lips to comfort the lady of Fort St. John.

There was in this jubilant cry a gush and grandeur of power outmastering force of numbers and brute cunning. It reached and compelled every spirit in the fortress. The men in line with him stood erect and lifted their firm jaws, and gazed forward with shining eyes. Those who had faded in the slightest degree from their natural flush of blood felt the strong throbs which paint a man's best on his face. They could not sing the glory of death in duty, the goodness of God who gave love and valor to man; but they could die with Edelwald.

The new master of Fort St. John was jealous of such dying as the song ceased and he lifted his hand to signal his executioners. Father Jogues turned away praying with tremulous lips. The Capuchin strode toward the hall. But Van Corlaer and Lady Dorinda and Antonia held with the strength of all three that broken-hearted woman who struggled like a giantess with her arms stretched toward the scaffold.

"I *will* save them — I *will* save them! My brave Edelwald — all my brave soldiers shall not die! — Where are my soldiers, Antonia? It is dark. I cannot see them any more!"

THE CHILD WHO DEFENDED CASTLE DANGEROUS

[1692]

BY THOMAS G. MARQUIS

FOREMOST among the heroines of New France stands Madeleine Verchères, the daughter of a seignior living about twenty miles from Montreal, on the south side of the St. Lawrence. His seigniory was directly in the way of the Iroquois, as they marched against the settlers; and, subject as it was to constant attack, it was called the "Castle Dangerous" of Canada. This seigniory, like the others, was a large tract of land, partially cleared, on which lived the seignior and his tenant farmers. For protection they all resided in a fort with four bastions, and a large, strong blockhouse, connected with it by a covered passage. In this blockhouse the women and children might take refuge, while the men in the fort defended them, or, in case of their being driven from the latter, the blockhouse would serve as a place of refuge for all. To the right and left of this fortified post, they cleared tracts of land running along the river; always within a short distance of the stronghold, both by land and water. In case of a surprise but a few minutes need elapse before all the men working in the fields could be under cover.

Madeleine Verchères was not the first woman who distinguished herself in this fort. Two years before the time of this story, her mother, with three or four men,

had nobly defended the place against a numerous party of Iroquois until relieved by a detachment of French troops. By inheritance and family tradition, she seemed born to the heroism she displayed at a moment of deadly peril to herself and others.

One sunny morning late in October of 1692, as the farmers were going, by land or by boat, to their little open patches either to clear new fields or to break up the soil with their rude ploughs, the fair young daughter of Seignior Verchères, a little maid of fourteen years, came out of the gate of the fort. Accompanied by a servant, she proceeded to the little landing-place by the river. She was expecting a visitor. Madame Fontaine, a young Frenchwoman from Paris, had lately joined her husband at the settlement; and since her arrival Madeleine had enjoyed a few pleasant days of feminine companionship in the lonely Canadian wilds. She had invited her visitor to remain all day with her at the fort, of which she was in charge, her father being in Quebec, and her mother on a visit to Montreal.

Impatient to meet her friend, she went down to the river to watch for her arrival. As she stood by the broad, placid stream, she seemed much out of place in that rude waste. Her delicate, active figure, soft, spirituelle face — intelligent forehead, brilliant eyes and well-cut lips — all bespoke gentle breeding. But on closer observation one could easily see that the fragile young form was sustained by a very strong will.

"Laviolette," she said to the serving-man, as they stood on the little pier, "is that Monsieur Fontaine's boat I see coming down the river?"

"Mais non, mademoiselle; that is one of the men

going to his farm. I do not think Monsieur Fontaine will be here for some time."

Scarcely had he spoken when the report of a gun in the distance arrested their attention.

"Laviolette," she exclaimed, "I wish you would go to that little hillock, and see if you can find out why that gun was fired."

The man went as directed, while Madeleine anxiously awaited his return. In a few minutes he came rushing down the slope, crying out, "Run, mademoiselle! the Iroquois! the Iroquois!"

Turning round, she saw some fifty of the dreaded foe not many yards off. Offering up a hurried prayer, she fled to the fort. The Iroquois hoped to take her alive, but seeing that she was too fleet for them and was likely to escape, they began to fire. Happily, however, their bullets failed to take effect. As soon as she was within hailing distance of the fort, she bravely began to cry out, "To arms! To arms!" But the inmates were paralyzed with fear, and did not heed her cries. On reaching the gate, she met two women, loudly lamenting their husbands who had just been killed; and Madeleine, knowing that they, too, would be slain if they remained outside, promptly ordered them in, and closed the gate against the advancing foe. With the experience gained from her brave father and heroic mother, she at once took command and hastened to look to the defense. On examining the walls, she found some of the palisades thrown down, leaving spaces through which the enemy could make an easy entrance. She at once ordered them to be set up again, with all haste, helping the men to carry them into position herself.

Having filled up the breaches, she hurried to the blockhouse, where the ammunition and arms were kept, and found the only two soldiers in the place hiding, terror-stricken, from the foe. One of them, named La Bonté, was standing near the powder with a lighted match in his hand. Madeleine, seeing him, cried out, "What are you going to do with that match, La Bonté?"

"Light the powder and blow us all up and save us from the fiendish torture of the Iroquois!" said the man sullenly.

"You are a miserable coward!" she cried; and dashing the match to the ground, angrily stamped out the flame. She then ordered La Bonté and his comrade Gachet to leave the blockade and go to the defense of the fort. Inspired by her words and awed by her dauntless bearing, they at once obeyed. Throwing off her bonnet she put on a hat, and, taking a gun, said to her two brothers, — Louis, a boy of twelve, and Alexander, a little fellow of ten, — "Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion! Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king!" With these words the three young warriors went to join the other defenders of the fort.

The Iroquois were standing at some distance, parleying as to what would be best to do. They did not know that the fort contained but two soldiers, a serving-man, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children; and that the commandant was a girl of fourteen. Had they known, they would certainly have rushed upon it and made short work of the inmates.

While they were debating what course to follow, Mad-

eleine inspired her men with sufficient valor to begin fire from the loopholes; and she and her two brothers did good work with their weapons. Louis and Alexander, although so young, were not inexperienced with firearms, and many a squirrel, partridge, and rabbit had they brought down; but they had never before fired at human beings. However, as they took aim at the savages their courage did not fail them. They were born soldiers. The only tales that had enlivened their Canadian home were stories of heroic adventure, and their eager young hearts had been longing for such an occasion. Inspired by their daring sister, they made good use of the opportunity.

Madeleine, knowing that many laborers were in the surrounding fields and forests, ordered the only cannon of the fort to be fired to warn them of the danger. When the Iroquois heard the report of this cannon, and saw the ground torn up by the shower of bullets that fell near them, they gave up the idea of openly taking the stronghold, but determined to try to take it by stealth.

Giving up the attack, the yelling demons went rushing through the fields in search of the settlers who might be in hiding; and the watchers in the fort saw not a few of their friends fall before the bloody tomahawks. The women within, some of whose husbands were being thus ruthlessly murdered, began to utter heartrending shrieks. Madeleine, fearing lest their cries would reach the enemy and lead them to believe the fort but weakly manned, ordered them to stop. She drew a picture of the terrible cruelties the Indians would wreak on them if they should be captured; and the poor women, paralyzed with fear, ceased their outcries of grief.

But very soon a canoe was seen approaching the landing-place, which, on closer observation, proved to be the Fontaine family. The warm-hearted girl was filled with alarm as she saw them approaching. If the Iroquois were to observe them they would fall an easy prey. She tried to devise some way of saving them. At last she determined to send some one out to warn them, thinking that the Iroquois, seeing any one boldly leave the gate, would imagine it a ruse to beguile them within range of the muskets, and especially of the much-dreaded cannon, and would not come to the attack.

She tried to persuade La Bonté and Gachet to go to the river; but they dreaded the scalping-knives of the Iroquois too much to undertake such a task, and Madeleine decided to go herself. She posted her servant Laviolette at the gate, and bravely started for the river. The Iroquois were misled, as she expected, and did not molest her, and she succeeded in getting the Fontaine family safely within the fort.

All through the bright October day a careful watch was kept, and every time an enemy showed himself, a shot followed. An occasional yell of pain told that the fire was not altogether ineffectual. As the sun was setting a sudden change took place in the weather. A cold, piercing, northeast wind began to blow, and dark, leaden-hued clouds covered the skies, heralding a snowstorm. Very soon a blinding snow and hail storm came up and the air grew ominously dark. Madeleine, fearing that the Iroquois would try to enter the fort under cover of the darkness, prepared with a veteran's foresight to post her sentries. She assembled her little company of six — the two soldiers, Pierre Fontaine, the old man of eighty,

and her two brothers — and earnestly addressed them in the encouraging words: "God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort, with an old man of eighty and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonté and Gachet, will go to the blockhouse with our women and children, because that is the strongest place. And," she continued, with a look of determination brightening her young face, "if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes! The enemy cannot hurt you in the blockhouse if you make the least show of fight."

After listening to her inspiring words the three men went to the blockhouse; and Madeleine, with her two manly young brothers and the old man, took up positions on the bastions. Every few minutes the words "All's well!" were passed from fort to blockhouse.

As soon as darkness came on, the Iroquois called a council and began planning a night attack on the palisades. In the middle of their consultations the cry "All's well!" was carried to their ears. So often and regularly was this cry repeated, that they began to imagine the fort full of watchful soldiers, and had not courage enough to try to enter it.

About one in the morning the old man on the bastion near the gate cried out, "Mademoiselle, I hear something!" Madeleine left her post at once and went to him. Carefully peering through the darkness she saw some of the cattle which had escaped the marauders. Her friends, knowing that they would need the poor beasts

if the siege lasted for any time would at once have opened the gates to admit them; but Madeleine, with the prudence she had displayed since the arrival of the enemy, would not at first consent. Aware of the cunning of the Iroquois, she feared that they might be following the cattle, covered with skins of slain beasts. However, after carefully observing the movements of the animals, she thought she might let them in without risk. Before opening the gates, she posted her two young brothers with their guns at the entrance, to fire upon any one who might be concealed among the cattle. Happily her suspicions were groundless, and the animals came in safely without any disguised Iroquois among them. All once more took up their positions on the towers, and through the rest of the dark, cold, dismal morning the cheery watchword "All's well!" was carried to the ears of the disappointed and astonished Iroquois.

With the rising sun the hopes of the besieged rose, as they felt that another day might pass without any serious misfortune. Madame Fontaine was the only timid member of the party, and the nearness of the foe so terrified her that she earnestly begged her husband to steal away with her to some other fort. He, however, was so influenced by Madeleine's brave conduct, that he declared his intention of remaining in the fort as long as she saw fit to hold out against the Indians. Madeleine replied that she would rather die than give it up to the enemy. She cheered and comforted Madame Fontaine, whom she pitied as being "a Parisian woman," and therefore unfamiliar with such perils; and the girl of fourteen soon succeeded in allaying the fears of the terrified woman. All day she went from the bastions to the

blockhouse, keeping a careful watch and encouraging all within by her smiling face and cheering words. The two soldiers, who had at first proved themselves such cowards, were now inspired by their noble little commander's example, and aided materially in soothing the fears of the women and children left to their care.

For a week the siege continued; and during that time Madeleine took but hasty meals, and, like the brave little warrior she was, contented herself with brief naps at a table; pillowing her head on her arms folded over her gun, so as to be ready for action on the shortest notice. Her two young brothers emulated her in all things, and never once faltered or displayed signs of fear. The Iroquois now and then showed themselves, but never found the French unwatchful, and a hastily discharged musket warned them to keep carefully under cover.

But the urgently needed succor was already on its way. A few of the laborers in the fields had managed to escape the foe, and carried to Montreal the sad news of the massacre and of the weak state of Seigniory Verchères. The governor, Monsieur de Callières, dispatched Lieutenant de la Monnerie, with forty men, to the scene of the conflict. On the seventh day of the siege, about one in the morning, the boy Alexander heard voices and the splashing of paddles on the river and promptly cried out "*Qui vive?*" Madeleine, on hearing the cry, rose from the table at which she was taking a short sleep, and went to the bastion. Her brother told her he had heard what he thought to be voices speaking their language. Madeleine, hearing the voices, cried out "Who are you?" and the glad news was carried to her ears, "We are Frenchmen; it is La Monnerie who comes to

bring you help." Madeleine, overjoyed by the good tidings, rushed down from the bastion and gladdened the hearts of all within the blockhouse. They need no longer despair. Help was, even now, before the walls.

Madeleine, after posting a sentry, opened the gates and went down to the river to meet her countrymen. On seeing Monsieur de la Monnerie she saluted him with the dignity of a soldier and said, "Monsieur, I surrender to you my arms." The gallant La Monnerie smilingly replied, "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands!" Entering the fort he examined it and found everything in good order. He at once relieved the worn-out sentinels on the bastions. When he learned the story of the siege and the gallant conduct of Madeleine, his heart bounded with admiration as he gazed at his heroic little countrywoman and her two boy brothers.

Next morning a sally was made on the Iroquois, who now learned of the reinforcement. Seeing that they had no chance against this strong French force they hurriedly made preparations for departure, taking with them about twenty prisoners.

Shortly after their departure for their own territory, a band of friendly Indians from Sault St. Louis visited Seigniory Verchères, and learning of the attack hastened on the trail of the retreating foe and succeeded in overtaking them and surprising them resting on the shores of Lake Champlain. A brief battle ensued. Many of the Iroquois were slain and the rest put to flight, leaving behind them their prisoners, who joyfully returned to their sorrowing friends.

La Monnerie sent an elaborate report of Madeleine's heroism to the governor of Montreal and to her father,

who was on duty at Quebec. Monsieur de Verchères obtained leave of absence, and joining his wife in Montreal, they returned to their homes to rejoice over their two brave little sons and their lion-hearted young daughter. This brave girl developed into as brave a woman, and appeared as the heroine of another adventure with the Iroquois, when, rifle in hand, she gallantly saved the life of Monsieur de la Perade, who afterward became the husband of his brave preserver. She is still known in Canadian history as the heroine of Castle Dangerous.

III

LIFE IN THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS

HISTORICAL NOTE

LAND in New France was held on the feudal system. Great tracts ("seignories") were granted by the Crown to the prominent settlers known as "seigneurs," who in turn granted sections of their land to the smaller settlers or "habitants." The settlements were made along streams, each settler receiving a narrow strip of land fronting on the water, so that the houses were not grouped about a common center, as in the English settlements, but stood in a long line.

Up to 1663, fur companies, aided by priests, had governed Canada; but at that date a governor was appointed to be at the head of military affairs; a bishop, who was to control church matters; and an intendant, who was to take charge of legal and financial business. These three seldom limited the exercise of their authority to their own departments, and there were frequent disputes among them. The colonists had no voice in their own government. Courts were established which were presided over by seigneurs. As many settlers as possible were brought out by the seigneurs, and the French Government sent out young women to become their wives. Many young men took to the woods, and became *coureurs de bois*, or wood-rangers. They lived in Indian fashion, took Indian wives, and made a great deal of money by selling furs. The English colonies to the south progressed rapidly, were independent and self-supporting; but the French colonies were not allowed to manage their own affairs, and only a few men were allowed to trade. These few grew rich at the expense of the colonies.

IN THE DAYS OF FRONTENAC

[1672–1698]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, was the godson of Louis XIII of France. He was born in 1620, and lived at court until he was fifteen years of age, when he went to the war in Holland to serve under the Prince of Orange. For the next thirteen years he was constantly engaged in fighting; he was made colonel at twenty-three, and brigadier-general at twenty-six. In 1648 he married a high-spirited lady of the court; but Frontenac's temper made him a difficult person to live with, and his wife soon separated from him. For several years he lived a somewhat reckless life, and wasted what wealth he had. In 1669 he made a considerable military reputation in commanding the Venetian troops against the Turks. In 1672 the king appointed him governor of New France.

Frontenac came to Canada a ruined man. He at once set to work to repair his shattered fortune. He built Fort Frontenac in order to monopolize part of the fur trade, and, naturally, made many enemies. The first ten years of his rule in Canada was taken up with violent quarrels with the intendant, the bishop, and other officials; so that in 1682 the king was obliged to recall him.

During the years of his retirement the colony of New France dwindled away. The growing power of the Iroquois made them a terror to the French as well as to the Canadian Indians. Armed by the Dutch they became

irresistible in war, and almost destroyed the Western tribes who traded with the French. The town of Quebec was also ruined for some years by a disastrous fire, and its trade paralyzed by the Eastern Iroquois.

Feeling their power it became the purpose of the Iroquois Nation to divert all the fur trade through their own territory to the Dutch and English. This was the secret of La Salle's failure to plant colonies on the Illinois and Mississippi. Frontenac had, before he left Canada, obtained great influence with the Iroquois, and had tried to stem their yearly encroachments; but he retired just when he was most needed.

Succeeding governors made war upon the Iroquois, but without other result than stirring them to revenge. In August, 1689, a large war-party descended in the night upon Lachine, and began a frightful massacre of the inhabitants. They set all the houses on fire and butchered men, women, and children. Two hundred were fortunate enough to be slain on the spot; but one hundred and twenty were carried off. On the next night the Iroquois were seen at their camp-fires, torturing, roasting, and devouring their captives. Most of them, however, were distributed among the Indian villages and there tortured for the amusement of their captors.

There was despair in the French colony. Trade ceased; famine threatened; James II of England had been succeeded by William of Orange, and there was war between England and France; and no help was forthcoming for the stricken colony.

Frontenac was again made governor of Canada. He arrived at Montreal soon after the massacre of the settlers. To his dismay he learned that the fort at Niagara

and his own Fort Frontenac had been destroyed by his predecessor. He wrote home: "So desperate are the needs of the colony, and so great the contempt with which the Iroquois regard it, that it almost needs a miracle either to carry on war or make peace." Nevertheless, though he was now seventy years old, he set to work with all his former vigor to retrieve the losses the colony had suffered.

His first object was to restore his influence with the Iroquois. But they were now too deeply involved with the English and Dutch, and treated his embassies with disdain. There was nothing left but to show them that the power of France was still supreme. With great boldness he planned three attacks upon the English. The first, consisting of about two hundred men, was sent to strike at Albany. It set out on snowshoes in the depth of winter, and after an arduous march reached Schenectady in February, 1690. A night attack took the terrified inhabitants by surprise. Sixty persons were put to death and nearly a hundred captured. The Iroquois prisoners were treated with kindness and released, in order to bring waverers over to the French side. The victors, laden with booty, made a safe return.

The second expedition left Three Rivers for New Hampshire at the end of January. It numbered barely fifty in all, and spent three months tracking through the wintry wilderness of Maine. At the end of March it reached the settlement of Salmon Falls, where was a fortified house, with two stockade forts. About thirty New Englanders were slain, and fifty-four made prisoners. While returning it was overtaken by a force of one hundred and fifty, but beat them back and continued on

its way home until it met Frontenac's third war-party going from Quebec to attack the English at Fort Loyal, now the city of Portland. This place was besieged and taken after a stubborn defense, and a large number of the luckless inhabitants were massacred by the Indians.

These successes roused the drooping spirits of the French, and made them eager to follow Frontenac's lead, but the Iroquois did not submit as he had hoped. They succeeded in getting the English to join them in a combined attack upon Canada. Montreal was to be attacked by land and Quebec by sea. The force intended for the invasion by land gathered at Albany and slowly made its way up Lake Champlain. But it was attacked by dysentery and smallpox, and its effective numbers daily decreased.

Frontenac was awaiting the enemy at Montreal, when a great band of friendly Indians from the Far West arrived, laden with their furs. It was a grand triumph for the governor to have succeeded once more in opening the great avenue of trade. He made a solemn treaty with the Indians, and ratified it by seizing a hatchet, singing the war-song, and dancing the war-dance. It was the first time a governor had put off his dignity and placed himself on a level with the chiefs; but it had a marvelous effect. They all swore to be true to the death. In a few days came another glad surprise. The English expedition, harassed by the smallpox and the quarrels of its chiefs, melted away.

Frontenac now hastened to meet a new danger at Quebec. Sir William Phips had arrived with a fleet of thirty-four ships, coming round from Boston, and retaking Fort Loyal on his way. He expected Quebec to fall

without much resistance; but Frontenac had spent the previous winter in fortifying the place on all sides, and treated with contempt his summons to surrender. The attack was carried on for several days with great boldness; but Phips knew nothing of the art of war, and Frontenac, though old in years, fought with all the vigor of youth, and had lost nothing of the military prowess that in earlier days had won him a European reputation.

When Phips had expended all his ammunition he found himself no nearer success than when he began, and after a week's fruitless fighting he was obliged to sail for home. Frontenac was hailed as the savior of Canada, and was rewarded by the king. Next year he had still much fighting to do against the swarming Iroquois war-parties; but his men were so filled with enthusiasm for, and belief in, the governor that they drove the savages back at all points, and once more a great fleet of canoes, laden with furs, brought prosperity and happiness to Montreal. Frontenac was called "Father of the People, Preserver of the Country."

The great military governor had been fighting all his life, and he was to fight to the end. After all danger of invasion had passed, war was still waged, in the East for the possession of Acadia and Newfoundland, in the West for control of the fur trade, upon which the very existence of the colony depended. In Acadia the French were assisted by the friendly Abenaki Indians; and, after varying successes on the part of English and French, both by land and sea, the country remained in the hands of the latter. Iberville conquered Newfoundland, and drove the English from Hudson Bay, so that the fur

trade in the North was, for the time being, protected and extended.

Frontenac's chief anxiety centered in the great West. So long as the power of the Iroquois, supported by the English, remained unbroken, the fur trade was in danger, and upon it depended the existence of the French possessions in North America. He determined to strike a blow at the heart of the Iroquois confederacy.

On the 4th of July, 1696, he set out from Montreal with over two thousand men. He crossed Lake Ontario from Fort Frontenac and marched to the fortified town of Onondaga — the present city of Syracuse. The aged governor, seventy-six years old, was carried in an armchair, from which he directed the operations. The savages would not stand to fight, but set fire to their towns and fled. After devastating the country, and taking many prisoners, Frontenac returned from his last fight in triumph. The result was far-reaching. Iroquois depredations came to an end, and though Frontenac did not live to see a treaty of peace signed by them, it was the first work accomplished by his successor.

His health now rapidly failed, and late in the year 1698 he was seized with a mortal illness. He died in Quebec on the 28th of November. One who knew him well, wrote: "He was the love and delight of New France; churchmen honored him for his piety, nobles esteemed him for his valor, merchants respected him for his equity, and the people loved him for his kindness."

HOW PEOPLE LIVED IN NEW FRANCE

[Seventeenth century]

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

The houses of the habitants, the tillers of the soil, were small cabins, humble but warm, with wide, overhanging eaves, and consisting at most of two rooms. The partition, when there was one, was of boards. Lath and plaster were unknown. The walls within, to the height of a man's shoulders, were worn smooth by the backs that leaned against them. Solid wooden boxes and benches usually took the place of chairs. A clumsy loom, on which the women wove their coarse homespuns of wool or flax, occupied one corner of the main room; and a deep, box-like cradle, always rocking, stood beside the ample fireplace. Over the fire stood the long black arms of a crane, on which was done most of the cooking; though the "bake-kettle" sometimes relieved its labors, and the brick oven was a stand-by in houses of the rich habitants, as well as of the gentry. For the roasting of meats the spit was much in use; and there was a gridiron with legs, to stand on the hearth, with a heap of hot coals raked under it. The houses even of the upper classes were seldom two stories in height. But they were here furnished with a good deal of luxury; and in the cities they were sometimes built of stone. A typical country mansion, the dwelling of a seigneur on his domain, was usually of the following fashion. The main building, one story in height but perhaps a hun-

dred feet long, was surmounted by lofty gables and a very steep roof, built thus to shed the snow and to give a roomy attic for bedchambers. The attic was lighted by numerous, high-peaked dormer windows, piercing the expanse of the roof. This main building was flanked by one or more wings. Around it clustered the wash-house (adjoining the kitchen) coach-house, barns, stable, and woodsheds. This homelike cluster of walls and roofs was sheltered from the winter storm by groves of evergreen, and girdled cheerily by orchard and kitchen garden. On one side, and not far off, was usually a village with a church spire gleaming over it; on the other a circular stone mill, resembling a little fortress rather than a peaceful aid to industry. This structure, where all the tenants of the seigneur (the *censitaires*) were obliged to grind their grain, had indeed been built in the first place to serve not only as a mill but as a place of refuge from the Iroquois. It was furnished with loopholes, and was impregnable to the attacks of an enemy lacking cannon.

The dress of the upper classes was like that prevailing among the same classes in France, though much less extravagant. The hair was worn powdered and in high, elaborate coiffures. Men's fashions were more picturesque than those of the present day. Their hair, curled, powdered, and sometimes tied in a queue, was surmounted by a graceful, low-crowned hat with caught-up brim. This headdress was superseded on occasions of ceremony by the stately, three-cornered hat. The long, wide-frocked coats were of gay-colored and costly material, with lace at neck and wristbands. The waistcoat might be richly embroidered with gold or silver.

Knee-breeches took the place of our unshapely trousers, and were fastened with bright buckles at the knee. Stockings were of white or colored silk, and shoes were set off by broad buckles at the instep. These, of course, were the dresses of ceremony, the dresses seen at balls and grand receptions. Out of doors, and in the winter especially, the costumes of the nobility were more distinctly Canadian. Overcoats of native cloth were worn, with large, pointed hoods. Their pattern is preserved to the present day in the blanket coats of our snowshoers. Young men might be seen going about in colors that brightened the desolate landscape. Gay belts of green, blue, red, or yellow enriched the waists of their thick overcoats. Their scarlet leggings were laced up with green ribbons. Their moccasins were gorgeously embroidered with dyed porcupine quills. Their caps of beaver or marten were sometimes tied down over their ears with vivid handkerchiefs of silk. The habitants were rougher and more somber in their dress. A black homespun coat, gray leggings, gray woolen cap, heavy moccasins of cowhide, — this grave costume was usually brightened by a belt or sash of the liveliest colors. The country women had to content themselves with the same coarse homespuns, which they wore in short, full skirts. But they got the gay colors which they loved in kerchiefs for their necks and shoulders.

In war the regulars were sharply distinguished from those of the British army by their uniforms. The white of the House of Bourbon was the color that marked their regiments, as scarlet marked those of the British. The militia and wood-rangers fought in their ordinary dress, — or, occasionally, with the object of terrifying their

enemies, put on the war-paint and eagle-quills of the Indians. The muskets of the day were the heavy weapons known as flintlocks. When the trigger was pulled the flint came down sharply on a piece of steel, and the spark, falling into a shallow "pan" of powder called the "priming," ignited the charge. The regulars carried bayonets on the ends of their muskets, but the militia and rangers had little use for these weapons. They depended on their marksmanship, which was deadly. The regulars fired breast-high in the direction of their enemy, trusting to the steadiness and closeness of their fire; but the colonials did not waste their precious bullets and powder in this way. They had learned from the Indians, whom they could beat at their own game, to fight from behind trees, rocks, or hillocks, to load and fire lying down, and to surprise their enemies by stealing noiselessly through the underbrush. At close quarters they fought, like the Indians, with knife and hatchet, both of which were carried in their belts. From the ranger's belt, too, when on the march, hung the leathern bag of bullets, and the inevitable tobacco-pouch; while from his neck swung a powder-horn, often richly carved, together with his cherished pipe inclosed in its case of skin. Very often, however, the ranger spared himself the trouble of a pipe by scooping a bowl in the back of his tomahawk and fitting it with a hollow handle. Thus the same implement became both the comfort of his leisure and the torment of his enemies. In winter, when the Canadians, expert in the use of the snowshoe and fearless of the cold, did much of their fighting, they wore thick peaked hoods over their heads, and looked like a procession of friars wending through the silent forest

on some errand of piety or mercy. Their hands were covered by thick mittens of woolen yarn, and they dragged their provisions and blankets on sleds or toboggans. At night they would use their snowshoes to shovel a wide, circular pit in the snow, clearing it away to the bare earth. In the center of the pit they would build their camp-fire, and sleep around it on piles of spruce boughs, secure from the winter wind. The leaders, usually members of the nobility, fared on these expeditions as rudely as their men, and outdid them in courage and endurance. Some of the most noted chiefs of the wood-rangers were scions of the noblest families; and, though living most of the year the life of savages, were able to shine by their graces and refinement in the courtliest society of the day.

The French Canadians of all classes were a social people. Quebec and Montreal, even when Wolfe's cannon were startling the hills of the St. Lawrence, found heart for the delights of dance and dinner-party. The governor and the high officials were required by etiquette to entertain with lavish generosity. Balls were kept up till six or seven in the morning. Conversation was a fine art with these sprightly and witty people. The country homes of the seigneurs, such as we have described, were the scene of many gayeties. Driving-parties, picking up guests from each manor house as they passed it, would gather at some hospitable abode. When tired of the stately dances then in fashion, the guests would amuse themselves with games such as now, when men seem less light-hearted or more self-conscious, are mostly left to children. Society was so limited in numbers that all the members of it knew each other intimately, and the mer-

riest freedom was possible. "Hide the Handkerchief," "Fox and Geese," "My Lady's Toilet," and various games of forfeit, were among those that made life cheerful for the Canadians of old. Then there was riding in the summer; and in winter sledging over the crisp, glittering snow. Baptisms, betrothals, and weddings were made occasions of feasting; and on May-Day the hoisting of the Maypole in front of the seigneur's house was accompanied by much merrymaking, — eating, drinking, bonfires, and the firing of guns. This feast was the affair of the habitants, who were for that day guests of the seigneur. The Maypole, presented and erected by them, was a tall, peeled fir tree, with a tuft of green left on its top, and surmounted by a red and green weathercock. The whiteness of the peeled trunk was speedily blackened by the salutes of blank powder fired against it.

During most of the year the habitant fared very plainly. A feast, therefore, was something to make the most of. On such occasions he drank a good deal of brandy. Among the upper classes drunkenness was a disgrace, and all but unknown. During the early days of the colony the habitants had lived chiefly on bread and eels. Throughout the early part of the eighteenth century they lived on salt meat, milk, and bread for the greater part of the year. But in winter fresh meat was abundant. Traveling was pleasant, and from Christmas to Ash Wednesday there was a ceaseless round of visits. Half a dozen sleighs would drive up to a habitant's cottage. A dozen of his friends would jump out, stable their horses, and flock chattering into the warm kitchen. The housewife at this season was always prepared for guests. She had meats of various kinds roasted and put

away cold. All she had to do was to thrust them into the hot oven, and in a few minutes the dinner was ready. At such times bread was despised by everybody, and sweet cakes took its place. When the habitants, as on May-Day, were feasted by their seigneur, the table was loaded with a profusion of delicacies. Legs of veal and mutton, roasts and cutlets of fresh pork, huge bowls of savory stew, pies of many kinds shaped like a half-moon, large tarts of jam, with doughnuts fried in lard and rolled in maple sugar, were among the favored dishes. The habitant cared little for the seigneur's wines, because they did not, to use his own expression, "scratch the throat enough." Among the upper classes breakfast was a light meal, with white wine and coffee, usually taken at eight o'clock. Dinner was at midday, and supper at seven. Soup was always served at both these meals. On the great sideboard, filled with silver and China, which usually occupied one end of the dining-room and reached to the ceiling, stood cordials to encourage the appetite. In one corner stood a water jar of blue-and-white porcelain, at which guests might rinse their hands before going to table. The table was served with a great abundance of choice fish and game. Each person's place was supplied with napkin, plate, silver goblet, spoon, and fork; but every one carried and used his own knife. Some of these closed with a spring, and were carried in the pocket. Others were worn in a shield of morocco, of silk, or of birch bark, quaintly wrought with Indian designs in beads and porcupine quills. This sheath was generally worn hanging from the neck by an ornamental cord. The habitants often used a clasp-knife with no spring, which had to be kept open when in use by means

of the thumb. To use such a knife was a feat requiring some practice. Among the dishes specially favored by the upper classes was one of great size and richness, and of very elaborate construction, called the Easter pasty. This pasty was eaten cold. Lest it should break in the cooking, and so lose its flavor, the lower crust was an inch in thickness. The contents were nothing less than a turkey, two chickens, partridges, pigeons, and the thighs of rabbits, larded with slices of pork embedded in balls of force-meat and onions, and seasoned with almost all the spices of the pantry. With such a dish to set before them it is no wonder that the Canadians of old enjoyed their banquets. To keep up the cheer of hearts that aids digestion, all the company sang in turn about the table, the ladies bearing their full share with the men. It was a happy and innocent life which sped in the manor-houses of the St. Lawrence, where the influence of Bigot and his crew was not allowed to reach. Though many of the seigneurs were ruined at the conquest, and many others left the country, those who remained kept up their ancient customs long after the flag of France had ceased to wave above Quebec; and some of these venerated usages survive in the province to this day.

THE *COUREUR DE BOIS*

BY SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS

In the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flushing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
  Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face —
  The old *Coureur de Bois.*

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
  His untamed will his law.
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid:
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
  As a free *Coureur de Bois.*

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,
Were equally welcome, and made some amend
For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend
  "To shorten one's life, *ma foi!*"
A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take —
Some dusky maid — to his camp by the lake;
A rattling, roving, rollicking rake
  This gay *Coureur de Bois.*

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart,
A child of nature, untutored in art,
   In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
   Salut! Coureur de Bois.

IV

CANADA BECOMES A BRITISH PROVINCE

HISTORICAL NOTE

As time passed, more colonies were founded by both France and England. Troubles between them were frequent, sometimes aroused by European wars, sometimes by disagreements between the colonists themselves. In 1689 war arose between England and France. The English were aided by the fierce Iroquois, and the French retaliated by raids against the border colonies. In 1690, Sir William Phips, of Massachusetts, captured Port Royal and attempted in vain to capture Quebec. At the close of the war Acadia, Newfoundland, and the Hudson Bay Territory were ceded to England by the Peace of Utrecht (1713).

In 1745, Louisburg, which was regarded as only second to Gibraltar in strength, was taken by Sir William Pepperell with a company of New England farmers and fishermen. In 1754, hostilities broke out in the valley of the Ohio, and two years later war was formally declared between France and England. The great event of this war was the capture of Quebec, which resulted in the yielding of all Canada, together with the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River, to the rule of England.

At the time of the American Revolution, an attempt was made to invade Canada in the expectation that the French would gladly join the American forces. Quebec was attacked, but the attack failed. This was the fifth and last siege of Quebec. The American Revolution was a great help to Canada, for some thirty or forty thousand loyalists found the United States uncomfortable and sought homes for themselves across the line. New Brunswick and Ontario were founded by these loyalists, and to this day their descendants constitute a most important element in the population of these provinces.

THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS

[1755]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[Acadia was founded by the French, but later fell into the hands of the English. The Acadian farmers would not leave their homes, but they still hoped to be again under France, and did what they could to aid the French in their conflicts with the English. At length the English governor told them that they must make a choice, and within one year they must either leave the country or take the oath of allegiance to England. Finally, as they still refused, troops were sent to seize those who would not yield and scatter them along the coast of the English colonies. At Grand Pré the commander ordered the men of the Acadian settlement to come together in the little chapel. The first of the following selections describes what he said to them; the second, their sorrowful march to the shore of the Gaspereau, their first steps into exile.

The Editor.]

I

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by His Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the Crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is His Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then arose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,
"Down with the tyrants of England! We never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

II

Four times the sun had set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred Heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed. . . .
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties. . . .
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

THE SECOND CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG

[1758]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

[The first capture of Louisburg was made in 1745, by Pepperell and the New England militia. At the close of the French and Indian War, in 1748, Louisburg was given back to France in exchange for Madras in Hindustan, which France had taken from England. Eight years later, the Seven Years' War broke out, and in 1758 Louisburg was again taken from the French.

The Editor.]

Louisburg first.

No more dillydallying and delay "to plant cabbages"! The thing is to reach Louisburg before the French have entered the harbor. Men-of-war are stationed to intercept the French vessels coming from the Mediterranean, and before winter has passed Admiral Boscawen has sailed for America with one hundred and fifty vessels, including forty men-of-war, frigates, and transports carrying twelve hundred men. General Amherst is to command the land forces, and with Amherst is Brigadier James Wolfe, age thirty-one, a tall, slim, fragile man, whose delicate frame is tenanted by a lion spirit; or, to change the comparison, by a motive power too strong for the weak body that held it. By May the fleet is in Halifax. By June Amherst has joined Boscawen, and the ships beat out for Louisburg through heavy fog, with a sea that boils over the reefs in angry surf.

Louisburg was in worse condition than during the

siege of 1745. The broken walls have been repaired, but the filling is false, — sand grit. Its population is some four thousand, of whom thirty-eight hundred are the garrison. On the ships lying in the harbor are three thousand marines, a defensive force, in all of six thousand and fifty heavy guns, cannon, and mortars. Imagine a triangle with the base to the west, the two sides running out to sea on the east. The fort is at the apex. The wall of the base line is protected by a marsh. On the northeast side is the harbor protected by reefs and three batteries. Along the south side, Drucourt, the French commander, has stationed two thousand men at three different points where landing is possible, to construct batteries behind barricades of logs.

Fog had concealed the approach of the English, but such a ground swell was raging over the reefs as threatened any ship with instant destruction. For a week Amherst and Wolfe and Lawrence row up and down through the rolling mist and raging surf and singing winds to take stock of the situation. With those batteries at the landing-places there is only one thing to do, — cannonade them, hold their attention in a life-and-death fight while the English soldiers scramble through the surf for the shore. From sunrise to sundown of the 8th, furious cannonading set the green seas churning and tore up the French barricades as by hurricanes. At sunset the firing ceased, and three detachments of troops launched out in whaleboats at three in the morning, two of the detachments to make a feint of landing, while Wolfe with the other division was to run through the surf for the shore at Freshwater Cove. The French were not deceived. They let Wolfe approach within range,

when the log barricade flashed to flame with a thousand sharpshooters. Wolfe had foreseen the snare and had waved his troops off when he noticed that two boat-loads were rowing ashore through a tremendous surf under shelter of a rocky point. Quickly he signaled the other boats to follow. In a trice the boats had smashed to kindling on the reefs, but the men were wading ashore, muskets held high over head, powder-pouches in teeth, and rushed with bayonets leveled against the French, who had dashed from cover to prevent the landing. This unexpected landing had cut the French off from Louisburg. Retreating in panic, they abandoned their batteries and fifty dead. The English had lost one hundred and nine in the surf. It is said that Wolfe scrambled from the water like a drowned rat and led the rush with no other weapon in hand but his cane. To land the guns through the jostling sea was the next task. It was done, as in 1745, by a pontoon bridge of small boats, but the work took till the 29th of June. Wolfe, meanwhile, has marched with twelve hundred men round to the rear of the marsh and comes so suddenly on the Grand and Lighthouse Batteries, which defend the harbor, that the French abandon them to retreat within the walls. This gives the English such control of the harbor entrance that Drucourt, the French commander, sinks six of his ships across the channel to bar out Boscawen's fleet, the masts of the sunken vessels sticking above the water. Amherst's men are working like demons, building a road for the cannon across the marsh and trenching up to the back wall; but they work only at night and are undiscovered by the French till the 9th of July. Then the French rush out with a whoop to drive them off, but the Eng-

lish already have their guns mounted, and Drucourt's men are glad to dash for shelter behind the cracking walls. It now became a game of cannon play pure and simple. Boscawen from harbor front hurls his whistling bombs overhead, to crash through roofs inside the walls. Wolfe from the Lighthouse Battery throws shells and flaming combustibles straight into the midst of the remaining French fleet. At last, on July 21, masts, sails, tar ropes, take fire in a terrible conflagration, and three of the fleet burn to the water line with terrific explosions of their powder magazines; then the flames hiss out above the rocking hulls. Only two ships are left to the French, and the deep bomb-proof casemates inside the fort between outer and inner walls, where the families and the wounded have been sheltered, are now in flame. Amherst loads his shells with combustibles and pours one continuous rain of fiery death on the doomed fort. The houses, which are of logs, flame like kindling wood, and now the timber work of the stone bastions is burning from bombs hurtling through the roofs. The walls crash down in masses. The scared surgeons, all bloody from amputating shattered limbs, no longer stand in safety above their operating tables. It is said that Madame Drucourt, the governor's wife, actually stayed on the walls to encourage the soldiers, with her own hands fired some of the great guns, and, when the overworked surgeons flagged from terror and lack of sleep, it was Madame Drucourt who attended to the wounded. Drucourt is for holding out to the death, until one dark night the English row into the harbor and capture his two last ships. Then Drucourt asks for terms, July 26; but the terms are stern, — utter surrender, — and Drucourt

would have fought till every man fell from the walls, had not one of the civil officers rushed after the commander's messenger carrying the refusal, and shouted across the ditches to the English: "We accept! We surrender! We accept your terms!"

THE FALL OF QUEBEC

[1759]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

As soon as the floating masses of ice permitted, the forces for the expedition against Quebec had repaired to Louisburg; and already Wolfe (the English commander), by his activity and zeal, his good judgment and the clearness of his orders, inspired unbounded confidence. His army consisted of eight regiments, two battalions of Royal Americans, three companies of rangers, artillery, and a brigade of engineers, — in all, about eight thousand men; the fleet under Saunders had two-and-twenty ships of the line, and as many frigates and armed vessels. On board of one of the ships was Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent; another, which followed, bore as master James Cook, the navigator, who was destined to explore and reveal the unknown paths and thousand isles of the Pacific. The brigades had for their commanders the brave, open-hearted, and liberal Robert Monckton, afterwards governor of New York and conqueror of Martinique; George Townshend, elder brother of Charles Townshend, soon to succeed his father in the peerage, and became known as a legislator for America, a man of quick perception, but unsafe judgment; and the rash and inconsiderate James Murray. For his adjutant-general, Wolfe selected Isaac Barre, an old associate at Louisburg; an Irishman of humble birth, eloquent, ambitious, and fearless. The grenadiers of the army were

formed into a corps, commanded by Colonel Guy Carleton; a detachment of light infantry were to receive orders from Lieutenant-Colonel, afterwards Sir William, Howe.

On the 26th of June, the whole armament arrived, without the least accident, off the Isle of Orléans, on which, the next day, they disembarked. A little south of west the cliff of Quebec was seen distinctly, seemingly impregnable, rising precipitously in the midst of one of the grandest scenes in nature. To protect this guardian citadel of New France, Montcalm had of regular troops no more than six wasted battalions; of Indian warriors few appeared, the wary savages preferring the security of neutrals; the Canadian militia gave him the superiority in numbers; but he put his chief confidence in the natural strength of the country. Above Quebec, the high promontory on which the upper town is built expands into an elevated plain, having towards the river the steepest acclivities. For nine miles or more above the city, as far as Cape Rouge, every landing-place was intrenched and protected. The river St. Charles, after meandering through a fertile valley, sweeps the rocky base of the town, which it covers by expanding into sedgy marshes. Nine miles below Quebec, the impetuous Montmorency, after fretting itself a whirlpool route, and leaping for miles down the steps of a rocky bed, rushes with velocity toward the ledge, over which, falling two hundred and fifty feet, it pours its fleecy cataract into the chasm.

As Wolfe disembarked on the Isle of Orléans, what scene could be more imposing? On his left lay at anchor the fleet with the numerous transports; the tents of his army stretched across the island; the intrenched troops

of France, having their center at the village of Beauport, extended from the Montmorency to the St. Charles; the city of Quebec, garrisoned by five battalions, bounded the horizon. At midnight, on the 28th, the short darkness was lighted up by a fleet of fire-ships, that, after a furious storm of wind, came down with the tide in the proper direction. But the British sailors grappled with them and towed them free of the shipping.

The river was Wolfe's; the men-of-war made it so; and, being master of the deep water, he also had the superiority on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. In the night of the 29th, Monckton, with four battalions, having crossed the south channel, occupied Point Lévis; and where the mighty current, which below the town expands as a bay, narrows to a deep stream of but a mile in width, batteries of mortar and cannon were constructed. The citizens of Quebec, foreseeing the ruin of their houses, volunteered to pass over the river and destroy the works; but, at the trial, their courage failed them, and they retreated. The English, by the discharge of red-hot balls and shells, set on fire fifty houses in a night, demolished the lower town, and injured the upper. But the citadel was beyond their reach, and every avenue from the river to the cliff was too strongly intrenched for an assault.

As yet no real progress had been made. Wolfe was eager for battle; being willing to risk all his hopes on the issue. He saw that the eastern bank of the Montmorency was higher than the ground occupied by Montcalm, and, on the 9th of July, he crossed the north channel and encamped there; but the armies and their chiefs were still divided by the river precipitating itself down its

rocky way in impassable eddies and rapids. Three miles in the interior, a ford was found; but the opposite bank was steep, woody, and well intrenched. Not a spot on the line of the Montmorency for miles into the interior, nor on the St. Lawrence to Quebec, was left unprotected by the vigilance of the inaccessible Montcalm.

The general proceeded to reconnoiter the shore above the town. In concert with Saunders, on the 18th of July, he sailed along the well-defended bank from Montmorency to the St. Charles; he passed the deep and spacious harbor, which, at four hundred miles from the sea, can shelter a hundred ships of the line; he neared the high cliff of Cape Diamond, towering like a bastion over the waters, and surmounted by the banner of the Bourbons; he coasted along the craggy wall of rock that extends beyond the citadel; he marked the outline of the precipitous hill that forms the north bank of the river,— and everywhere he beheld a natural fastness, vigilantly defended, intrenchments, cannon, boats, and floating batteries guarding every access. Had a detachment landed between the city and Cape Rouge, it would have encountered the danger of being cut off before it could receive support. He would have risked a landing at St. Michael's Cove, three miles above the city, but the enemy prevented him by planting artillery and a mortar to play upon the shipping.

Meantime, at midnight, on the 28th of July, the French sent down a raft of fire-stages, consisting of nearly a hundred pieces; but these, like the fire-ships a month before, did but light up the river, without injuring the British fleet. Scarcely a day passed but there were skirmishes of the English with the Indians and

Canadians, who were sure to tread stealthily in the footsteps of every exploring party.

Wolfe returned to Montmorency. July was almost gone, and he had made no effective advances. He resolved on an engagement. The Montmorency, after falling over a perpendicular rock, flows for three hundred yards, amidst clouds of spray and rainbow glories, in a gentle stream to the St. Lawrence. Near the junction, the river may, for a few hours of the tide, be passed on foot. It was planned that two brigades should ford the Montmorency at the proper time of the tide, while Monckton's regiments should cross the St. Lawrence in boats from Point Lévis. The signal was made, but some of the boats grounded on a ledge of rocks that runs out into the river. While the seamen were getting them off, and the enemy were firing a vast number of shot and shells, Wolfe, with some of the navy officers as companions, selected a landing-place; and his desperate courage thought it not too late to begin the attack. Thirteen companies of grenadiers, and two hundred of the second battalion of the Royal Americans, who got first on shore, not waiting for support, ran hastily toward the intrenchments, and were repulsed in such disorder that they could not again come into line; though Monckton's regiments had arrived, and had formed with the coolness of invincible valor. But hours hurried by; night was near; the clouds of midsummer gathered heavily, as if for a storm; the tide rose; and Wolfe, wiser than Frederick at Colin, ordered a timely retreat. A strand of deep mud, a hillside, steep, and in many places impracticable, the heavy fire of a brave, numerous, and well-protected enemy, were obstacles which intrepidity and discipline

could not overcome. In general orders, Wolfe censured the impetuosity of the grenadiers, as able alone to beat back the whole Canadian army.

This severe check, in which four hundred lives were lost, happened on the last day of July. Murray was next sent, with twelve hundred men, above the town, to destroy the French ships and open a communication with Amherst. Twice he attempted a landing on the north shore, without success; at Deschambault, a place of refuge for women and children, he won advantages over a guard of invalid soldiers; and learned that Niagara had surrendered; that the French had abandoned Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The eyes of Wolfe were strained to see Amherst approach. Vain hope! The commander-in-chief, though opposed by no more than three thousand men, was loitering at Crown Point, nor did even a messenger from him arrive. Wolfe was alone to struggle with difficulties which every hour made more appalling. The numerous body of armed men under Montcalm "could not," he said, "be called an army"; but the French had the strongest country, perhaps, in the world on which to rest the defense of the town. Their boats were numerous, and weak points were guarded by floating batteries. The keen eye of the Indian prevented surprise. The vigilance and hardihood of the Canadians made intrenchments everywhere necessary. The peasantry were zealous to defend their homes, language, and religion. Old men of seventy and boys of fifteen fired at the English detachments from the edges of the wood. Every one able to bear arms was in the field. Little quarter was given on either side. Thus for two months the British fleet had ridden idly at anchor; the

army had lain in their tents. The feeble frame of Wolfe sank under the energy of his restless spirit, and the pain of anxious inactivity.

Yet, while disabled by fever, he laid before the brigadiers three several and equally desperate methods of attacking Montcalm in his intrenchments at Beauport. Meeting at Monckton's quarters, they wisely and unanimously gave their opinions against them all, and advised to convey four or five thousand men above the town, and thus draw Montcalm from his impregnable situation to an open action. Wolfe acquiesced in their proposal, and, with despair in his heart, yet as one conscious that he lived under the eye of Pitt and of his country, he prepared to carry it into effect. Attended by the admiral, he examined once more the citadel, with a view to a general assault. Although every one of the five passages from the lower to the upper town was carefully intrenched, Saunders was willing to join in any hazard for the public service; "but I could not propose to him," said Wolfe, "an undertaking of so dangerous a nature and promising so little success." He had the whole force of Canada to oppose, and, by the nature of the river, the fleet could render no assistance. "In this situation," wrote Wolfe to Pitt, on the 2d of September, "there is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain require most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope." England read the dispatch with dismay, and feared to hear further tidings.

Securing the posts on the Isle of Orléans and opposite Quebec, he marched with the army, on the 5th and 6th

of September, from Point Lévis, to which place he had transferred all the troops from Montmorency, and embarked them in transports that had passed the town for the purpose. On the three following days, Admiral Holmes, with the ships, ascended the river to amuse Bougainville, who had been sent up the north shore to watch the movements of the British army, and prevent a landing. New France began to feel a sentiment of joy, believing the worst dangers of the campaign over. De Lévis, the second officer in command, was sent to protect Montreal with a detachment, it was said, of three thousand men. Summer, which in that climate hurries through the sky, was over; and the British fleet must soon withdraw from the river. "My constitution," wrote the general to Holdernesse on the 9th, just four days before his death, "is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the State, and without any prospect of it."

But in the mean time, Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitering the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes, as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin with a very narrow margin, over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path that wound up the steep, though so narrow that two men could hardly march in it abreast; and he knew, by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy, his troops were kept far above the town, while Saunders, as if an attack was

intended at Beauport, sent Cook, the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

The day and night of the 12th were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright; and the general, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "I," said he, "would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow"; and while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated: —

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

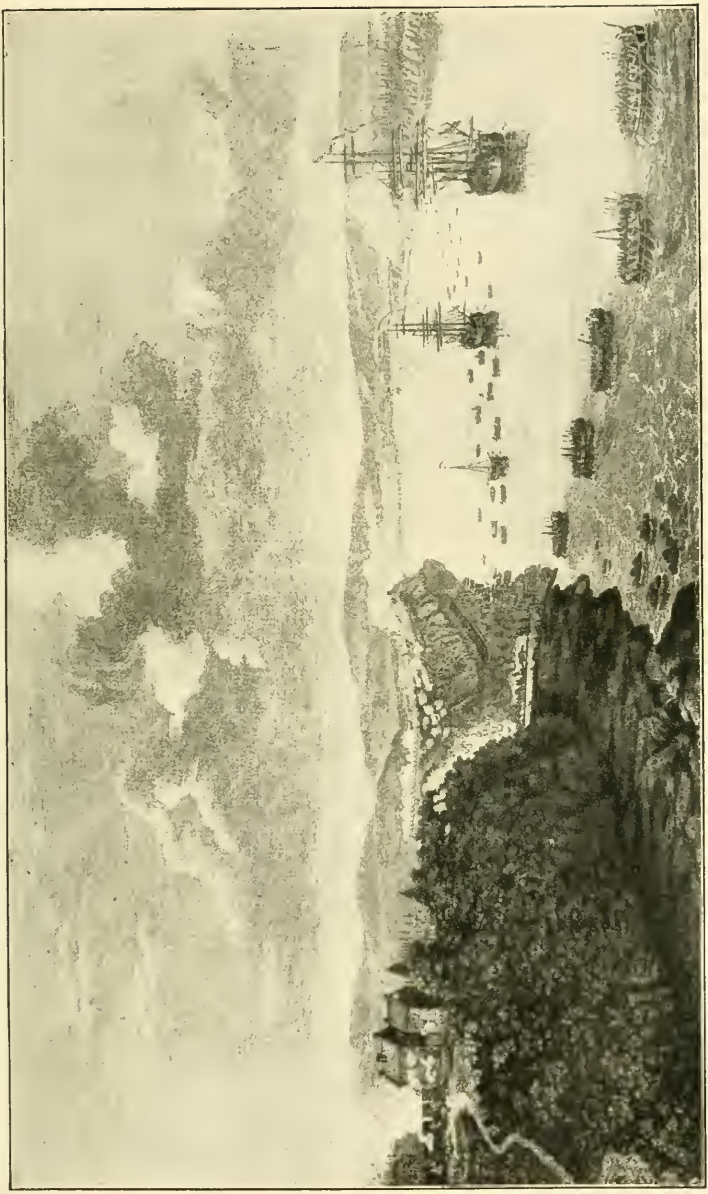
Every officer knew his appointed duty, when, at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and, without sail or oars, glided down with the tide. In three quarters of an hour the ships followed, and, though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current, they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him leaped on shore; the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the intrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple and spruce and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and, after a little firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height. The rest

THE FALL OF QUEBEC

THE FALL OF QUEBEC

FROM AN OLD PRINT

OF the capture of Quebec, John Fiske says, "Thus came to a close one of the greatest scenes in the history of mankind, the final act in the drama which gave the North American continent into the keeping of the English race instead of the French; and perhaps there has never been a historic drama in which the leading parts have been played by men of nobler stuff than Montcalm and Wolfe."



ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's division disembarked, the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec, and, advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at daybreak with his invincible battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battlefield of empire.

"It can be but a small party, come to burn a few houses and retire," said Montcalm, in amazement as the news reached him in his intrenchments the other side of the St. Charles; but, obtaining better information,— "Then," he cried, "they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give battle and crush them before midday." And before ten, the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in presence of one another for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning's success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. The doomed and devoted Montcalm and what Wolfe called but "five weak French battalions," of less than two thousand men, "mingled with disorderly peasantry," formed on ground which commanded the position of the English. The French had three little pieces of artillery; the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour; when Montcalm, having summoned Bougainville to his aid, and dispatched messenger after messenger for De Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up before he should be driven from the ground,

endeavored to flank the British and crowd them down the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townshend with Amherst's regiment, and afterwards a part of the Royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front.

Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground; and fired by platoons, without unity. The English, especially the Forty-third and Forty-seventh, where Monckton stood, received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command, De Sennezergues, an associate in glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver; and, so soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the Twenty-eighth and the Louisburg Grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded; Barre, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball which destroyed the power of vision of one eye, and ultimately made him blind. Wolfe, also, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist, but still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and, having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. "Support me," he cried to an officer near him: "let not my brave fellows see me drop." He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to

quench his thirst. "They run, they run!" spoke the officer on whom he leaned. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. "The French," replied the officer, "give way everywhere." "What," cried the expiring hero, "do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives." Four days before he had looked forward to early death with dismay. "Now, God be praised, I die happy." These were his last words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory. Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battlefield, high over the ocean-river, was the grandest theater on earth for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given luster to length of life; and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon.

Monckton, the first brigadier, after greatly distinguishing himself, was shot through the lungs. The next in command, Townshend, brave, but deficient in sagacity and attractive power and the delicate perception of right, recalled the troops from the pursuit; and when De Bougainville appeared in view, declined a contest with a fresh enemy. But already the hope of New France was gone. Born and educated in camps, Montcalm had been carefully instructed, and was skilled in the language of Homer as well as in the art of war. Greatly laborious, just, disinterested, hopeful even to rashness, sagacious in council, swift in action, his mind was a well-spring of

bold designs; his career in Canada a wonderful struggle against inexorable destiny. Sustaining hunger and cold, vigils and incessant toil, anxious for his soldiers, unmindful of himself, he set, even to the forest-trained red men, an example of self-denial and endurance; and in the midst of corruption made the public good his aim. Struck by a musket-ball, as he fought opposite Monckton, he continued in the engagement, till, in attempting to rally a body of fugitive Canadians in a copse near St. John's gate, he was mortally wounded.

On hearing from the surgeon that death was certain,— "I am glad of it," he cried; "how long shall I survive?" "Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less." "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." To the council of war he showed that in twelve hours all the troops near at hand might be concentrated and renew the attack before the English were intrenched. When De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, asked his advice about defending the city, — "To your keeping," he replied, "I commend the honor of France. As for me, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death." Having written a letter recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the English, his last hours were given to the hope of endless life, and at five the next morning he expired.

The day of the battle had not passed, when De Vaudreuil, who had no capacity for war, wrote to De Ramsay at Quebec not to wait for an assault, but, as soon as his provisions were exhausted, to raise the white flag of surrender. "We have cheerfully sacrificed our fortunes and our homes," said the citizens; "but we cannot expose our wives and children to a massacre." At a

council of war, Fiedmont, a captain of artillery, was the only one who wished to hold out to the last extremity; and, on the 17th of September, before the English had constructed batteries, De Ramsay capitulated.

America rang with exultation; the towns were bright with illuminations, the hills with bonfires; legislatures, the pulpit, the press, echoed the general joy; provinces and families gave thanks to God. England, too, which had shared the despondency of Wolfe, triumphed at his victory and wept for his death.

THE TROUBLES OF THE LOYALISTS

[About 1783]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[DURING the American Revolution there were many thousand colonists who stood by England. At the close of the war they were in a pitiable condition. Their property had been confiscated, and Congress had no power to oblige the different States to return it, even if it had been anxious so to do. Moreover, the feeling against the "loyalists," as they were called, was so bitter that the United States was certainly not an agreeable home for them, and indeed hardly a safe one, and many of them began to think of going elsewhere.

The Editor.]

"BUT where shall we go?" they questioned. "Shall we go to Canada?" Then they thought, "The flag that we love will float above our homes, but we shall be ruled in many matters by French law," and they hesitated. They thought of Nova Scotia, which then included the present New Brunswick. "There we should be under English law," they said, "and Nova Scotia has had English government for twenty-five years. We will go to Nova Scotia." Many English were already in that country, for after the expulsion of the Acadians seven thousand had gone from various parts of New England and settled in the "garden" of the peninsula, the fertile lands of the Annapolis and other valleys. There was also a colony on the St. John River, composed of people from

Massachusetts. Several thousand loyalists now decided to go to the St. John River. The British Government furnished ships to carry them and also gave them farming implements and clothes. Food, of course, had to be provided for at least two years. Land was to be granted, but when the pilgrims landed, it had not yet been surveyed. There were not many surveyors, and to people who had heard wild stories of the Arctic cold of the country, every day's delay before they could build their houses and prepare for winter seemed an age. Many of these settlers had been soldiers, and accustomed to military promptness as they were, the slowness and lack of system seemed to them unpardonable. They blamed the governor, and he retorted, "I know the surveying is slow; it would go on faster if you would help; but not one of you will carry the chain unless you are sure of good pay." The government provided them with food, but they were poorly protected for the winter. A log hut was a luxury, and many lived in wigwams or camps made of bark. Some had no shelter but canvas tents covered with boughs of evergreen and partially shielded from the biting winds by deep snowbanks.

When the winter was over and the days began to be warmer, other troubles came to the front. The earlier settlers had sympathized with the American colonies in their revolt against England, and neither they nor the loyalists were happy in their new companionship. Probably the "new inhabitants," as the loyalists were called, had as much human nature as other people. It is said that they made strict investigation into the grounds on which the "old inhabitants" held their lands, and

that they took special delight in returning tit for tat by seizing every farm to which the holder could not exhibit a flawless title deed.

To what is now Nova Scotia the loyalists went in large numbers. Some pressed on to Cape Breton or to Prince Edward Island. Some went directly to Halifax, and there they were sheltered in the churches until other arrangements could be made for them. The secretary of the New York Society of Loyalists had once visited the harbor of Shelburne, and was enthusiastic about its value. "I tell you that it is no ordinary place," he said to his friends. "It has the finest harbor on the Atlantic Coast, and there is no reason why we should not found a city whose commerce shall go far beyond that of New York." Several thousand persons became as enthusiastic as the secretary, and they made generous preparations for a removal. They engaged twenty vessels of all sorts, from men-of-war to sloops, and loaded them with not only their household belongings but with houses themselves all ready to set up. Then they started out in good spirits for the city in which they were all to become millionaires.

A few months later another fleet with the same kind of load set sail for Shelburne; and soon there were fourteen thousand persons in the new city. The harbor was as beautiful and commodious as any of them had dreamed, and there was plenty of good water. They laid out a town with broad streets and built great, roomy houses. The king sent them a present of a fire engine, and they put up in the parish church the royal coat of arms which they had brought from New York. Then they began to live in their pleasant houses, to entertain guests, and to

plan what they should do when the town was ten times as large as then.

It was all an air castle. It had only the harbor for a foundation, and, beautiful as the sheet of water was, there was no reason why ships should come to anchor in it. Neither harbor nor the rocky, unfruitful land that lay around it would pasture flocks and herds or raise grain and vegetables, and, indeed, the aristocratic citizens seem to have made no special effort to farm or fish or trade. They had nothing to export, and after a while they had no money with which to buy imports. The king no longer supplied them with food; and it was not long before they scattered not only over Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, but even to the region of the Great Lakes, as if they wished to be as far away as possible from the beautiful harbor that had beguiled them. The lavish, hospitable city became a veritable "deserted village." A few of the old mansions are still standing, some were taken down and carried away to other parts of England's domain, but many decayed and fell in ruins or were used for firewood by the few settlers who remained.

Throughout the years of war there had been more or less migration of loyalists to Canada, for it was easier to reach from New York and some of the Southern States than either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. In spite of their unwillingness to be ruled by French law, many settled in districts between Vermont and New Hampshire and the St. Lawrence, longing to be under the flag of Great Britain, no matter where it might wave. One who was taken ill on the journey said to his friends, "If I die on the way, don't leave me, but carry my body with you and bury me in British soil."

Much interest began to be felt in Upper Canada. It was said that the ground was rich and fertile; and a part of the stream of emigration began to flow in that direction. There were two ways of making the journey. One was by Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River, and thence to Lachine. There bateaux had been built to carry the emigrants and their families to their new homes in Ontario, if it could be called "carrying" when four men had to stand in the boat and pole, while the other men walked on the bank of the river and pulled the bateau along, being often obliged to wade waist-deep in the cold waters of the river or lake. Four or five families were in each boat, and twelve boats went in company. Emigrants could not always choose their time of going, and sometimes the journey had to be made in the winter, when the path through the woods must be traced by the blazes. Then, instead of boats, there was a train of long, rudely made sleighs, drawn by several horses harnessed tandem. Another way of going to the country west of the Niagara River was by the Mohawk. When a loyalist was about to journey thither with his family, the first thing for him to do was to buy a boat; and even this first step in emigrating was difficult, for the boat must not be so heavy that it would be unmanageable at the portages, and yet it must be large enough to carry a goodly load.

England was generous to these friends of the Government, and was ready to provide farming implements, food, and clothes; but when aid is to be given to large numbers of people, some must always come last. Therefore the loyalist who was both able and wise put upon the boat together with his family a supply of spades, axes, saws, and other tools, clothes, groceries, kettles, and fur-

niture. The boat was taken up the Hudson, then up the Mohawk, over the portage to Lake Ontario, and up the lake to Niagara.

When the family came to their land, a new life opened before them. They had perhaps lived in the utmost comfort in some one of the colonial cities, but now they had nothing except the earth and the forest and the few things they had brought with them. Their first occupation was to prepare some kind of shelter. They had a tent, perhaps, for the early weeks, but they must try to build a log house before the coming of cold weather; and a substantial log house was luxury itself in this new country.

"The front was logs, all straight and sound,
The gable was logs, all tight and round,
The roof was logs, so firmly bound,
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground."

The chimney was a wide and mighty structure built of rough stones. If the settler could not spare the time to make a chimney of stones, he made one of mud and sticks, which was not very safe, but served fairly well for a while. Few log houses were as elaborate as the one in the above rhyme, for often the roof was made of bark, and the logs, instead of being "all straight and sound," had wide crevices between them, which were stuffed with moss or twigs and clay.

The wilderness stretched around the little home. At night the howling of bears and wolves was heard, and the settler often tied his cow to the kitchen door that he might be sure of owning a cow in the morning. The same dangers that beset the cow made life full of perils for the sheep. Therefore, the first comers had to depend chiefly

upon flax and hemp and buckskin for their clothes. Spinning and weaving were carried on in the log house. The work of the mill was done either within it or near it, for after the grain was grown, it must in most cases be ground by hand. Sometimes this work was done in Indian fashion, by pouring the seed into a hollowed-out stone and crushing it with another stone. Sometimes the bowl was a hollow in a hardwood stump. In this case a heavy wooden pestle was used.

In 1787, just when life would have been expected to be growing a little easier for the pioneers, there was a hard season, the "hungry year," it was called. The settlers around the Great Lakes were the greatest sufferers, and all the long, cold winter they were near to starvation. The Government had agreed to provide food for three years only, and it was time for that supply to cease. The crops were a failure. When the settlers looked back upon that long struggle with want, they wondered how they had endured those months. England did not forsake them, but the ships bringing food were frozen into the lower St. Lawrence. The starving people ate roots and nuts and almost anything that would give them a little nourishment. One man offered to sell his farm for fifty pounds of flour, but no one had flour enough to be a purchaser. There was game in the woods; but the settlers had not the Indians' skill with the bow, and powder was not plenty. When spring came, matters were a little better, for the early buds of the basswood are nutritious, and these were gathered and boiled for food. As the ice melted, those who were near rivers or ponds could catch fish; and yet there was so little food that as soon as the ears of rye, oats, and barley began to show

that a kernel had been formed, people gathered them to boil, or even ate them raw in the fields.

So it was that Ontario was first settled. The sufferings and privations of these loyalists in the new land were no greater than those of other pioneers. Glory is due to them, not because they bore these hardships, but because of the motive that brought them into such hardships. Most pioneers choose the life of the wilderness from love of adventure and change, or with the hope of bettering their fortunes; the early loyalist emigrants were forced into exile for the one reason that they were true to him whom they believed to be their rightful sovereign.

LOYALIST SHELBURNE

[1783]

BY DANIEL OWEN

THE story of the growth and decay of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, that loyalist haven of refuge, is as romantic as it is fascinating, and dates back to that memorable day in October, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis and his army of seven thousand men surrendered to Washington.

At that time there were many wealthy families living in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore who were still loyal to the British Crown and had no desire to live in the Republic which all realized must follow the surrender of Cornwallis. They knew that to remain in the United States, possessing as they did British sympathies, meant confiscation of all their property and imprisonment for themselves until they should be willing to renounce their allegiance to the flag of England and subscribe to the Constitution of the new Republic. This they were resolved never to do, and they therefore decided to emigrate to some other part of the empire. Accordingly meetings were held in the three cities to discuss ways and means. From these towns went representatives who formed a "Union Committee," with full power to decide upon the new home for the loyalists whom they represented. Before this committee appeared one Gideon White, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who, possessing a personal knowledge of Shelburne, strongly advocated the advisability of emigrating to that place.

Impressed by the claims of Shelburne, which were so ably presented by White, the committee, after long and heated debate, which at one time threatened to dissolve the meeting and also the committee itself, decided that on the south shore of the Province of Nova Scotia the loyalists of the three premier cities of America should seek safety from the imminent persecutions of a victorious enemy.

The next step was to take the matter up with the Imperial Government, which, through a lieutenant-governor, controlled Nova Scotia. For this purpose a committee consisting of seven members was appointed: Joseph Durfee, of Newport, Rhode Island; James Doyle, of Albany, New York; Peter Lynch and Joseph Courtney, of Boston; William Hill, Joseph Ponchon, and Joshua Pell.

The Imperial Government gave the intending settlers every possible encouragement and inducement. It promised them large grants of land. Every family was to have a town lot measuring sixty by one hundred feet, a water lot on the harbor, and a fifty-acre farm back of the town. In addition the refugees were promised free lumber with which to build and food as long as it should be necessary.

As soon as all the arrangements were completed, the exodus began. Palatial residences were taken apart and placed on ships which were to carry them to Shelburne, there again to be erected in all their grandeur and dignity.

The new settlers, men and women of noble family, the élite of three great cities, to the number of five thousand, arrived in twenty ships, bringing with them all their

worldly possessions. These were followed by six thousand more in the following September.

With surprising rapidity the new settlement took shape. The town was laid out perfectly, like a city, the plans having been prepared in New York, and to this day may be seen the ruined mansions, built over as large an area as that on which many a city of thirty thousand souls now stands; but alas! Shelburne to-day is inhabited by less than a thousand people.

Seven million dollars was spent in modeling and improving the town. Beautiful gardens were laid out, fronting on graceful boulevards; stately buildings were erected with magnificent appointments, all forming a fitting setting for the wealth and aristocracy that made up the population of Shelburne.

It was at this juncture that the citizens received from His Majesty George III of England a gift to which the citizens of the Shelburne of the present day point to with the utmost pride — to wit, one fire engine. But what a fire engine! It came with the king's compliments to protect the property of those who had remained loyal to his crown and person, and with the assurance that it was the most modern and very latest thing in fire-fighting appliances. It was necessary to first carry the water in buckets to the "tub" and then pump it out again to quench the flames.

Ere long romance gave way to stern reality, and soon the new settlers realized that the founding of a city in the rocky forest was not as easy as it had been represented.

Another has so graphically described the tragic ending of that loyalist haven that I will let him tell the pathetic story, in part at least: —

"They built their homes in New York and brought them with them — houses of oak that would stand for centuries, with stairways of mahogany and mantels of marble. They brought their slaves with them to do their work, and they furnished their mansions in a style fitted to their station. When Governor Parr sailed a year later from Halifax to visit the new city, they had already expended upon it nearly three million dollars, a trivial sum now, but lavish in those days; and they entertained the governor right royally; and they changed the name of the capital from New Jerusalem which they had first called it, to Shelburne, in honor of England's Prime Minister. Prince Edward, the father of Queen Victoria, also visited the famous seaport on the south shore, and the whole city came forth to do him honor. Never before was there so gay a metropolis. They dined and feasted. No one worked, for no one knew how to work. And why should they work? The English Government furnished all their supplies. The neighbors in Yarmouth and Barrington and Lockport, hard-working seafaring men from Massachusetts, looked upon the newcomers with amazement, and contemptuously styled them 'the dancing beggars.'

"But the day of reckoning came. The Government supplies were cut off, and the gay capital began to grow hungry. They would not fish and they would not trade in furs — these occupations were beneath them — and it was not a farming country; and so they starved. Famine followed feasting; lamentations took the place of mirth. They had houses — palatial houses, — but these, unfortunately, were not edible, and so they began to desert and scatter. Some turned back to the States;

some went to the neighboring towns. One after another they gathered their movable possessions and turned their backs upon the New Jerusalem. And their stately mansions, with mahogany balustrades and marble mantels, were left for the birds to build their nests in.

"Never did a city rise so grandly and fall so miserably. The fourteen thousand soon became a beggarly four hundred. Boys wandered through the streets and amused themselves with stoning out the windows, with no one to chide them — for there were windows to spare. Some of the houses were torn down and carried away to other towns to build again, and others of these stately mansions, brought from the States at so great expense, were pulled down and used for firewood."

Is there another city on the North American Continent with such a history? Is there another whose story is so unique and fascinating?

When the settlers left Shelburne many of their slaves remained behind; some from choice, the majority because the empty purses of their masters forbade their removal. These, with the addition of three thousand or more free slaves who had from time to time emigrated from New York to Birchtown, — a small settlement two miles from Shelburne, — formed a colony of almost five thousand souls, and their subsequent history is deeply interesting.

Slavery was prevalent in Nova Scotia in those days, and the "whites" of the Province had attacked many of the "blacks," who, it may be mentioned, were not always treated with kindness, but were, on the other hand, too often little better than beasts of burden.

Wilberforce and Clarkson, the great English reform-

ers, heard of the ill-treatment of the negroes in Nova Scotia, and determined to remove them to the negro colony that was in process of building in Sierra Leone. To this end, John Clarkson, brother of the reformer, Thomas Clarkson, came to Nova Scotia, made arrangements with the owners of the slaves and personally superintended the deportation. No persuasion or force was used; those who went went voluntarily. The main inducement held out to them was the promise of being allowed to form a state of their own, with their own officials, selected from amongst their own number. This so appealed to their sense of importance that practically every man of them joined the expedition, and in 1792 twelve hundred negroes left Shelburne for Sierra Leone, and more followed later.

Each married man received thirty acres of land and each male child fifteen acres in the new African settlement. They were provided with free passage and also with provisions on their arrival and until they were able to provide for themselves. After that they were provided with provisions and the products of their plantations were taken as pay.

Of the result of the experiment a local historian has said: "In their new homes some of these negroes remained steady and peaceable, and welcomed the arrival some years later of an English Methodist missionary; but the majority became so unruly and violent that they endangered the existence of the settlement and even attempted the murder of the governor. So difficult was the task of keeping them in order, that when, eight years later, the managers of the colony were asked to receive the Maroons, also from Nova Scotia, they only consented in the

hope that the one race would prove 'a counterpoise to the other.'"

The Shelburne of to-day still shows the result of that loyalist invasion of so many years ago, and in that beautiful little village, with its shaded streets, its stately residences, and a harbor that has no peer on the North American Coast, the citizens still talk with pride of the days of the long ago and of the blood that courses through their veins, — that blood of the "loyalist fathers," who, true to the mother land, sought peace and security on the southern shore of Nova Scotia.

HOW A SETTLER BUILT HIS LOG BARN

[Early part of the nineteenth century]

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON

FOR such an undertaking much previous labor and foresight are required. In our case, fortunately, there was a small cedar swamp within a hundred paces of the site we had chosen for our barn, which was picturesquely separated from the house by a ravine some thirty feet deep, with a clear spring of the sweetest and coldest water flowing between steep banks. The barn was to consist of two large bays, each thirty feet square and eight logs high, with a threshing-floor twelve feet wide between, the whole combined into one by an upper story or loft, twenty by seventy-two feet, and four logs high, including the roof-plates.

It will be seen, then, that to build such a barn would require sixty-four logs of thirty feet each for the lower story; and sixteen more of the same length, as well as eight of seventy-two feet each, for the loft. Our handy swamp provided all these, not from standing trees only, but from many fallen patriarchs buried four or five feet under the surface in black muck, and perfectly sound. To get them out of the mud required both skill and patience. All the branches having been cleared off as thoroughly as possible, the entire tree was drawn out by those most patient of all patient drudges, the oxen, and when on solid ground, sawn to the required length. A

number of skids were also provided, and plenty of hand-spikes.

Having got these prime essentials ready, the next business was to summon our good neighbors to a "raising bee." On the day named, accordingly, we had about thirty practiced axemen on the ground by daybreak, all in the best of spirits, and confident in their powers for work. Eight of the heaviest logs, about two feet thick, had been placed in position as sleepers or foundation logs, duly saddled at the corners. Parallel with those at a distance of twenty feet on either side, were ranged in order all the logs required to complete the building.

Well, now we begin. Eight of the smartest men jump at once on the eight corners. In a few minutes each of the four men in front has his saddle ready — that is, he has chopped his end of the first log into an angular shape, thus Λ. The four men in rear have done the same thing no less expeditiously, and all are waiting for the next log. Meanwhile, at the ends of both bays, four several parties of three men each, stationed below, have placed their skids in a sloping position — the upper end on the rising wall and the lower on the ground — and up these skids they roll additional logs transversely to those already in position. These are received by the corner men above, and carefully adjusted in their places according to their "natural lie," that is, so that they will be least likely to render the wall unsteady; then turned half-back to receive the undercut, which should be exactly an inverse counterpart of the saddle. A skillful hand will make this undercut with unerring certainty, so that the log, when turned forward again, will fit down upon its two saddles without further adjustment. Now for more logs back

and front; then others at the ends, and so on, every log fitted as before, and each one somewhat lighter than its predecessor. All this time the oxen have been busily employed in drawing more logs where needed. The skids have to be readjusted for every successive log, and a supply of new logs rolled up as fast as wanted.The quick strokes of eight axes wielded by active fellows perched on the still rising walls, and balancing themselves dexterously and even gracefully as they work, the constant demand for "another log," and the merry voices and rough jokes of the workers, altogether form as lively and exciting a picture as is often witnessed. Add to these a bright sky and a fresh breeze, with the beautiful green background of the noble hardwood trees around — and I know of no mere pleasure party that I would rather join.

Breakfast and dinner form welcome interludes. Ample stores of provender, meat, bread, potatoes, puddings various, tea and coffee, have been prepared and are thoroughly enjoyed, inasmuch as they are rare luxuries to many of the guests. Then again to work, until the last crowning effort of all — the raising of the seventy-two-foot logs — has to be encountered. Great care is necessary here, as accidents are not infrequent. The best skids, the stoutest handspikes, the strongest and hardiest men, must be selected. Our logs being cedar, and therefore light, there was comparatively little danger; and they were all successfully raised and well secured by cross-girders before sundown.

Then, and not till then, after supper, a little whiskey was allowed. Teetotalism had not made its way into our backwoods; and we were considered very straitlaced, indeed, to set our faces as we did against all excess. Our

Highland and Irish neighbors looked upon the weak stuff sold in Canada with supreme contempt.

The roofing of such a building is a subsequent operation, for which no "bee" is required. Shingles four feet long, on round rafters, are generally used for log barns, to be replaced at some future day by more perfect roofing. A well-made cedar barn will stand for forty years with proper care, by which time there should be no difficulty in replacing it by a good substantial, roomy frame building.

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH

[The term "concession" comes from the conceding of lands by the early French seigneurs to their vassal tenants. The first concession is usually next a river, the second just behind the first, and so on.

Of this rhyme it has been said that "'The Second Concession of Deer' strikes a Canadian as familiarly as roast beef would a Briton abroad."

The Editor.]

John Tompkins lived in a house of logs,
 On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound —
The gable was logs, all tight and round —
The roof was logs, so firmly bound —
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground —
 The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
 On the second concession of Deer; —
None of your birch, with bark of buff —
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff —
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough; —
 The grandest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
 On the second concession of Deer!

For his daughters took up the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old domain,
All papered, and painted with satinwood stain,
Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain —
  The finest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
  On the second concession of Deer!
When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk, —
Or out of the *company's* way to lurk,
And ply in the *shanty* his knife and fork, —
  The times were turned in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
  On the second concession of Deer!
And out on the river-end of his lot,
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not —
  He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house could not go at all,
  On the second concession of Deer;
'T was *mother* no more, to wash or bake,
Nor *father* the gallants' steeds to take —
From the kitchen no more came pie nor cake —
And even their butter they 'd first to make! —
  There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
  On the second concession of Deer!

Then the girls got back the brave old pair —
And gave the mother her easy chair —
She told them how, and they did their share —
And John the honors once more did wear
  Of his own domain in Deer!

V

SCENES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

When the War of 1812 broke out between England and the United States, Canada was the part of Great Britain most easily attacked by the Americans; and therefore Canada had to bear the brunt of the warfare on land. England was too much occupied in fighting Napoleon to be able to give much assistance; but the Canadians rallied eagerly to the defense of their country, and the common interest in this defense did much to bring about a feeling of union among them.

Since the coming of the loyalists at the close of the American Revolution they had been the most powerful element in Upper Canada or Ontario, and, together with immigrants who had influential friends in England, they came at length to be holders of all the important offices of government, and were managing the affairs of the colony quite to their own advantage. This body of men was known as the "Family Compact." In 1837 this led to an uprising called the "Patriot War," which was suppressed with little difficulty.

In 1841, Upper and Lower Canada were united; and the question of forming some sort of union of all the provinces came to the front. This union was brought about in 1867, so far as the Canadas, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were concerned. A few years later, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia were admitted to the confederation. Newfoundland was not satisfied with the terms proposed and has remained a separate colony.

MONUMENT TO JOSEPH BRANT

MONUMENT TO JOSEPH BRANT

Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea, to use his original name (1742–1807), was a chief of the Mohawks. When he was a boy, Sir William Johnson, superintendent of Indian affairs in the colonies, became interested in him and sent him to school in Connecticut. He joined the Church of England, translated the Prayer Book and parts of the New Testament into the Mohawk language, and at length became an ardent missionary to his people.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, he took the side of the British, and was of great assistance to them as the leader of their Indian allies in the ferocious border fighting. He took part in the Cherry Valley and Minisink Massacres and was the terror of the outlying settlements of New York and Pennsylvania. After the war, however, he did his best to induce the Indians to live in peace with the whites. He never forgot his interest in missions, and used the money which he collected on a visit to England in building a church, the first Episcopal Church erected in Upper Canada.

John Fiske speaks of Brant as "perhaps the greatest Indian of whom we have any knowledge."

WHEN TECUMSEH MET GENERAL BROCK

[1812]

BY WALTER R. NURSEY

[General Brock was the foremost defender of Canada in the War of 1812. He fell at the battle of Queenston Heights, where a monument now stands in his memory. Even his foes held him in such honor that at the time of his funeral flags were put at half-mast and a parting salute was fired on the American side of the river as well as on the Canadian.

The Editor.]

A few minutes only had elapsed when Elliott returned. The sentry's challenge caused Brock to look up from the table, littered with plans and dispatches. Another figure darkened the doorway.

"This, sir," said Elliott, "is Tecumseh, the Shawanese chief of whom you have heard, and who desires to be presented to you."

The general, who had removed the stains of travel and was in uniform, rose to his full height, bowed, extended his hand, and explained in manly fashion the reason for asking that the firing be stopped. The contrast presented by the two men was striking. The Old World and the New, face to face — a scene for the brush of an impressionist. Brock, tall, fair, big-limbed, a blue-eyed giant, imposing in scarlet coat and blue-white riding-trousers, tasseled Hessian boots, and cocked hat in hand. On his benevolent face was an irresistible smile.

The Indian, though of middle height, was of most per-

fect proportions, an athlete in bronze, lithe and supple as a panther. His oval face, set in a frame of glistening black hair, shone like a half-polished copper relief. Overlooking the nose, straight as one of his own arrows, and from which some tinkling silver coins were suspended, a pair of hawklike black eyes, hazel-black and unflinching, — in which the secrets of the world seemed slumbering, — gleamed upon Brock. His dress, a hunting-jacket of tanned deerskin and close-fitting leggings. Fringed moccasins of the same material, richly embroidered in silk and porcupine quills dyed in divers colors, encased his feet. The light from the open log fire flickered fitfully, half-revealing the antlered heads of moose and caribou and other trophies of the chase that, hanging from the rafters, looked down upon the group, adding weirdness to the picture.

Brock briefly explained that he had come to fight the king's enemies, enemies who so far had never seen his back, and who were Tecumseh's enemies also. Would Tecumseh maintain an honorable warfare?

Perhaps no eulogy of Brock was ever penned that so well summed up his qualities as did the terse, four-worded certificate of character uttered by the Indian before replying to the British general's appeal. Tecumseh looked "Master Isaac's" commanding physique up and over, over and down, — Brock's caution as to waste of powder doubtless weighing with him, — until eye met eye, and then, impulsively extending his thin brown hand, turned to his followers, exclaiming in tones of highest admiration, "*This* is a man!"

LAURA SECORD, A HEROINE OF THE WAR OF 1812

[1813]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

In June, 1813, the Canadian side of the Niagara River was in the hands of the Americans. General Vincent, who commanded the Canadian forces, had fallen back to the head of the lake. There was an outpost at the Twenty-Mile Creek, or Jordan, another at Ten-Mile Creek, and between them, at Beaver Dams, was stored a large quantity of camp stores and ammunition. Moving freely about from this point was a body of fifty scouts under Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, a clever and resourceful officer.

Laura Secord was obliged to entertain a number of American officers who were waiting to complete their forces before marching against the Canadian troops at Burlington Heights. She heard them discussing their plans. They proposed next day to seize the post at Beaver Dams and make it their headquarters for the advance to the head of the lake. As soon as they left the house to perfect their arrangements, Laura Secord told her husband Fitzgibbon must be warned. James Secord was not strong enough for the journey [1] and could not easily pass the pickets; there was no one else to send: so the courageous woman determined to take her life in her hands and attempt the long journey on foot.

[1] He had been wounded at Queenston.

The distance from Queenston to Beaver Dams by the direct road was thirteen miles, but Laura Secord had heard the officers say that a portion of the troops were to go that way to attack the post at Ten-Mile Creek, and she must, therefore, take a circuitous path.

She started in the middle of the night. The illness of a brother at St. David's was the excuse that induced the sentry to let her pass. Her relatives at St. David's tried in vain to dissuade her from the journey; in a few minutes she proceeded on her way, accompanied by a niece. Heavy rains had made the roads difficult, and in places she had to wade the streams or creep across fallen trees on hands and knees. Fear of interception caused her to make a détour, which after a long and arduous walk brought her to St. Catherine's — then called Shipman's Corners. Here her companion's feet became so sore that she could go no farther.

From St. Catherine's Mrs. Secord followed the course of the Twelve-Mile Creek, crossing and re-crossing that stream. As she drew near to Beaver Dams she had to fear Fitzgibbon's Indian allies, who were apt to pay small respect to women. Here is her own statement: —

"I left early in the morning, walked nineteen miles in the month of June to a field belonging to Mr. DeCamp, in the neighborhood of the Beaver Dams. By this time daylight had left me. Here I found all the Indians encamped. By moonlight the scene was terrifying, and to those unaccustomed to such scenes might be considered grand. Upon advancing to the Indians they all ran and said, with some yells, 'Woman!' which made me tremble. I cannot express the awful feeling it gave me, but I did not lose my presence of mind. I was determined to per-

severe. I went up to one of the chiefs, made him understand that I had great news for Fizgibbon, and that he must let me pass to his camp, or that he and his party would all be taken.

"The chief at first objected to let me pass, but finally consented to go with me to Fitzgibbon's station, which was at Beaver Dams, where I had an interview with him. . . . Benefiting by this information Captain Fitzgibbon formed his plans accordingly, and captured about five hundred American infantry and fifty mounted dragoons, and a field-piece or two was taken from the enemy. I returned home the next day exhausted and fatigued. I am now advanced in years, and when I look back I wonder how I could have gone through so much fatigue with the fortitude to accomplish it."

Laura Secord lived fifty-five years after the performance of her heroic deed. She died on the 17th of October, 1868, and was buried in the churchyard at Niagara Falls, where a stone has recently been erected to her memory.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

[1814]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

[In 1814 the American troops crossed the Niagara River and advanced against General Riall at Lundy's Lane. General Drummond, who was in Kingston, pushed on to the aid of General Riall. The latter had begun a retreat, but this was stopped on the appearance of reinforcements, and between five o'clock in the afternoon and midnight the bloodiest battle of the war was fought.

The Editor.]

Drummond comes from Kingston with four hundred fresh men; also he calls on the people to leave their farms and rally as volunteers to the last desperate fight. This increased his troops by another thousand, though many of the volunteers were mere boys, who scarcely knew how to hold a gun. Then, from a dozen signs, Drummond's practiced eye foresaw that a forward movement was being planned by the enemy without Chauncey's coöperation. All the American baggage was ordered to the rear. False attacks to draw off observation are made on Fort George outposts. American scouts are seen reconnoitering the Back Country. Drummond rightly guessed that the attack was being planned in one of two directions, — by rounding through the Back Country, either to fall in great numbers on Fort George, or to cut between the Canadian army of Hamilton region and of Niagara region, taking both battalions in the rear.

From Fort George to Queenston Canadian troops are posted by Drummond, and where the road called Lundy's Lane runs from the Falls at right angles to the Back Country more battalions are ordered on guard against the advance of the invaders. Fitzgibbon, the famous scout, climbing a tree on top of a high hill, sees the Americans, five thousand of them, gray coats, blue coats, white trousers, moving up from Chippewa toward Lundy's Lane. Quickly sixteen hundred Canadian troops under General Riall take possession of a hill fronting Lundy's Lane and the Falls. On the hill is a little brown church and an old-fashioned graveyard. In the midst of the graves the Canadian cannon are posted. Round the cemetery runs a stone wall screened by shrubbery, and on both sides of Lundy's Lane are endless orchards of cherry and peach and apples, the fruit just beginning to redden in the summer sun. Whether the enemy aim at Fort George or Hamilton, the Canadian position on Lundy's Lane must be passed and captured. As soon as Drummond had Fitzgibbon's report, he sent messengers galloping for Hercules Scott, who had been ordered to retreat to the lake, to come back to Lundy's Lane with his twelve hundred men. It may be imagined that the Americans guessed what message the horseman in the slather of foam was bearing back to Hercules Scott; for they at once attacked the Canadians in Lundy's Lane with fury, to capture the guns on the hill before Hercules Scott's reinforcements could come.

It was now six o'clock in the evening of July 25, a sweltering hot night, and the troops on both sides were parched for water, though the roar of whole inland oceans of water could be heard pouring over the Falls of Niag-

ara. As the Canadians had charged against the American guns at Chippewa, so now the Americans charged uphill against the guns of the Canadians, hurling their full strength against the enemy's center. Creeping under shelter of the cemetery stone walls, the bluecoats would fire a volley of musketry, jump over the fence, dash through the smoke, bayonet in hand, to capture the Canadian guns. Time, time again, the rush was dauntlessly made, and time, time again met by the withering blast. Before nine o'clock the attacking lines had lost more than five hundred men, and as many Canadians had fallen on the hill. The dead and mangled lay literally in heaps. As darkness deepened, lit only by the wan light of a fitful moon and the awesome flare of volley after volley, the fearful screams of the dying could be heard above the roar of the Falls and the whistle of cannon ball. Riall, the commander of the Canadians, had been wounded and captured. Of his sixteen hundred Canadians, Drummond had now left only one thousand, and he was himself bleeding from a deep wound in the neck. Half the American officers had been carried from the field injured, and still the command was repeated to rush the hill before Scott's reinforcements came, and each time the advancing line was driven back shattered and thinned, Canadians dashing in pursuit, cheering and whooping, till both armies were so inextricably mixed it was impossible to hear or heed commands. It was in one of these mêlées that Riall, the Canadian, found himself among the American lines and was captured, to the wild and jubilant shouting of the boys in blue and gray. Pause fell after nine o'clock. The Americans were mustering for the final terrible rush. The moon had gone

behind a cloud, and the darkness was inky. Then a shout from the Canadian side split the very welkin. Hercules Scott had arrived with his twelve hundred men on a run, breathless and tired from a march and countermarch of twenty miles. The Americans took up the yell; for fresh reserves had joined them, too, and Lundy's Lane became a bedlam of ear-shattering sounds,—heavy artillery wagons forcing up the hill at a gallop over dead and dying, bombs from the Canadian guns exploding in the darkness, horses taking fright and bolting from their riders, carrying American guns clear across the line among the Canadians. A wild yell of triumph told that the Americans had captured the hill. For the next two hours it was a hand-to-hand fight in pitchy darkness. Drummond, the Englishman, could be heard right in the midst of the American lines, shouting, "Stick to them, men! Stick to them! Don't give up! Don't turn! Stick to them! You'll have it!" And American officers were found amidst Canadian battalions, shouting stentorian command, "Level low! Fire at their flashes! Watch the flash, and fire at their flashes!"

The Americans have captured the Canadian guns, but in the darkness they cannot carry them off. Each side thinks the other beaten, and neither will retreat. In the confusion it is impossible to rally the battalions, and men are attacking their own side by mistake. Both sides claim victory, and each is afraid to await what daylight may reveal; for it is no exaggeration to say that at the battle of Lundy's Lane the blood of one third of each side dyed the field. The Canadians as defenders of their own homes, fighting in the last ditch, dare not retreat. The Americans, having more to risk in numbers, with-

draw their troops at two in the morning. Of her twenty-eight hundred men Canada has lost nine hundred; and the American loss is as great. Too exhausted to retire, Drummond's men flung themselves on the ground and slept lying among the dead, heedless alike of the drenching rain that follows artillery fire, of the roaring cataract, of the groans from the wounded. Men awakened in the gray dawn to find themselves unrecognizable from blood and powder smoke, to find, in some cases, that the comrade whose coat they had shared as pillow lay cold in death by morning. While Drummond's men bury the dead in heaps and carry the wounded to Toronto, the invaders have retreated with their wounded to Fort Erie.

THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE CAROLINE

[1837]

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT

[In 1837, William L. Mackenzie, leader of the revolt against the "Family Compact," took possession of Navy Island, two miles above Niagara Falls, and made ready to invade Canada. A small steamer, the Caroline, of American ownership, brought them supplies from Buffalo. Colonel MacNab, commander of the Canadian forces on the mainland, sent out a party of men under Lieutenant Drew to destroy this vessel. It must be remembered that the "cutting-out" took place in the Niagara River, and that with careless management the attacking boats would have been in danger of going over the Falls.

The Editor.]

Next day, which was the 29th, the Caroline resumed her trips to and fro between the island and Fort Schlosser. She was seen to convey several small cannon across to the island, and plied her vocation to the evident satisfaction and enjoyment of her captain and crew. The "Patriots" meanwhile kept up a constant fire all day on the Canadian shore, accompanying the roar of their artillery with loud yells of derision. These accumulated insults were intolerable, and some of the militia officers murmured at Colonel MacNab's inaction. But as the day wore on they became aware that something unusual was afoot, and looked forward impatiently for what the next few hours might bring forth. Soon after nightfall preparations began to be made for the expedi-

tion. The command was entrusted to Captain Drew, whose experience had rendered him well qualified to undertake such a responsibility. None but the officers had any idea of the adventurous game that was to be played, and even they were not all made acquainted with the full particulars until the very last moment. Volunteers were called for, but the only information vouchsafed was that Captain Drew wanted a few men with cutlasses, who were ready, if necessary, to follow him to the devil. There were hundreds of the militia who would willingly have taken part in such an achievement, even had it been of the desperate nature which these words implied; but only fifty or sixty men were needed, and the requisite force was soon enrolled for the service. All the members of the naval brigade were included in the enrollment, and no one was permitted to take part in the enterprise except those who were accustomed to the water, and to the management of a boat.

The expedition at the outset consisted of seven boats, each containing seven or eight men in addition to the officer in command. A start was made a few minutes after nine o'clock. Colonel MacNab imparted his final instructions to Captain Drew on the beach, just when the men were on the point of embarking. It was believed that the steamer would be found anchored in Canadian waters on the eastern side of Navy Island, but this was not certain, and Captain Drew's instructions were sufficiently explicit — to take and destroy the Caroline "wherever he should find her." As has been observed by an actor in the stirring events of that memorable night, the last five words of that order "nearly fired the continent as well as the Caroline."

The first destination of the expedition was a point about a mile up stream from Chippewa, a short distance above the spot known as Whiskey Point. Thence a final departure was to be made through the strait intervening between Navy Island and Grand Island. Captain Drew himself was in command of the first boat, which was pulled steadily up the river in dead silence. The night being excessively dark, it was necessary to hold a portfire over the stern as a guide to the others. Only five of the seven boats which had started from Chippewa reached the final point of departure, one of the remaining two having grounded on a shallow, and the other being unable to make way against the current, being provided with an insufficient number of oars. After waiting their arrival for fifteen or twenty minutes, the commander of the expedition determined to delay no longer, and the five boats accordingly set out across the stream. Captain Drew's boat took the lead, as before. Upon reaching the opposite side of the island, the captain perceived that the steamer was not anchored in Canadian waters, but was moored to the wharf on the American side at Fort Schlosser. He ordered his men to rest on their oars until the other boats were alongside. Upon the latter's near approach, he said, in a tone loud enough for all to hear, "The steamboat is our object — follow me." The men then resumed their oars, and the expedition glided silently across the fast-flowing river.

As they approached the Caroline, they perceived that she headed upstream, and was well lighted up. More than two hours had elapsed since the departure from Chippewa, and it was not far from midnight. The rowers proceeded cautiously, making very little noise, and,

owing to the excessive darkness, the sentry on board the doomed steamer did not become aware of their proximity until they had arrived within fifteen or twenty yards of her. In the first moments of surprise, he seems to have thought that the approaching boats were occupied by Indians. "Who goes there?" he shouted, in peremptory tones. "Answer, or I fire!" "Friends," replied Captain Drew. He then hurriedly demanded the countersign. "I will give it to you when we get on board," was the captain's response. Then the derelict sentry awoke to the danger of the situation, and discharged the contents of a musket at the nearest boat. The charge went wide of its mark, and struck the boat immediately astern, doing no harm. "Turn out, boys," he shrieked, "the enemy 's coming."

It was natural, under the circumstances, that such a command should be acted upon with all imaginable promptitude. But no promptitude could avail to save William Wells's property. The Canadians were in possession of the Caroline in less time than it takes to tell the story. Captain Drew and his men did their work quickly and well. Just at the moment when the sentry sounded his alarm and fired his musket, the foremost boat arrived alongside, and one of the crew grappled the steamer with a boarding-pike. Drew, cutlass in hand, sprang over the starboard gangway, and was followed by the other occupants of the foremost boat. The crews of the other boats boarded fore and aft on both sides. There was no general attempt at resistance on the part of those on board, and nothing deserving the name of a serious conflict. It was simply a vigorous kicking out of doors on the one hand, and, with two or three exceptions,

a terrified submission on the other. There were in all thirty-three persons on the vessel, ten of whom composed the crew, while the other twenty-three were casual lodgers who had been permitted to spend the night on board, in consequence of the neighboring tavern being so full as to have no accommodation for them. Most of them had been wrapped in slumber until aroused by the cry and the fire of the sentry, and were so completely taken by surprise that they seem to have had no time to think of resistance. They came pouring up the companionway from below, and were driven ashore at sword's point almost before they had time to realize their situation. Many of them shrieked with fright, believing that the last moment had arrived for them, and there was noise enough for a pitched battle. Says an eyewitness: "There was the loudest hullabaloo I ever heard in all my life. You would have thought that two mighty hosts were contending for the victory." Shots were fired on both sides. Three or four of the steamer's crew who were provided with cutlasses showed a disposition to use them, but they were speedily disarmed and driven on shore — not, however, until Lieutenant McCormick had been seriously wounded, while two others received wounds of less importance. The performance was at an end almost before it had begun.

The most dangerous part of the expedition having thus been successfully achieved, the next thing was to dispose of the steamer. Richard Arnold, a vigorous young man who had acted as stroke-oar of the foremost boat, went below by the captain's orders, and started a fire under the boiler with intent to get up steam. All the occupants of the vessel, with the exception of the

two prisoners hereafter mentioned, having been driven ashore, Lieutenant John Elmsley and a number of privates were detailed to step upon the wharf and cut the steamer from her moorings. While they were so engaged, a fire of musketry was opened upon them from a number of American sympathizers stationed near the neighboring tavern. They proceeded with their work, however, undeterred by these demonstrations, and by the yells which resounded far and near on every side. Elmsley himself, at the head of sixteen men armed with cutlasses, advanced about thirty yards toward the tavern, and there came to a stand, while the rest of his party completed the casting-off. As soon as this task was accomplished, the entire party returned on board the steamer, and immediately afterwards resumed their places in the small boats. Meanwhile, Arnold, as instructed, took a hurried run through the vessel from end to end, to make sure that no one was left on board. He informed Captain Drew that all was right. "Then," said the captain, "set her on fire." Arnold hastened down to the engine-room, took from the furnace the wood which he had kindled, and applied it in several places to the woodwork of the steamer. For a moment it seemed as though the material would not ignite, but all of a sudden it blazed up with fury, and almost before Arnold could reach the deck the vessel was in a blaze. All the rest of the boarding-party had returned to the boats, and Arnold thus found himself the last man on board. He was quickly in his place in Captain Drew's boat, but was unable to take an oar by reason of his having received a heavy stroke from a cutlass on his arm. The boats towed the blazing steamer out into the river, to prevent her from setting fire to the

wharf. Having conveyed her about two hundred yards from shore, they found it impossible to take her any farther, owing to the power of the current. They accordingly cut her adrift and abandoned her. Down she went at a tolerably good speed for about two hundred yards, when she became entangled in a bed of rush weeds, which brought her to a full stop for several minutes. Then she drifted loose, and away she went again, keeping well in to the eastern shore. But the flames had by this time pretty effectually destroyed the woodwork, and she had not been carried far down the river before her lights were quenched, and all suddenly became as dark as the grave. It is probable that the metal portion of her sank to the bottom, as her engine was to be seen there in shallow water for many years afterwards. Small portions of her charred woodwork were carried over the Falls, and minute fragments were subsequently picked up even in the lower reaches of the river; but the prevalent notion that the steamer was carried bodily over the great cataract is altogether without foundation.

TAKEN PRISONER BY THE FENIANS

[1866]

BY DAVID JUNOR

[The Fenian Brotherhood, founded in 1857, had for its object the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. In 1866, a large number of these "Fenians" crossed the Niagara River below Buffalo, and threatened the Niagara Peninsula. They were promptly opposed by both volunteers and regulars, and were soon driven back to the American side. Other raids had been planned, but were prevented by the watchfulness of the volunteers.

The Editor.]

The rumors concerning movements on the other side of the border, which threatened to bring trouble to Canada, grew more definite as the winter of 1865–66 advanced, and just before St. Patrick's Day, March 17, there was such a feeling that the Fenians had planned an attempt to destroy the Queen's Own drill-shed on that night that a guard was ordered to patrol the streets around the shed. I was one of the men detailed for that purpose. If such a plan had been formed, however, nothing came of it, and the shed was still intact on the morning of the 18th.

The rumors continued until June 1, when word was received at Toronto that a body of Fenians had crossed from Buffalo to Fort Erie. Troops to oppose them were requested. The officers of the Queen's Own at once sent a hurried call for the different companies to assemble so as to take the boat for Port Colborne. It was a very bad time for the University Company, as we were in the

midst of examinations. It was my graduating year, but, fortunately most of my examinations were over. We were informed by the university authorities that those who went against the Fenians would be considered as having passed without any further examinations, while those who were up for honors would have their standing decided by the average on the examinations already held together with their records in previous years.

The number of members of the University Company that took the boat that day and were present at the engagement with the Fenians has never been settled to my satisfaction, but my count after we landed at Limeridge made it twenty-three, and I have never seen any reason for changing it. We arrived at Port Colborne that evening and took the train for St. Catherine's, where we enjoyed some sleep; then we were roused up and put on a freight train for Limeridge, where we were joined by a regiment of volunteers from Hamilton. We were also to meet the regulars, but because of some delay, which I never heard satisfactorily explained, they did not reach Fort Erie until the morning after the engagement with the Fenians. As the highest officer with the Queen's Own was Major Otter, and as the Hamilton regiment had a colonel, the latter took command of the united column.

A great many of the soldiers had taken along some baggage, as we did not expect to return to Toronto at once. I had a good large satchel, as I expected to go home before returning to Toronto for the convocation to receive my degree. This satchel contained some of my clothes, but, far more cherished than these, some photographs and letters. On leaving the train we piled our

baggage in a goodly heap, expecting to return and get it after we had annihilated the Fenians. Alas! we never saw any of it again, and I have often wondered what kind of Fenian got those photographs and letters and what he thought of them. The Government partly reimbursed us for the baggage lost, but alas for those things for the loss of which no money could be a recompense!

There were no commissioned officers with the members of the University Company when we landed at Limeridge, as Captain Croft and Lieutenant Cherriman were detained at Toronto by examinations; and so one of the first important questions to be decided by the battalion officers, in view of an engagement with the Fenians, was what to do with the few representatives of the University Company. It was at first decided to distribute them among the other companies, but these members objected, saying that, if there was to be any fighting, they wished to fight as a company, and they asked instead that enough men should be taken from other companies to make up such a number as the officers might think best, and the command given to an officer from another company. This was done, and the command was given to Lieutenant Whitney, of Trinity College Company. He proved to be a splendid leader, showing no sigh either of fear or rashness during the engagement, and was always in the front, erect and calm, as if whistling bullets were everyday visitors in his life.

No one who was there will ever forget his feelings as, standing in battalion, we heard the command, "With ball cartridge, load," and realized what that command presaged. Very soon we heard that the Fenians were

near, and the march to meet them began. It seemed only a few minutes later when we heard the bullets whistling over our heads, and we can all remember with a smile how our heads involuntarily ducked as we heard the sound.

Then came the command for the University Company to advance as skirmishers, and very soon we were so far ahead of our main body that we could no longer see it. As we advanced, we fired at the woods in which the Fenians were supposed to be and from which the bullets we heard passing seemed to come. Once in a while we caught sight of a man on a white horse, and I have no doubt that every man in that skirmish line fired more than once at the man on horseback. He seemed, however, to be immune to bullets, as he continued to ride unharmed, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the writer held the company medal that year for rifle shooting.

When we had advanced some distance, we came to a rail fence which we must cross if we would reach the Fenians; but there was a general disinclination to do so, as the field on the other side was bare, and men in any part of it would make good targets. After a slight hesitation, however, we crossed; but it was not strange that each one of us should try to get as near to Mother Earth as he could, so as to give the enemy as little occasion as possible to commit manslaughter.

While in this field a strange thing happened. We heard the bullets whistling from the rear as well as from the front, and the only conclusion we could come to was that the officer in command had forgotten that our company was skirmishing, and had sent another skirmish

line out behind us. Whether this was true or not, I have never been able to find out.

We had not been long in this field before we heard the bugle call to retire, and began to fall back leisurely, turning and firing as we retired. At first, we could see nothing of our main body, but when we reached a cross-road, the column was seen nearly half a mile in the rear and retreating apparently helter-skelter. We at once decided that it was our duty to overtake them as speedily as possible. We hurried to the main road, so as to follow.

As we ran along the cross-road, young Tempest, who was just before me, fell. I paused beside him for a moment and saw that he was dead, shot through the head. At that time the bullets were whizzing past us at a great rate, and I remember wondering whether I was going to get through without coming in contact with any of them.

Shortly after we reached the main road we passed a small hotel, and as I was running by the open door I heard some one from within call, "O ——, I'm wounded." I turned in to see who called, and found one of my company shot in the arm. I also saw there were quite a number of other wounded men there, and, as they were calling for water, I decided that my next duty was to attend to their calls. I therefore began giving water to all. I had been at this work only a few minutes when a civilian, who evidently lived in the neighborhood, came in and began to help. A member of the Highland Company lay on the floor with a wound in the arm. He was suffering greatly, and asked whether we could not put something under his arm to raise it up. I pulled off my coat, folded it and put it under his arm, and it seemed to relieve him.

All this time we had seen nothing of the Fenians, but now one stood in the doorway with leveled pistol and called on us to surrender. We had no time to answer before another, evidently an officer, ordered him off and came into the room. Seeing me in my shirt sleeves, he said, "Oh, you're a surgeon; these wounded men will be protected." And then he disappeared, as I supposed, to put a guard on the house.

When the civilian and I had done all we could for the wounded in the house, seeing no Fenians around to prevent, I proposed that we take water and go back along the road to see if we could help any of the wounded. I thought at the same time that we might get back to where I had seen Tempest fall. We had not gone far before we came to a young man who had been shot through the body, but was still conscious. We raised his head and gave him water, and as we knelt beside him the civilian began the Lord's Prayer, but he had not gone far before he burst into tears and cried, "I can't pray." In a few moments blood and water gushed from the young man's mouth, his head fell back, and he was dead.

We started to go farther back along the road, but met the Fenian rear guard, who, seeing that I had on part of a uniform, told me I must go with them. As even misery likes company, I cannot say that I was sorry to see that the rear guard had as a prisoner another of my company, now a distinguished professor in Toronto.

When we got back to the hotel, I was in difficulty, as I was in my shirt sleeves, and, when I came to look at my coat under the arm of the wounded man, I saw that, even if I could remove it, it was not in a condition to be worn. The only unappropriated coat was the military overcoat

of the wounded man, so I put it on; but, as military overcoats are intended to be long, anyway, and, in this case, the owner was over six feet tall, while I was five feet four, there was a good deal of waste skirt on the floor. However, as it was the only coat available I gathered it up at the waist, buckled my belt under the gathering, bade good-bye to my wounded college mate, and started with the Fenians. I might add here that I did not see this friend again until forty years later, almost to a day, when, in June, 1906, I shook hands with him in his office in Winnipeg.

The objective point of the Fenian march we did not know, but found out a little later that it was Fort Erie. We soon got to be quite friendly with our guards, who were all good-natured Irishmen. They told us that they fully expected the Canadians to rise to aid those who came to free them from the yoke of Great Britain. We assured them that they were mistaken about the feelings of the Canadians and that they would meet only with disappointment. It was impossible for us to judge of the number of the Fenians, as they were scattered all along the road, but I thought there might be anywhere from five hundred to one thousand. Formerly they had been soldiers of the American Civil War, accustomed to hardship and to take things easily, especially when they saw anything they would like to have in the farmhouses or barns at which they called in passing along the road. At one place we were relieved by this peculiarity, as they brought a can of buttermilk and gave us a drink, and I don't believe we cared how they came by it, for the day was warm and the march tiresome.

Several amusing things occurred on the way, one of

which I recall. In one barn at which they called they found a horse, buggy, and harness. Evidently thinking that, under the circumstances, it was as cheap to ride as to walk, they hitched up, and more than a dozen got on. But, alas for their hopes! They had not gone ten rods before the buggy collapsed, the wheels spreading at the bottom and letting the load sink to the ground.

As we approached Fort Erie, we noticed a good deal of excitement, and in a very short time we were left alone with our guards, all the others going to the front. Presently we heard firing for a few minutes and then again all was still. Late in the afternoon we passed through the village of Fort Erie, where we met Colonel O'Neil, the Fenian commander, and then to our evident destination, the ruins of the old fort. There we found that the number of prisoners was increased by about twenty members of an artillery company that had landed at Fort Erie that day, and had been captured by the Fenians after the fight of which we heard the firing. We were not permitted to starve that evening, but were supplied with biscuit and meat, some of which at least was raw pork. During the night we were not allowed to stand up, but must either sit or lie down; and then I had reason to bless the chance that made me wear that heavy overcoat, as with it I suffered less than the others from the cold. Although it was June, it became cold toward morning.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning, we were roused up and told to form into line along a fence. We wondered whether it was possible that they were going to shoot us, although we did not feel much fear, as they had been so friendly. Our lives, however, were not

doomed to end yet, for we were next told to form into marching order, the Fenians meanwhile doing the same. Together we marched down to the bank of the Niagara River, where there was a tug with a scow in tow. Then our guards shook hands with us, got on the scow and tug and made for the opposite shore. It may be imagined that we did not delay long before we put a good distance between us and the river. As we were now in the village of Fort Erie, and daylight was some hours off, we rapped at the door of a small house in which we saw a light. The owner asked who we were without opening the door, and he evidently did not wish to offend either side. We succeeded at length in convincing him that we were Canadians, so he opened the door and let us in.

Soon after daybreak a company of regular artillery came along, and my fellow prisoners and I rode on a gun carriage till we came to where the Queen's Own were encamped. We found our company a good deal larger than at the time of the engagement, owing to accessions from Toronto, and we received a hearty welcome, as we had been given up for dead. On talking the battle over, we came to the conclusion that our company had suffered more than its share, as we thought that out of twenty-three men, three were dead, four wounded, and two had been prisoners. As to the cause of the rout of the column, different rumors were prevalent, the most common being that the commander, never having been in action before, lost his head when he became possessed of the idea that they were to be attacked by a force of Fenian cavalry, and gave orders which led to disorder and then to a panic.

After being in camp at Fort Erie for a few days, the Queen's Own were sent to Stratford for several days

more. There we were not in camp, but billeted among the citizens, and, as we were very cordially received, all had a very pleasant time. I know that was true in my case, as I was a guest at the home of the sheriff of the county, whose son was my classmate. Forty-two years later, in the summer of 1908, while on the Canadian Pacific Railway boat from Fort William to Owen Sound, I was introduced to a gentleman and his wife from Stratford. After the introduction, the lady said, "When I heard your name, I wondered if you were the young man who spent some days at our house after the Fenian raid of 1866." She was the daughter of the sheriff and a young girl at the time of the raid.

Among the good things that made the time pass pleasantly for me at Stratford was the receipt of about a dozen letters from the preceptress and some of the members in a certain school for young ladies at Toronto, written to cheer the heart of the young soldier and incite him, if the occasion arose, to do brave deeds for his native land. It will indicate how much I prized those letters when I say that I have them yet, although I have never seen one of the writers since. After we left Stratford, we went to our homes, as the Fenian scare was over for the time.

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

[1884–1885]

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH

[In 1870, Sir Garnet Wolseley had subdued the uprising at Red River and had become familiar with the skill and prowess of the voyageurs. Fourteen years later, when he was called upon to assist General Gordon in Upper Egypt, he sent to Canada for voyageurs to serve as boatmen on the Nile.

The Editor.]

O, the East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter;
And the pine becomes a palm, by the dark Egyptian water:
And the Nile's like many a stream we know, that fills its brimming cup, —
We'll think it is the Ottawa, as we track the bateaux up!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

O. the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian river;
But the thirsty date is here, where the sultry sunbeams quiver;
And the mocking mirage spreads its view, afar on either hand;
But strong we bend the sturdy oar, towards the Southern land!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

O, we've tracked the Rapids up, and o'er many a portage
crossing;
And it's often such we've seen, though so loud the waves
are tossing!
Then, it's homeward when the run is o'er! o'er stream,
and ocean deep —
To bring the memory of the Nile, where the maple
shadows sleep!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

And it yet may come to pass, that the hearts and hands
so ready,
May be sought again to help, when some poise is off the
steady!
And the Maple and the Pine be matched, with British
Oak the while,
At once beneath Egyptian suns, the Canadians on the
Nile!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

VI

STORIES OF THE TRAPPERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The greater part of the work of exploring the vast Canadian wilderness was carried on by daring bands of trappers in their search for pelts. In 1670 King Charles II of England granted a charter incorporating the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, Trading into Hudson's Bay," and allowing it the "sole trade and commerce" of the entire country from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean and from Hudson Bay to the Pacific, except such portions as were already settled. From the first immense profits were made in spite of the damage done by the French, who sent several expeditions to destroy the trading-posts.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century the Northwest Fur Company was formed by Canadian merchants, and speedily became a formidable competitor for the immensely profitable trade. The competition resulted in the demoralization of the Indians through the abundance of liquor with which the rivals sought to attract them, and the wasteful destruction of animals, and in 1821 the struggle was ended by the union of the two companies.

In 1859 the Hudson's Bay Company lost its monopoly of trade, and since then the region has been open to all. Ten years later the Company sold its vast tract of land to the Dominion of Canada for £300,000 sterling.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

BY THOMAS MOORE

[When voyageurs left Montreal to begin their long journey up the Ottawa to the fur country, they made a stop at the village of St. Anne to beg the good saint for her protection on the dangerous voyage. A song which they often sang at this point begins, —

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers, très-bien montés.

The boatmen of Thomas Moore sang this to him, and he was so pleased with it that he composed the following verses to the air of the old song.

The Editor.]

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

CANADA

Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

HOW THE NORTHWEST COMPANY LOST FORT GABRIEL

[About 1820]

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

Brian Kingley had captured Fort Gabriel, making prisoners of two trappers who had been to it more caretakers than garrison. He expected that there would be fighting, but did not think that the Hudson's Bay Company would attempt a recapture till the springtime. Fort Saviour, as he knew, was the nearest fort; but of the name of its chief factor he was ignorant. He did not, as we said elsewhere, relish fighting the followers of the Hudson's Bay Company, but he would not be the aggressor, and that would make the matter easier. Holding the fort against odds would be pleasant enough to him. He loved rather than avoided danger. Those were fighting days. Waterloo and Trafalgar were still news to the world and present topics to all British men; the Greeks were fighting for independence; war was in the air.

Brian had but thirty men — voyageurs, trappers, soldiers. He had but a small field of resources behind him, while the Hudson's Bay Company had resources practically unlimited, for they had a line of forts from which reinforcements could come. It was a forlorn hope; but the Northwest Company had promised him more men in the spring, and it was possible that the rising of the Indians might be successful, though this was not a matter which had his sympathy. Anything which roused

the Indians against either company he considered an evil.

He set himself to work to put the fort in as good a condition as was possible in winter. For a time he was busy enough. Then came days when there was nothing to do. He had little to read. He thought a good deal — more steadily than he had done for years. He occupied himself much with his past — not altogether pleasant in retrospect. With Scotland more than with Ireland. Was he becoming a renegade? When, once or twice, he thought of the flute which he heard distinctly on the Red River, — and he wished it were at Fort Gabriel, whoever played it, — the songs he imagined lilting from it were not Irish but Scotch; not "Garry Owen" and "Glory," but the "Bush aboon Traquair." And when he thought of Scotland much, and of a particular event of a certain year, he became disturbed, and longed for action to take the place of thoughts. This desire for activity at last overcame him. He had not the faculty for waiting possessed by Chief Factor Venlaw.

Two or three times a few men had been permitted to go out and look for moose, but they had been limited to certain boundaries, and had not been very successful. Brian, bored by his inactivity, determined at last to go out himself with a party. There seemed no probability of any attack from the Hudson's Bay Company, and in any case, those left behind in the fort would be able to resist an assault, and hold the place till the return of the sportsmen. There was the danger of being cut off from the fort, but that had to be risked.

One morning, very early, they issued forth. They would probably not have stepped so briskly, had they

known that a band of the Hudson's Bay Company men were watching them from a pine grove not far from the fort. Brian had more than once debated on cutting down this grove, since it would afford a good shelter for an attacking party, but he had hesitated because it sheltered the fort from the west winds. He contented himself with having it watched and regularly searched. He was not, however, aware that the grove contained a very effective hiding-place, which was likely to be known to the members of a Hudson's Bay Company party. This very morning, before the hunters started, there had been a search, but it was perfunctory, and the twenty-odd men led by Chief Factor Venlaw lay concealed under the very noses of the searchers, who might easily have been captured had it been according to Venlaw's programme. He hoped, however, to employ strategy; the more so, because he had heard one of the men from the fort speak of the projected hunt.

When the searchers returned to the fort, and soon afterwards he saw Brian and his handful of men issue forth, he determined on his plan of action. About noon would be the slackest time at the fort. Moreover, any one who might chance to pass out during the morning would be likely to return at noon. His action should be governed by this event, if it occurred. If not, another plan, based upon another supposition, should be put into play.

It was his intention to make a rush upon the gates at the moment any one should be entering, and so, if possible, enter the fort. A half-breed left the fort about nine o'clock, and they saw him returning about noon. The distance between the grove and the gates was about one

hundred yards. Venlaw's men were all swift and noiseless runners, and were likely to accomplish the distance and do the thing successfully, though one would have said the odds were heavy against them.

The half-breed came slowly on, bearing a part of an animal he had killed on the shoulder between him and the grove, so that he could not, without removing it, or turning toward the pines, see any one in that direction.

Venlaw turned to his men. "Don't fire until I give the word; but enter the fort guns cocked, and cover every man that shows himself. Remember, capture, not bloodshed, is our aim. A pound of pemmican and three plugs of tobacco to each man, if we do the thing successfully. Keep close to me; speak no word. . . . Are you ready?"

He raised his hand, holding it poised till the half-breed was almost at the gate, then he gave the signal, and with great swiftness they sped upon the fort. The half-breed did not hear them till the pad of moccasined feet was almost upon him, and at that moment the gate was opened. Before he could cry out, a hand was clapped on his mouth, and he was drawn backwards to the ground, and Venlaw and his men rushed in before it could be closed upon them. The sentinel who had opened the gate, and another, stood an instant bewildered, then swung their guns shoulderwards, but Venlaw and one of his followers sprang upon them and seized the weapons. Both went off, but fortunately, without injury to any one. The men were disarmed. The rest of the garrison now came armed and crowding through the doors of the fort to the yard. Venlaw's followers instantly leveled their rifles at them.

The factor raised his hand toward the besieged.

"Don't fire, or attempt resistance," he said; "it will be useless bloodshed. We are masters. The Hudson's Bay Company wishes only its rights. You have done your duty in obeying your captain, but now stack your arms, for I shall command you henceforth." The men were under cover of the rifles; they saw that resistance must be made with great loss of life, and even then with little chance of success, and they dropped the butts of their guns upon the ground, still, however, holding them. One of the men — he who had been left in command — spoke. "What will you do with us, if we surrender?"

"Take you over to Fort Saviour, and from there send you south of the Hudson's Bay Company. Stack your arms!"

At that moment a woman who had accompanied the expedition appeared behind the men. She suddenly raised a pistol at the factor and fired. The bullet grazed his temple, bringing blood, and tore away a piece of his fur cap. He stanched the blood with his buckskin glove, and it froze on his cheek as it came; but for a moment he did not speak, and he did not change his position. One of the men beside the woman seized her arm — it was her husband.

Venlaw spoke now, but not to his assailant. "Ground your arms," he said sternly to the group about the woman. But she shrieked out, — "Fire on them! fire on them! O you cowards; I could kill you myself!" She struggled in her husband's arms.

The captured men silently laid their rifles down; and now the factor spoke to the woman, his glove stiff with the blood from the still bleeding wound. "You fight hardly fair; and I'm not sure but what you gave, you

ought to get. You might have waited till you saw what we intended. You were foolish. But we will not quarrel with you, if you will get us a tin of tea and cook us some of this fresh meat," — pointing to the venison which the disarmed and captured half-breed had brought, — "for we've had little enough to eat these two days past, and we have work to do yet to-day. And as for your husband, if he is here, I promise you shall go with him, wherever he goes."

The woman was overcome by the factor's coolness and quiet speaking. She stood for a moment as if dumbfounded, and then turned and went into the fort. Like most women of such impulses she was soon after as earnest in making the tea and cooking the venison as she had been in her murderous attack upon the factor. Meantime, the prisoners were put in well-guarded rooms.

The weather grew colder as the day went on. Decisive preparations were made to receive Brian and his men. Toward sundown a watchman gave the word that the hunters were returning. Venlaw formed his men advantageously, and more or less out of sight, in the yard, with instructions, as before, not to fire until he gave the word. Brian and his followers had had a successful day, and were in high spirits. On the fort the Northwest Company's flag was still flying. Venlaw was too cautious to think of lowering it yet. When within a few yards of the gates, one of Brian's half-breeds gave a sharp call as a signal for opening the gates. It was answered from within by one of the factor's men. When the men were immediately at the gates they opened, and they came in eagerly, for they were hungry. Before they grasped the situation they were nearly all in, and then Brian became

aware that rifles were threatening them from the windows of the fort, and from the yard. He saw that they were in a trap, but he was not inclined to yield tamely. He caught his rifle to his shoulder with his eye upon the leader of the invaders. On the instant he recognized this leader as Andrew Venlaw. He was dumbfounded. He lowered his gun. Behind him his followers were still crowding in at the gate, covered by the rifles.

The factor stepped forward. "I think," he said, "it were wiser to make no resistance. You have lost this game. Save your life for a better."

"Venlaw! Andrew Venlaw!" said the other, finding his voice.

"Yes, that is my name," was the cold reply. "Order your men to stack their arms. We have you at an advantage."

Brian glanced at the carcass of the moose which his men had brought with them, and with a little of his old humor, answered, "We've got our venison at a price something unusual." Then he glanced round, saw the hopelessness of the position, and added, "Pile your arms, my men. We have lost Fort Gabriel."

SHOPPING AT A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FORT

BY H. M. ROBINSON

Toward the latter end of March, or the beginning of April, the Indian trappers leave their hunting-grounds, and make a journey to the fort with the produce of their winter's toil. Here they come, marching through the forest, a motley throng; not men only, but women and children and dogs, of all ages and conditions; each dragging sleds, or hand-toboggans, bearing the precious freight of fur to the trading-post. The braves march in front, too proud and too lazy to carry anything but their guns, and not always doing even that. After them come the squaws, bending under loads, driving dogs, or hauling hand-sleds laden with meat, furs, tanned deerskins, and infants. The puppy dog and the inevitable baby never fail in Indian lodge or cortège. The cheering spectacle of the two, packed together on the back of a woman, is not of infrequent occurrence; for in the Fur Land wretched woman often bears man's burden of toil as well as her own. The unwilling dog also becomes a victim, and degenerates into a beast of burden, either drawing a sledge or a loaded *travaille*.

Fifty or one hundred miles away from the nearest fort the minks and martens of the Indian trappers have been captured. Half a dozen families have, perhaps, wintered together, and they all set out for the fort in company. The dogs and women are heavily laden, and the march

through the melting snow is slow and toilsome. All the household goods have to be taken along. The black and battered kettles, the leather lodge, the axe, the pappoose strapped in its moss bag, the two puppy dogs not yet able to care for themselves, the snowshoes for hunting, the rush mats, the dried meat; all together it makes a big load, and squaw and dog toil along with difficulty under it. Day after day the mongrel party journeys on, until the post is reached. Then comes the trade.

The trapping or wood-Indian not being considered a dangerous customer, the gates of the post are freely thrown open to him. Accompanied by his female following, bearing the burden of fur, he marches boldly into the trading-room. Here the trader receives him, and proceeds at once to separate his fur into lots, placing the standard valuation upon each pile.

The trader, having separated the furs, and valued each at the standard valuation, now adds the amount together and informs the Indian — who has been a deeply interested spectator of all this strange procedure — that he has got sixty or seventy "skins." At the same time he hands his customer sixty or seventy little bits of wood, to represent the number of skins; so that the latter may know, by returning these in payment of the goods for which he really barters his furs, how fast his funds decrease.

The first act of the Indian is to cancel the debt of last year. This is for advances made him at the beginning of the season; for the company generally issue to the Indians such goods as they need, up to a certain amount, when the summer supplies arrive at the forts, such advances to be returned in furs at the end of the season.

After that he looks round upon the bales of cloth, guns, blankets, knives, beads, ribbons, etc., which constitute the staples of the trade, and after a long while, concludes to have a small white capote. The trader tells him the price, but he has a great deal of difficulty in understanding that eight or ten skins only equal one capote. He believes in the single standard of value — one skin for one capote. If an Indian were to bring in a hundred skins of different sorts, or all alike, he would trade off every one separately, and insist on payment for each, as he sold it. It is a curious and interesting sight to watch him selecting from the stores articles that he may require, as he disposes of skin after skin. If he has only a small number, he walks into the shop with his blanket about him, and not a skin visible. After some preliminary skirmishing he produces one from under his blanket, trades it, taking in exchange what he absolutely needs; then he stops. Just as one thinks the trading is over, he produces another peltry from beneath his blanket, and buys something else. Thus he goes on until, having bought all the necessaries he requires, he branches off into the purchase of luxuries — candy, fancy neckties, etc. Under so slow a process an Indian trader needs to possess more than average patience.

When the little white capote has been handed the Indian, the trader tells him the price is ten skins. The purchaser hands back ten little pieces of wood, then looks about for something else; his squaw standing at his elbow, and suggesting such things as they need. Everything is carefully examined, and with each purchase the contest over the apparent inequality between the amount received for that given is renewed. With him,

one skin should pay for one article of merchandise, no matter what the value of the latter. And he insists also upon selecting the skin. Like his savage brethren of the prairies, too, he has never solved the conundrum of the steelyard and weighing-balance — he does not understand what "medicine" that is. That his tea and sugar should be balanced against a bit of iron conveys no idea of the relative values of peltries and merchandise to him. He insists upon making the balance swing even between the trader's goods and his own furs, until a new light is thrown upon the question of steelyards and scales by the acceptance of his proposition. Then, when he finds his fine furs balanced against heavy blankets and balls, he concluded to abide by the old method of letting the white trader decide the weight in his own way; for it is clear that the steelyard is a very great medicine, which no brave can understand, and which can only be manipulated by a white medicine-man.

When the Indian trapper has paid his debt and purchased all needful supplies, if he has any skins remaining, he turns his attention to the luxuries of life. The luxuries of life with the painted child of the forest and stream consist of fancy neckties, colored beads, cotton handkerchiefs, red and yellow ochre, and cheap and tawdry jewelry. For articles such as these he hands over his remaining chips, amid childlike manifestations of delight on the part of his expectant squaw. Then he turns his attention to the last, and to him, most important feature of the trade — that of getting into debt again; for a great majority of the Indians and half-breed trappers and hunters really live in a state of serfdom, or peonage, to the Company. Indeed, it may be said that every man,

woman, and child living in the Fur Land contributes to the revenues of that corporation; and also that the Company feeds, clothes, and wholly maintains nine tenths of the entire population; nearly all classes being more or less engaged in the fur trade, and bartering their produce at the many posts scattered over the country. Like the Mexican or Brazilian peon, the Indian trapper is so constantly, and, for him, so largely in debt to the fur trade, as to be practically its servant. Twice during the year, perhaps, he is free from debt and his own master; but such freedom is only of momentary duration, continuing but for such time as he can get into debt again. In fact, the trapper seems ill at ease when free from pecuniary obligation, and plunges into it with a facility and to an extent only limited by his ability to contract it. By this system of advances the Company rules its vast territories, and is as much of a monarch of the frozen latitudes as Crusoe was monarch of his island. The continuance of this system has been caused by the necessities of the hunters and trappers; and by the fact that the Company, like the wise corporation that it is, does not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, but carefully cares for the game and the hunters on its vast preserves.

Contrary to the general rule in civilized life, a debt is seldom lost, except in the event of the death of the trapper. He may change his place of abode hundreds of miles, but he still has only a Company's post at which to trade; and it is impossible for him so to conceal his identity as not to be found out sooner or later. But the trapper seldom attempts to evade the payment of his debts; he is not yet civilized to that degree which practices rehypothecation. The Company has always been

a good friend to him and his, supplied his necessities, ministered to his wants, and he pays when he can. He knows that when he liquidates his old debt, he can contract a new one just as big. He knows, too, that when the Company promise him anything he will get it; and that he will always pay just so much for his goods and no more. No attempt was ever made to cheat him, and there never will be. When he is ill, he goes to the nearest fort and is cared for and attended until he recovers. When he does his duty well, he gets a present; and he never performs any labor for his employers without receiving a fair compensation. Such humane treatment binds the Indian and half-breed to the Company in a bond that is not easily broken. So, when he has spent all his little pieces of wood, and asks for further advances, he is allowed to draw any reasonable amount. Carefully looking over the purchases already made, counting up his supply of ammunition, clothing, gew-gaws, etc., he concludes to take more tea and tobacco; for the trapper is a very Asiatic in his love of soothing stimulants.

The purchase of such soothing solace terminates the trade of the Indian trapper. After going in debt to the extent of his ability, he wends his way to the forest again. The furs he has traded are thrown carelessly behind the counter, to be afterward carried to the fur-room.

In the early spring, when the snow is gone from the plains, and the ice has left the rivers, the workmen at the trading-post begin to pack all the fur skins in bales of from eighty to one hundred pounds each, that being the usual weight of each package — goods or furs — in the Company's trade. The outer covering is buffalo-

skin, or rawhide; loops are made to each package in order to sling it on the pack-saddles, if the pack is sent from an inland post; the pack-saddles are repaired and thongs cut to fasten the bales on to the horses. The Company's horses — of which each fort has its complement — that have wintered in some sheltered valley, under the care of Indians, are now brought to the post; the packs are tied on, and the train starts for the depot or chief fort of the district, situated always on the banks of some navigable stream. This is called fitting out a brigade, and forms the grand event of fort-life — being looked forward to by the men as a boy anticipates his holidays. Arrived at the depot, the bales are handed over, and goods for the ensuing year received in return.

It generally occurs that several brigades meet at the depot simultaneously. In this event the spectacle presented is quaint and singular; the wild looks, long, unkempt hair, sunburnt faces, and leather costumes of the traders being only exceeded by the still wilder appearance and absence of clothing among their Indian attendants. So long as the brigades remain, the scene is one continuous festivity, eating, drinking, and quarreling. When the brigade departs, the furs are all sorted and repacked, and pressed into bales by an enormous lever — rum and tobacco being placed between the layers of skins to keep out the insects and moths. They are then shipped by slow stages to the nearest seaport, and eventually sold at public auction in London.

THE TRADE INTO THE NORTH

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

One side of a top-story room lined with shelves, and each shelf filled with boxes and rolls of miscellaneous cloth things; the opposite side piled high from the floor with colored rugs and thick blankets; one end stacked with tin trunks, boxes of hats, and more blankets; the other with rolls of duffle and bundles of tricolored sashes; the center of the floor covered crosswise by long tables, and each table filled with assorted sizes of men's ready-made suits, bundles of cotton prints, and still more boxes: that is the dry-goods storeroom in Edmonton of one of the Northern trading companies. It is in no way different from the wareroom of a small wholesale house except that its wares have very evidently been chosen for a particular trade and with the wants of a somewhat peculiar class of buyers in view. A few months hence the entire stock will have been distributed among retail trading establishments at distances of two hundred miles along the Mackenzie River, and will have entered into the barter system of the North. Remembering that, one sees why the blankets should be so thick and woolly, why the sashes and prints and tartans should be so gay of color, why the cloths and trousers should be so firm and full of wear. They are for the North, and the North needs warm things and sound things.

In another room is the stock of those other wares which form an important part of the Northern trade —

the things to eat and the tools to work with. There is the same substantiality in these as in the woven and knitted goods upstairs, with even less of the fancy goods appearance. Iron and steel wares are too heavy to freight a thousand miles unless there is a use for them at the other end, and a can of syrup is the nearest approach to the fine grocery line. A few months hence Indian trappers away down the Mackenzie will be handling the knives and hatchets, and Indian housewives will be cooking up the flour and ladling out the syrup.

It all seems very much like any other miscellaneous stock of merchandise, and is modern enough to fit well on the shelves and tables of almost any general supply house; yet just the fact that these goods have been picked for the Northern trade and that they are shortly to be offered for sale to the inhabitants of topmost Canada, differentiates the assortment from that in any other kind of warehouse on the continent. Since the days when Cartier and Champlain first traded beads and knickknacks with the wondering chiefs at Quebec, there has been an interest — call it romance, if you will — about the white man's trade with the red man; it has now been long driven back to the Northland, and it has grown from a barter of beads to an elaborate system of modernized commerce, but it is still the trade of the white with the red, and it still has its old-time fascination.

That stock of goods represents the best that two continents can do for the wants of the Indian. In the olden days the Northern trade was supplied entirely from England, but with the growth of Canadian manufactures it has been found a better policy to outfit as much

as possible in the home market, and such wares as ready-made clothing, knitted goods, and nearly all kinds of provisions are of Canadian production. The greater part of the whole, however, still comes from over the sea. Three or four great importing houses in London and Glasgow send their travelers each year to catch the head traders on their return from the North in the fall. That is perhaps the most unique drummer work, in point of distance covered and territory represented, that is done within the empire. Other British houses sell through agents in Toronto and Montreal. In either case they show their samples, quote their prices, and book their orders, just as for any other class of trade; but they must meet the particular demands of the Northern trade or they won't get next year's orders.

It pays to cater to this trade from Canada's back-door country, and nowadays, with a number of firms competing for it, things are being put up especially to suit the North. For instance, the trappers in the Peace and Mackenzie country felt the need of something to wear as a foot covering inside their moccasins, a heavy fabric that would keep out the cold and keep in the natural foot warmth without becoming moisture-soaked. British mills produced a fabric that precisely met the want, and the rolls of "duffle" on the floor upstairs are some of it — a thick, woolly, reversible cloth of which the trapper cuts a strip and winds it around his stockinged feet. The Hudson's Bay Company had the monopoly of this happy thought for many years, and opposition firms were unable to find where or how it was made, but the secret leaked out, and duffle is now a common article of Northern commerce. Rugs, blankets, tartans, tweeds,

hats and cutlery are among the other wares supplied from the English and Scottish mills.

It is all good stuff, too. The Indian, the half-breed, or even the Eskimo, is not to be put off with second-grade wares. He knows good quality in the things he uses and will have nothing else. When the Hudson's Bay Company first traded into the North, it instituted the policy of taking only number one stock, and this policy having been followed ever since, the Indian buyers have become educated to a keen appreciation of good quality. The high freight rates, too, work against the shoddy man, and since it costs as much to transport cheap goods as high-class goods the traders have found it more to their profit to handle only honest stock. That does not at all mean that the clothes an Indian buys at a Northern trading-post are as dressy as you or I would choose, or that the relishes he buys to fill out his bill of fare are as dainty as those on a white man's table, but of their kind they are all good and, as things go, worth their price.

These shelffuls and tablefuls of made and unmade goods were to be divided among fifteen widely separated posts down the Mackenzie. The entire collection represented a portion of a year's supply for the North; some had already gone forward, the rest had not as yet arrived from England. It was a straight on-order stock. Every yard and pound of it had been ordered last autumn by the factors of the several posts, just as the country merchant makes up an order to fill his season's wants. The trading firm sends very little on its own initiative, unless it be some particular ware or new line which it thinks might profitably be introduced at its posts; but the responsibility of estimating the year's

quantities is put entirely upon the factor, whose place it is to know the conditions and trade prospects of his especial field. What he orders the firm sends. Summed altogether, it makes a very respectable consignment for the North. These fifteen Mackenzie posts, belonging to one of the independent companies, will total on their annual orders two thousand hundred-pound sacks of flour, seven thousand five hundred pounds of oatmeal, seven tons of lump sugar, a carload of tea imported direct from Japan, one hundred and fifty cases, or seven thousand two hundred pounds of syrup, six tons of tobacco, four hundred and twenty pairs of blankets, of a quality selling at Edmonton for ten dollars a pair, and other wares in proportion. Lard and jam are on every factor's list; a few stoves and sewing machines may be asked for; and private orders are made up for the factors themselves, or for gilt-edge customers, that sometimes include gew-gaws and notions.

In all the North country tributary to Edmonton, which means the Peace, Athabasca, and Mackenzie districts, straight to the Arctic coast, there are about one hundred trading-posts. The ancient and honorable Hudson's Bay Company, which began trading into this region nearly a century and a half ago, has sixty of these, and the remaining forty belong to the world-known Revillon Brothers in the Peace and Athabasca, Hislop and Nagle on the Mackenzie, and some four or five private concerns that have not as yet attained to very large proportions. To these hundred posts goes each year a stock of goods worth nearly a million and a quarter dollars, at Winnipeg prices. From twenty to twenty-five per cent must be added for cost of freight,

making it easily a merchandise value, when it reaches the North, of one million five hundred thousand dollars, in exchange for which a like value in furs is brought back. These furs, which all pass through Edmonton, more than double in value, however, when they reach London and Paris. That's where the profit in the Northern trade comes in.

Packing-time comes for the Northern freight as soon as the goods arrive from the mills and as soon as there is snow enough for sledding, for the first hundred miles from Edmonton, which is the end of the railway, is by the horse-and-sled route. The Hudson's Bay Company sends out supplies for all its Northern and Northwestern posts from Winnipeg, shipping by rail to Edmonton and thence by sled. The Edmonton office of the Company is headquarters for the Peace and Athabasca district, but the Mackenzie posts report to Winnipeg, while all three districts look to Winnipeg for their supplies. The other traders, however, operate from Edmonton, receive their stocks there, and from there outfit their posts.

Strong and tight must be the packages for the North. The boxes are packed solid and secure, iron-banded, and then covered with sacking, all to the end that if upsets come en route the iron bands will hold if the boxes break, and if wood and iron give way the sacking will still keep things in. The boxes are kept as near as possible to one hundred pounds each.

Four days by sled, from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, is the first freight stage in the real North. All through the winter big loads of boxes and bales are kept moving along the hundred-mile trail, and the spring break-up finds a vast amount of merchandise ready for

the water route. Athabasca Landing is the distributing-point for the North. Navigation opens there about mid-May, when stanch Northern-built steamers set out with full-up cargoes, up the Athabasca and Lesser Slave Lake for the Peace River country, down the Athabasca for Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie.

On the last route, covering a distance of two thousand miles, there is a deal of hard traveling. The first one hundred and sixty miles, by steamer, are followed by one hundred miles of rapids, through which nothing but open boats can be taken. The freight therefore is transferred to scows, ten tons to each, and put through the bad water by sheer man-power until steamer is taken again at Fort McMurray. Much of the same process is repeated down the Mackenzie, with frequent portages and shiftings of cargo, and on Great Slave Lake the scows are strung together and towed. The North-Country scow is a boat of about forty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide, and three feet deep, built of North-sawn spruce, and worth a hundred dollars. Five half-breeds, strong, reckless, happy-go-lucky offspring of the wilderness, man each boat with four at the oars and one at the sweep. Very seldom do they lose a cargo, for the half-breed is a navigator seemingly proof against bad weather and bad water. He, nor any man, is equal, however, to bringing back his fleet as easily as he took it down. The greater number of the scows are sold at their journey's end for firewood, for the reason that only as many are brought back up the swift Mackenzie current as are needed to carry the return cargo of furs; and one scow can carry the fur-equivalent of perhaps ten scowloads of merchandise. Each year, therefore, a new

fleet of boats is built for the down trip, a side industry of considerable importance. Of steamers there are in all about twenty on the Northern rivers and lakes, of which the Hudson's Bay Company own six and the missions an equal number.

This method of freighting costs money. The rate is fourteen cents a pound to the way-down posts, which means fourteen dollars added to the price of a hundred-pound sack of flour. On the return trip the rate is twenty-two cents. One may look for high prices as a natural consequence. The traveler with some money in his pocket may have to pay fifty cents for a can of corn even at Peace River Landing and a dollar at Fort Graham.

The Northern store is not radically different in appearance from the average country store down East. It used to be a log-built house, pioneer in all its appointments, but it is a frame structure nowadays, neatly ceiled, and fitted with counters, shelves, and bins, like any trader's shop. The art of displaying goods is not unknown, either, and samples of the stock are hung or laid about as prompters to the sometimes uncertain patrons of the establishment. The store is the hub, center, and heart of the settlement. It stands for power and authority, for industry and the reward of industry, for comfort and respectability; and the Indian of the North looks upon the trading-post store even more in awe and admiration than we, as children, used to look upon the corner store down home.

A few white settlers in the Peace River country, the forerunners of a large population soon to come, give a somewhat different character to the trade in that dis-

trict, but the Mackenzie posts have only the Indians and the half-breeds as customers. It is trade by the barter system, as it has always been, and the amount of stock which each takes out is governed by the amount of fur which he brings in. A good year's catch per man runs at about five hundred dollars; the average is nearer two hundred dollars, and according to whether his furs count near the one figure or the other will be comparative affluence or bare necessities for the Indian trapper. If, however, his traps played him even more poorly, or if he was lazy, and has but a handful of furs to trade with, it means that he must go without even the necessities. He will live, but how, Heaven only knows.

There is, it is true, a credit system, and if an Indian bears a good reputation he will be given advances upon his next season's furs. But the payment of a debt, or the necessity of paying it, depends, in the Indian's code of ethics, upon whether it is a good fur year or not. If he dutifully sets his traps and no fur come, he considers the debt canceled and is thereupon ready to open a new account; nor can the storekeeper recover the old one. For this reason the traders are discouraging the credit system, and while it will probably always be necessary to some degree, it will be infinitely better for the Indian himself when his trading is wholly upon a spot-down basis.

The basis of trade is the "made beaver" skin. It is the uncoined money of the North, a wholly technical standard, in terms of which the value of furs or merchandise is estimated as equal to so many "skins." In actual money value it varies from a quarter to a half-dollar as one goes North. There is a standard of prices for the

furs, which is adhered to as closely as the competition between opposition traders will allow, and if the trapper is a fairly good arithmetician he can figure up the extent of his shopping and whether or not he can afford luxuries or only necessities.

At Arctic Red River and Fort McPherson the traders are in the Eskimo country, and the funny, happy natives of the Top Edge of the continent have learned enough of the white man's good things to have become patrons of his stores. It is eatables, rather than clothing, that the "huskies" want, for garments of skin suit them better than wool, and such furs as they are able to bring to the posts are exchanged chiefly for lard, flour, sugar, and such-like substantials. The Eskimo has a somewhat different system of buying from that of the Indian. Instead of disposing of his furs in a lot and taking a lump price on them, he brings one at a time and buys its worth alone of merchandise. He uses the skin as we use a dollar bill, and seems to believe that in this way he gets more for his money.

The annual visit of the supply boats to these Mackenzie posts is, it may be assumed, an event. But it is a hurried visit. The entire season is short enough to make the long trip down to McPherson and back again before the rivers freeze; and so one day's stop to unload the supplies and tell the news, and another on the way back to receive the factor's accounts and take on his furs, is all, barring storms and sicknesses, that the trader is able to give each post. And even then, though he started early in May, it is the very last of September when he lands his harvest of the North in Edmonton.

VII

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1869, the new Dominion bought out the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company to the enormous territory held by the Company for two hundred years. Carelessness in the treatment of the half-breeds and Indians along the Red River caused an uprising under Louis Riel that was suppressed by Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley. In 1870, Manitoba was admitted to the Confederation on equal terms with the other provinces, and the rest of the territory was divided into eight provinces. In 1885, the West was opened by the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Within the last few years, the growth of these western provinces in both population and wealth has been exceedingly rapid. Lands which were thought to be of small value have been found equal to producing lavish crops; discoveries have been made which indicate vast mineral wealth. The pleasant task is now laid before Canada to develop her numerous resources and so win prosperity and wealth in most generous degree.

HOW ALEXANDER MACKENZIE REACHED THE PACIFIC OCEAN

[1793]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

[Sir Alexander Mackenzie, an energetic Scotchman in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company, discovered in 1789 the river which bears his name. Later, he led an expedition to the Pacific Coast, which he reached in 1793, the first white man to accomplish the feat by an overland journey.

The Editor.]

In 1792 Sir Alexander Mackenzie determined to attempt the feat, hitherto unaccomplished, of finding his way to the Pacific Ocean. Taking a few men and two canoes, he left Fort Chippewayan on the 10th of October, and went up the Peace River. By the 1st of November he was obliged to go into winter quarters at the Company's most westerly outpost. The cold months were spent in collecting a store of furs. On the 9th of May, 1793, Mackenzie set forth upon his search for the Pacific. He took one birch-bark canoe, over twenty-five feet long, which carried ten men, baggage, food, ammunition, and goods for barter.

As the solitary canoe made its way up the river the current became so strong that it sometimes took seven days to make a distance that was accomplished in one day on the return journey. The frail boat was so frequently broken that the numerous patches soon doubled its original weight. As they got into the Rocky Moun-

tains the explorers often made less than three miles a day, and the labor was so arduous that Mackenzie's companions began to urge him to give up the dangerous enterprise. The Indians they met also tried to dissuade him from going on; but he declared he would not turn back if he had to proceed alone.

When he reached the head waters of the Peace River he found that the portage necessary to be made to reach a stream flowing west was so difficult as almost to defy the resolution of the boldest. Paths had to be cut, morasses to be crossed; the guides deserted; provisions ran low, and the men lost heart. Mackenzie alone preserved his courage and persevered without a thought of giving up. The following is his account of one dangerous incident: —

"We had hardly regained our situations when we drove against a rock which shattered the stern of the canoe in such a manner that it held only by the gunwales, so that the steersman could no longer keep his place. The violence of this stroke drove us to the opposite side of the river, when the bow met with the same fate as the stern. At this moment the foreman seized on some branches of a small tree in the hope of bringing up the canoe; but such was their elasticity that, in a manner not easily described, he was jerked on shore in an instant and with a degree of violence that threatened his destruction.

"But we had no time to turn from our own situation to inquire what had befallen him; for, in a few moments we came across a cascade which broke several large holes in the bottom of the canoe and started all the bars, except one behind the scooping seat. The wreck becom-

ing flat on the water, we all jumped out and held fast to it, to which fortunate resolution we owed our safety, as we should otherwise have been dashed against the rocks by the force of the water, or driven over the cascades."

The river which they had thus entered was the swift-flowing Fraser, though Mackenzie laid it down on his map as the Columbia. With the greatest difficulty he gathered bark and gum, and stopping on an island built another canoe. After proceeding rapidly downstream for some days, he found from friendly Indians that his easiest way to reach the coast was to retrace his course for about one hundred miles and then to leave the river and strike out to the west on foot. With infinite toil this was done, and on the 4th of July, having buried what goods and food they could not carry, the little band began their westward march.

There is not space to tell of the new difficulties and dangers that beset them as they climbed height after height of the snow-clad mountains of the Coast Range. On the 19th of July, Mackenzie fell in with some Indians who had seen Captain Cook; and thus cheered he pushed on. Next day he at last beheld an arm of the sea glistening in the distance, and on the 21st he issued forth upon the waters of Mackenzie's Outlet. We can imagine his feelings as he looked upon the mighty waters. We place him in our minds beside the other discoverers of that ocean.

> "Like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, — and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Or like Drake, who over two hundred years earlier climbed the hill, and the tree on top of it, and saw at

once both the Atlantic and the Pacific, and exclaimed: "Almighty God! of Thy goodness give me life and leave to sail once an English ship upon that sea." He proceeded some distance along its shores, and on the face of a great cliff he wrote an inscription. "I now mixed up some vermilion in melted grease and inscribed in large characters on the southeast face of the rock on which we had slept last night this brief memorial: 'Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.'"

Owing to a hostile demonstration on the part of the natives, who had suffered from the firearms of the white men who had come there in ships, Mackenzie was obliged to leave the coast two days after his arrival. His return was made with less difficulty than the journey out, and once upon the waters of the Peace River it was delightfully easy, except for the pangs of hunger, owing to temporary scarcity of game. He reached his previous winter's camp on the 24th of August.

"At length, as we rounded a point and came in view of the fort, we threw out our flag and accompanied it with a general discharge of our firearms; while the men were in such spirits and made such an active use of their paddles that we arrived before the two men whom we left here in the spring could recover their senses to answer us. Thus we landed at four in the afternoon at the place which we left on the 9th of May. Here my voyages of discovery terminate."

The great explorer was knighted by the king in 1802. In time he set up a rival fur company of his own called "Sir Alexander Mackenzie & Co.," afterwards united with the Hudson's Bay Company.

HOW CANADA ACQUIRED THE NORTHWEST

[1869]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[In 1867, the "Dominion of Canada" was formed by a union of the four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. This new Dominion was ambitious, and in her first Parliament she passed an act to acquire the Northwest. The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company was nearly expired, and Canada made a fair offer to the Company for the land, allowing them also to retain their privileges of trade. The offer was accepted, and in this way Canada took under her control one fifteenth of the earth's surface.

The Editor.]

Such an acquisition as this might well kindle the imagination of a young people. It was three and one half times as large as the Louisiana Territory which had been bought by the United States. While much more was known of the Northwest than of this Territory at the time of its purchase, there was still room enough for the exercise of the wildest flights of fancy. Everything was on a gigantic scale; mountains, prairies, forests, rivers two thousand miles long, lakes like vast inland seas, bays that broadened and deepened like very oceans. Fish, grain, timber, are all sources of wealth, and upon these the Dominion might well reckon; but underground, hidden away as secretly as Aladdin's cavern of treasures, there lay riches, indeed, in quantities unsus-

pected by the most extravagant dreamer. Petroleum, coal, iron, copper, nickel, silver, and gold awaited the touch of the discoverer. There was no need to invoke the genii of the magic lamp; the spade and the pick would open the treasure-room.

In the transfer of this immense territory one important question was entirely overlooked, "How will the people who live in the land be pleased with the change of government?" This was not a country devoted to snow-drifts and polar bears. For half a century it had been the home of colonists. There were Canadians, who were delighted to be more closely connected with their own land; there were Americans, who longed to see their fertile acres annexed to the United States; there were Fenians, who saw rose-tinted visions of a republic of their own; and there were bands of Indians, who for five or six generations had known no rule but that of the Hudson's Bay Company and no life but that of the wandering hunter; there were *mêtis*, or half-breeds, some of whom were partly Scotch or English and were Protestants, while some were partly French and were Roman Catholics. One naturally questions, "What was done to conciliate these people, to assure them that their rights would be maintained and their interests considered?" The answer is, "Nothing at all." The officials may well be pardoned for not pursuing tribes of roving Indians to inform them that the Hudson's Bay Company was no longer the supreme power in the land; but on the Red River, in the district now known as Manitoba, were some twelve thousand actual settlers, whites and *mêtis*, and it would have been only fair as well as politic to send them a formal notification that the government had

passed into other hands. No such notification was sent, and they were left to learn of the change from rumors that sped from one little settlement to another. Before any authorities made their way to Manitoba, even before the formal transfer had actually taken place, the Dominion surveyors appeared among the settlers, and with little explanation began to lay out roads and mark out townships and building-lots.

Then even those wavered who had stood firmly by the Dominion. They had no deeds of their land, and it might be that all this prompt surveying was but a prelude to depriving them of their homes. They were angry and indignant. They themselves would not have rebelled, but their wrath encouraged those who were restless and those who planned something quite different from allowing their country to become a quiet province of the Dominion, "a colony of a colony," as they said scornfully.

Whenever insurrection is in the air, a leader is always ready, and this time was no exception. The head of this rebellion was Louis Riel, son of a white father and a half-breed mother. He had been educated in Montreal and had shown some intellectual ability. A greater gift than that of mental keenness was his power to persuade and control the minds of men. For one he had an argument, for another a brilliant picture of future success, for another neither reason nor scheme, but only a rare talent for influencing the man to whom he talked to do as he would have him. A little tact on the part of the Government, a recognition of Riel's ability, and a little care taken to win that ability for the service of order and progress, would perhaps have saved the Dominion not only the

troubles of the year 1870, but in the years to come, the sum of $5,000,000 and the lives of many of her citizens.

No attention was paid to Riel by the Dominion authorities, and he went on at his will, predicting to one the harsh laws that would follow this new government, to another the loss of home and lands, and enkindling the fancy of a third by painting visions of a golden republic of which their settlements were to become the foundation. The Hudson's Bay Company had no reason for exerting themselves to suppress his schemes; he did not believe that the Canadians would care about making any very determined interference in a country so far away; and he hoped that, even if they did interfere, the United States would arise to protect a sister republic. Many of the white settlers, even of those who would have welcomed Canadian rule if they had been notified of its coming, were somewhat sore about the indifference with which they had been treated, and were not inclined to get themselves into trouble by opposing a man whose followers were increasing every day. "No one asked whether we wanted a new government," they said. "We will obey the laws, but we are not going to risk our homes and our lives by fighting Riel and the Indians for the sake of a government that has not even claimed us as citizens."

The formal transfer was not yet made, but after the coming of the surveyors, a governor was appointed and sent out to the new territory. At the boundary he was met by a company of Riel's followers. "You are forbidden to enter the land," they declared. "By whose authority?" questioned the governor. "By the author-

ity of Louis Riel, president of the provisional government," was the reply. The governor was not prepared for battle, and there was nothing to do but to withdraw. Riel took possession of Fort Garry with all the military stores that he could get, published a rebel paper, and appointed a time a few weeks later for the holding of a convention to form a permanent government.

When the Dominion at last realized the condition of affairs in the new possessions a special commissioner was sent, who exercised the tact and wisdom that should have been shown in the first place. Riel was met less like a rebel than like one who understood the needs of the people. He was asked to call the convention as he had planned, that it might draw up a paper stating all grievances and wishes, and appoint delegates to send to Ottawa. All would have gone well, had not the rebellious leader, with perhaps a wild determination to assert the power which seemed to be slipping from his hands, put to death for treason a young man named Thomas Scott whose only crime was the opposition that he had made to the sway of the "president."

This deed undid all the good that had been done, for now the utmost stretch of charity could not regard Riel as other than a rebel. Soldiers and cannon were sent from Canada. Foreign troops in arms could not be permitted to enter the United States, not even to pass through the Sault Ste. Marie; therefore the long, difficult route of lakes, wilderness, and portage must be followed, and one rainy day, two months after leaving Toronto, more than one thousand eager soldiers, led by Sir Garnet Wolseley, appeared before Fort Garry, — and found

nothing to do! Riel had fled, and his followers had disappeared. This ended the rebellion, but much more trouble was to come in later years because of the absurd ambitions of the infatuated rebel leader and the neglect of the Dominion Government.

HOW THE CANADIAN PACIFIC CROSSED THE SELKIRKS

[1881–1886]

BY FREDERIC A. TALBOT

[It was no child's play to build any portion of the Canadian Pacific; but the real struggle came in crossing the mountains. The Rockies afforded opportunities in plenty for the marvels of engineering, but the Selkirks presented even greater difficulties, some of which are described in the following article.

The Editor.]

Emerging from the Rockies, the engineers were confronted by another towering obstacle — the Selkirks. This range was to be dreaded more than the barrier just left behind, for there was a trail through the Rockies to guide the engineers, whereas the Selkirks had never been threaded. The Indians and Hudson Bay voyageurs, after emerging from the Rockies, turned sharply south to follow the Columbia River.

The first task, therefore, was to discover a rift through the Selkirks through which the metals might be carried. It was shorter to go through the mountains than to go round them if any pass could be found to exist. Major Albert B. Rogers, an American engineer, accordingly saddled his horse and with a supply of provisions set off to search for a "Pass." He wandered up and down the range without success for week after week, and then,

just as he was despairing of success, his eye alighted on a narrow breach between two serried lines of snow-clad peaks. He spurred forward, traversing territory on which the feet of neither white nor red man had been planted, climbing and toiling arduously among the crags, until at last he gained an altitude of 4351 feet, from which the opposite sides of the range sloped down once more to the Columbia River Valley.

Rogers's Pass, as this defile through the Selkirks was named in honor of the discoverer, was followed. It did not offer any great difficulties from the grading point of view. The greatest enemy was snow and avalanche. The snowfall among these mountains is the heaviest along the line, while the avalanches are of terrible frequency. Consequently the absorbing question was how to keep the line intact after once it had been laid. It was impossible to avoid the defined paths of the snow movements entirely, and in these cases huge sheds had to be erected to carry the avalanche harmlessly over the track to expend its violence in the gulch below. The extent of snow-shedding through the Selkirks is amazing, and it has proved terribly costly.

When the engineers attacked this country, as the laying of the track was the paramount requirement, it was pushed forward with all speed during the short summer, and parties of men equipped with meteorological instruments, and vehicles for movement during winter, and supplies of stores, were left at different points to study the snow question, so as to collect data for the situation of the snow-sheds. There was no difficulty in determining this latter point, for the avalanches appeared to rain down upon the track from all sides. The question was

not so much where to introduce the sheds, but where they could be omitted. It appeared as if the line would have to be carried almost continuously through a wooden tunnel to ensure its safety.

That the snow-fiend is no mean enemy was brought home forcibly some three years ago. While a snow-train was climbing up the western slope, clearing away the accumulated mass of snow and débris deposited by a slide upon the track, another avalanche swept down upon the little band working so desperately to cut a path for the mail. Over one hundred men were on the train when the terror of the mountains struck them and swept the whole into the gulch below, the locomotives and plough, weighing over fifty tons being bowled over and over like an India-rubber ball as they were hurtled down the steep slopes. Over fifty lives were lost in that catastrophe, and it was but one of many which have happened since the Selkirks were first gridironed by the railway.

But snow-shedding, while securing the safety of the line, has its drawbacks. If a structure is made too lengthy it becomes filled with suffocating smoke which obscures all signals, and deadens all sounds. In summer another danger exists. The districts threaded is one ravaged heavily by forest fires, and the danger from this enemy was only too vividly apparent. At this juncture Mr. W. C. Van Horne came to the rescue of the engineers, as he had done on many previous occasions, to extricate them from their difficulty. He suggested that the maximum length of a single shed should be three thousand continuous feet, and where the conditions demanded a long, continuous length of this protection,

that it should be broken up into units with wide, clear intervals of open line between.

To prevent these "breaks" becoming filled with débris he resorted to an ingenious expedient. Up on the mountain-side he built what is known as a "split fence." This is a triangular erection, with the apex pointing toward the mountain-top, of heavy, massive construction and filled and banked with masonry. The descending slide strikes this obstruction, becomes split in twain, one half is deflected so as to roll over the roof of the snow-shed on one side, and the other half caused to glance off in a similar manner on the other side. If one of these constructions did not secure the desired end, then another was planted above it higher up the mountain-side. The success of this system has been remarkable, and it has enabled the company to reduce the lengths of the sheds very appreciably.

Shortly after the line was opened the protective handiwork of the engineers was subjected to trying tests. The winter of 1886–87 was one of excessive severity even for the Selkirks. In less than a week eight and one half feet of snow fell, and the blizzard raged continuously for three weeks. Slides were of daily occurrence, the silence of the mountains being broken by the continuous roar of the avalanche. The snowfall on the summits exceeded thirty-five feet, and the white mantle was piled upon the roofs of the sheds to a depth of fifty feet. The slides were of terrible fury, some rattling down the slopes with such force and speed as to rebound three hundred feet or so up the opposite mountain-side. Thousands of tons of rock, some pieces as large as a small villa, were caught up in their frantic rushes, while

tall, thick trees were snapped off like matches and tossed about like straws. Yet with one exception the sheds withstood the terrible bombardment to which they were subjected. The solitary case had the roof torn off completely to be thrown well above the track on the mountain-side.

Mud-slides were another visitation which had to be respected, for time after time a cutting had to be cleared of a viscous mass which had slipped into the excavation. These movements are produced by a kind of sand, which, when it becomes saturated with water, slips and slides in all directions in an amazing manner, carrying everything with it. In winter, when under the grip of frost, the soil looks perfectly safe and stable; but when the weather breaks innumerable springs come to life, and in a short time the whole mass commences to move like a lava stream.

In addition to resorting to extreme protective measures against the avalanche where these could not be avoided, some magnificent pieces of bridge-work were carried out at other points to avoid them. In the first instance several were erected in wood to save time, to be replaced by permanent metal structures at a later date. In many cases, however, iron, and in others, masonry, had to be adopted in the first instance.

There was one gully which perplexed the engineers sorely. It was just a cleft in the perpendicular mountain-cliff. The engineers called it the "Jaws of Death," and the name was appropriate. They had to cross this *couloir*, and a temporary timber bridge was built by dint of tremendous effort. The engineers congratulated themselves upon their success, but their gratification was

short-lived. A constructional train ventured to cross and the structure collapsed under its weight. Here was a dilemma. Work was brought to a standstill, and there was grave deliberation. Mr. Van Horne heard of the accident, and hurried to the front. He surveyed the gully, and there and then decided to throw an arched masonry bridge across the breach. It was built, and what was more to the point, it stood; the constructional gangs could get forward.

At Stony Creek there was another trouble of a like nature. The V-shaped ravine was deep and wide, and it was recognized that something different from what had been done in bridge-building up to this point was imperative. Two wooden towers were built on either side to a height of two hundred feet, and these supported a single span of one hundred and seventy-two feet over the gulch, which was carried out in wood also. From end to end the bridge measured four hundred feet, and for years it ranked as the highest wooden structure bridge on the continent. The timber structure, however, has long since made way for a noble arched steel bridge springing from the rocky sides of the gulch, and it constitutes one of the most graceful bridges on the whole of the system.

The descent from the Selkirk summit involved the execution of some startling pieces of engineering to gain the banks of the Illecillewaet River. The line makes its way down the mountain-side in a series of steps or terraces connected at the ends by sharp loops, doubling and redoubling on itself to overcome a difference of six hundred feet in altitude in the most extraordinary manner. The train is first running eastward, disappears

A GLACIER IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS

A GLACIER IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS

"The Selkirk Range occupies the region inclosed between the great loop of the Columbia and the Kootenay rivers, and is composed of a complexity of minor ranges inclosing deep, forest-clad valleys and rising to rugged peaks adorned by silvery white snow-fields and glaciers. The forests, owing to the greater moisture deposited on the Selkirk Range, are more luxuriant than those in the Rockies, and for similar reason the snow-fields and glaciers are more extensive. The scenery, consequently, is superb, and as the mountains are not of such stupendous magnitude as to preclude exploration by the ordinary tourist, there are few regions in the world where the lover of the picturesque can make more delightful excursions. At the same time, there are peaks to be scaled and glaciers to be traversed which will call forth the best abilities of the mountaineer."—*Karl Baedeker.*

round the corner and then is making its way in the opposite direction a few feet below, to round another curve and once more steams eastward, this alternate running backwards and forwards continuing until the valley of the Illecillewaet River is gained, by which time the train has traveled over six miles of metals to make an actual advance of only two miles.

Issuing from the Selkirks, another barrier, the Gold Range, had to be traversed; but this was a comparatively easy matter, as the Eagle Pass is a natural causeway among the peaks for the iron road, although its discovery taxed Walter Moberly to an extreme degree. In this pass the engineers, driving the line from the east, met the forces advancing from the west. They shook hands at a point known as Craigellachie, where the connection between the two arms was made — where the "golden spike" was driven home — and the Pacific seaboard was brought into touch with the Atlantic through Canadian territory.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

[Twentieth century]

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

TAKE the public services of both Americas by and large, from Hudson Bay to Patagonia, and I doubt whether you will match the record of the famous Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. How a handful of three hundred law officers, adventurous, fearless, and luminously honest, keep entire order in an Arctic wilderness five times as large as Great Britain — here, surely, is a story worth telling.

And it makes reading quite as good as its promise. For here is a "precinct" covering one hundred and ninety-seven thousand square miles of silent waste, icy yet golden, peopled mainly by Indians and Eskimos, with a few thousand whites, who are apt to think that no law goes so near as this to the North Pole. But the wildest of them knows different now. "Get the man" — the classic motto of the Northwest Mounted Police — is known and felt from the ocean to the innermost recesses of the wilderness.

A thousand miles on the ice, "mushing" by dog team and *komatik*, through unexplored haunts of bear and wolf, is a common marching order for these splendid pioneers. It does one good to read the record of their work. And much digging is required to get at the facts,

for the "N. W. M. P." have a good, healthy scorn of boast and advertisement.

You will meet them as you enter Canadian territory by the famous White Pass, where Old Glory floats side by side with the clustered crosses of the Dominion. Soon the four snorting engines come to a standstill, and a quiet, gentlemanly officer enters the car to examine baggage. You will find thereafter that you can no more escape your own shadow than one of these "Guardians of the North" wherever you go in this seemingly limitless Yukon Territory.

At Tagish, on the lonely Six-Mile, you come upon a cluster of tumbledown log shanties. Push on farther down the mighty Yukon and every twenty miles or so you can see the Union Jack floating from a log hut that shelters a police detachment. There was a time, and that not long ago, when these now desolate stations throbbed with life and energy, and the golden Yukon was a great highway of traffic. Then, as now, these officers were true Samaritans in the wilderness. Their willing hands uplifted wayfarers fainting on the road. The numbed and the sick and the dying were cared for; and at the same time strong, active feet were held in leash to track a miscreant to swift justice. It will never be known how many lives were saved, how many of the lawless held in check, by the officers in those feverish times.

To-day the Northwest Mounted Police have two great centers, one at Dawson, the other at Whitehorse. And, wonderful to say, just as telephone or telegraph operator feels the beat of a crowded city's pulse miles away, so does the commanding officer at these head-

quarters know everything that goes on even in the remotest region of his stupendous precinct.

For over a thousand miles the unobtrusive telegraph line runs beside the mighty flood, and patrol systems on the various creeks and trails assist in preserving order. It is a fact that on the great road between Dawson and Whitehorse, more than three hundred and twenty miles, the traveler to-day is positively safer than if he were driving along a country road in eastern Canada or any settled part of Alaska.

No man starts down the great Yukon in a small boat without numbering and registering his craft, as well as his own name and business. There are justice and redress for every one, no matter how remote his location. Let a humble miner's *cache* be stolen, and forthwith a diligent search that may cover five hundred miles will be made for it, and after that summary vengeance will surely fall upon the thief. As I shall show, no expense is spared; and sometimes hundreds or even thousands of dollars will be spent in a case — only to find that the thieves were bears, after all!

Let serious accident befall a man in some lonely camp, and no city hospital could be more urgent and self-sacrificing in hurrying relief than these Mounted Police. Many a stirring tale might be told of how the sick and wounded, whites and Indians alike, have been brought into hospital over painful and dangerous trails, through icy mountain passes and menacing torrents.

Quite recently news came to headquarters at Whitehorse that a Russian Jew woodchopper living in a very lonely section had accidentally been killed. At five minutes' notice one of the surgeons and a constable

were dropping down the river in a little canoe. They covered one hundred and seventy miles of dangerous water, made a conscientious investigation of the entire case, and buried the dead man. That the trip was made at a season when the great river was liable to freeze at any time and leave the men stranded was a detail not to be considered.

Duty comes first with this magnificent force, and that without any pose of pretense. But before I pass to the marvels of their purely police duties, let me say something of their miscellaneous work. For this is various, indeed. They are expected to enforce the export tax of two and one half per cent on gold dust. As the train starts from Whitehorse to Skagway, courteous, keen-eyed officers board the car and are not to be denied, no matter how ingenious the smuggler. And the same system is carried out on boats leaving Dawson for the Lower Yukon. Last season the value of the gold dust on which this export tax was paid amounted to $9,932,474.

The carrying of the mails, too, to many of the remote mining-creeks falls to the lot of the police; and were it not for this service, thousands of white men scattered over this vast and forbidding country in mining and logging camps would be altogether shut off from the outside world for the greater part of the year.

This brings me to the interesting correspondence received by the police at both headquarters. Every year hundreds, if not thousands, of letters come from many parts of the world inquiring for missing relatives and friends, vaguely "believed to have gone to the Klondike." The superintendent at Dawson reports

that out of two hundred and fifty-four inquiries made for missing persons, his staff supplied valuable detailed information in one hundred and three cases. Thus it would really seem as if this handful of men were more in touch with events in this vast wilderness than the police of an ordinary city.

The Indians are also looked after, and clothes and rations issued to them by the Northwest Mounted Police, who appear to be ubiquitous. It is little wonder that the needy and suffering, the sick at heart and the failures, as well as the lawless, should know these picturesque fellows. Their summer uniform is a cowboy hat, bright red shirt, and blue trousers, with broad yellow stripes running down and disappearing into high-laced boots.

How the men in the remotest posts contrive to divert themselves in such a wilderness is a marvel. Books and magazines, however, are regularly circulated in all districts; and the officers are all expert in tobogganing, skating, and curling. There are two penitentiaries, one at Dawson and the other at Whitehorse; and last year something like a dozen convicts and a hundred common jail prisoners were sentenced to terms of imprisonment in these places. It will be seen at once that these proportions are absurdly small, considering not only the vast size of the Territory, but also its population.

The commissioned officers of the force act as judges, making monthly tours to hold courts at remote stations. Just think of a justice of the peace having to "mush" with a dog team sixty miles a day with the thermometer seventy degrees below zero! The Government insists,

however, that no man shall "mush" alone in the depth of winter; neglect of this precaution has caused many a good man to leave his bones in the wilderness.

And that police judge will hold informal court at some desolate spot perhaps three hundred miles from his starting-point. In case of murder or sudden death he will hold an inquest, or an inquiry into some serious accident. He and his colleagues, too, collect revenue from the lumber camps, act as sanitary officers, take the census, suppress smuggling, assist the telegraph repairers, and accompany the doctors during any epidemic among Indians or Eskimos. All these things and much more the Northwest Mounted Police do, and do well, without advertisement or any other inducement save that of bare sense of duty. And their thoroughness is such that their very name inspires respect in a wilderness of two thousand miles.

It is little more than ten years since Inspector Constantine and Sergeant Brown were sent from Regina to investigate the smuggling and gold-snatching on the creeks of Forty-Mile River. Here they built a fort and were swallowed up. No news of them reached the "outside," as the larger world is called on the Yukon. Certainly the Arctic winter is a pretty effective barrier. Then came the first discovery of gold in Bonanza Creek, and the wild rush to the Klondike, that called imperatively for police reinforcements.

And so gradually these officers drove a line of posts through that vast region, and arranged patrols — widely scattered, it is true; separated by wild expanses of wind-swept snow and mighty, ice-choked rivers. But there was always the patient dog team for these immense

journeys, and in summer the canoe, or perhaps a horse, almost as knowing as his rider.

And where in all Arctic America will you find "mushers," paddlers, or rough riders like the Northwest Mounted Police? Men of many parts, who may to-day be officially registering a marriage or a death out in the lonely wastes, and to-morrow starting to hunt down a murderer, warn rebellious Indians, or visit a sick miner fallen by the way five hundred miles from anywhere.

Two men, horses and guns; two men, dog team and guns; two men, canoe and guns, — such are the units of this unique police force. To them distance is literally no object. To secure one witness in the strange O'Brien murder trial, Sergeant Frank Smith and Trooper Seeley traveled four hundred miles by dog team and thirteen hundred by canoe! Altogether that case cost these pioneers two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The great point aimed at is to instill into the lawless the fact that life and property shall be respected in this far-stretching wilderness just as in any great city on the American continent; and, moreover, that the offender shall be secured and brought to justice at any cost whatever.

But Sergeant Smith's quest deserves more than mere passing mention. Two desperate bandits, O'Brien and Graves, lay in wait for and slew in cold blood a couple of miners, Fred Clayson and L. Relfe; these had made their pile and were bound for the distant "outside." With them was Lineman Oleson, of the Telegraph Service, and he, too, was slaughtered in the silent waste, where the bandits never dreamed of a Nemesis.

Yet O'Brien was caught and hanged. He had evi-

dently murdered his accomplice Graves, and cast his body under the eternal ice of the Yukon, that he might not claim his share of the bloody gold.

Now a witness whose testimony was vital in the case had to be sought somewhere throughout the length and breadth of the territory. And off went Smith and Seeley from Forty-Mile one April day. The trail lay along river ice, which at that time of year was soft and cut up.

They reached Circle City, and from here Smith went on alone. Some twenty-five miles beyond, his dogs fell through one of the open places in the trail; and in the smash-up the lonely man was thrown from the sled and his right leg severely injured. The limb swelled to twice its normal size, yet Smith, mindful of the motto of the force, "mushed" on to Fort Yukon, where an amateur doctor found his leg black and blue from knee to toe.

Nothing could stop the man, however. On he went for fifty miles to the mouth of the Chandelar Creek, over a melting trail in warm weather, with the dogs breaking through the ice from time to time. Returning to Fort Yukon, Smith waited for the giant floes to break up, and soon he was joined once more by Seeley.

The two men started down the giant stream in a twenty-foot canoe, carrying a tent, a little stove, a mast with a leg-of-mutton sail, and a slender outfit of provisions. All the way down they were pioneered by gigantic masses of floating ice. Sailing when there was a fair wind, watching the grinding drifts day and night, pulling with the current when the wind was against them, the two men pushed doggedly on.

Remember, they soon entered a part of the Yukon where the vast river is ten miles wide. Strong head

winds, with heavy seas and roaring ice-masses, made their position a terror by day and night. Yet they never abandoned their frail craft. It was past June ere they reached the river's mouth and started for St. Michael's, another ninety miles off.

The bay was full of towering floes, so that the canoe had frequently to be dragged with harness. Often the two officers would go down through a soft spot, up to the neck in icy water. For many days they had nothing to drink but tea made from the brackish water of Bering Sea; and constant watch had to be kept lest an offshore breeze haul them out into the ocean.

On reaching St. Michael's they had accomplished a journey of seventeen hundred miles! And every human habitation along that route had been visited, for they were trailing their man all the way. At St. Michael's it was found that the fugitive had gone to Nome and taken steamer thence for Seattle. Thither followed the indefatigable Smith in search of his witness — only to find there telegrams telling that the murderer O'Brien had, after all, been convicted without the long-sought testimony.

This is but a sample of these men's work. Another was the trip to Fort McPherson and back — a thousand miles of awful country in midwinter. It was necessary to maintain communication with that desolate spot, Herschel Island, where the police keep a station in latitude seventy degrees north, to prevent whalers from selling liquor to the Indians.

Three of the crack "mushers" of the force, Constables Mapley, Dever, and Rowley, were selected for this journey, and they started out on Christmas Day with

a couple of Indian scouts, each of whom took a team of five dogs, as also did each of the officers. You may be sure those dogs were carefully chosen, powerful and sagacious "huskies" of Porcupine Creek. Each dog weighed from ninety-six to one hundred and fifteen pounds.

There was not so much as a track, so each man wore snowshoes, while the dog teams were hitched to toboggans instead of sleds. It was a run across the top of the world. "Chute, chute, chute, then up a mile of mountain standing on end!" That is how one of the men described it.

In glissading down icy precipices the dogs would be unharnessed, the best route down picked out by experienced eyes, and then the toboggans, with their precious loads of food, committed to the tremendous slope. The way lay across an unexplored wilderness, yet the most serious accident was that one of the best dogs broke its leg and had to be shot.

The men were thirty-eight days in making the fort, and only twenty-five in coming back to Dawson, for they found a remarkably short cut at Seela Pass.

One might think that with lawless men here and there in so tremendous a wilderness it would be next to impossible to detect and punish crime. Yet the records of the Yukon show just the contrary. Take the notorious triple murder of June, 1902, committed by the French Canadians, Victor Fournier and Édouard La Belle. The former was a well-known desperado; La Belle had been a decent citizen until he met Fournier. Both had gambled away such gold as they had won, and now planned to go up the Yukon to Whitehorse and there

lie in wait for rich passengers whom they might murder on the way down-river to Dawson.

Their victims were three of their own countrymen, who readily agreed to the price for the down-river trip. While in camp near the mouth of the Stewart River, however, La Belle deliberately killed two of the unfortunates with his rifle, and Fournier shot the third. Not until two years later did the river give up the bodies of the victims. The police set to work with characteristic vigor; for, as I have shown, they keep track of all travelers along the Yukon.

Fournier was located in Dawson, but La Belle was apparently lost on the "outside." Then began a man-hunt such as the police of the wilderness love best. La Belle had time to get thousands of miles away, yet Detective W. H. Welsh, of the Secret Service of the force, took charge of the case, and said simply he would "get the man."

From Dawson he went to Seattle, armed with the necessary extradition papers, making inquiries all along the way. How two Édouard La Belles turned up, to confuse the detective, is a pretty long story. Welsh, however, was joined by P. A. Rook, of Whitehorse, who had known the real La Belle; and the two now began an amazingly thorough search in every logging-camp tributary to Puget Sound. La Belle, it should be explained, had worked on the Yukon as a woodchopper.

The man was trailed unerringly from Seattle to Butte, Montana. The trail led them next to Spokane, Washington, and thence to Rossland, British Columbia; back again thence southward among the construction gangs working on the Southern Pacific Railroad. We next find

Welsh and Rook at Ogden, Utah, and on the Nevada-California line. At each camp visited Rook played the rôle of time-keeper, newly employed in that section. In this capacity he took the names of all the men; and one memorable day he came out of a tent some three miles from Wadsworth, Nevada, and gave Detective Welsh the long-sought signal that his man was within. Sure enough, there was the murderer, sitting on the side of his bunk, having just turned out to work on the night shift.

Welsh walked up, held out his hand as if to shake, and as La Belle reached out, the handcuffs were snapped upon his wrist. Both he and Fournier confessed, but were hanged all the same. The long and patient quest cost at least twenty-five thousand dollars. But then the Northwest Mounted Police "got the man," and it is the realization of that motto, with the Samaritan rôle already detailed, that has made their name respected throughout the wilderness.

HOW THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST AWOKE [1]

[End of the nineteenth century]

BY A. G. BRADLEY

THE Canadian Northwest, though it progressed steadily, did none too well. The first generation of settlers had to learn how to deal with the totally new country. The winters were terribly severe. The Canadians were used to a zero, and often a ten and twenty "below," winter temperature, but the prairies went at times far lower than this. To the immigrant from Britain this was harder still. Most of the new settlers, too, were people of small means, and not able, or often not experienced enough, to protect themselves properly from the climate. When people are properly housed in warmed buildings and their stock in good barns, when they live near together, are within easy reach of a railroad or town, and have telephones and telegraphs, a winter like the Northwest matters little, as there is no farm work to be done in it. But in the early days the settler had often no near neighbors, and neither himself nor his animals were well housed. He was sometimes forced to leave a wife and children alone while he made long and even perilous trips for trifling but necessary things. Women frequently went mad from the solitude of the prairie. But, above all, the price of grain remained low,

[1] From Bradley's *Canada*, by permission of Henry Holt & Company, U.S.A.

and the cost of transport to the world's markets was still so high that even with a good crop securely saved, it did not leave the prairie farmer enough profit to tempt outsiders, with half a dozen other fields to choose from, to a life the hardships of which had been noised very much abroad. Farmers in Old Canada consoled themselves in their natural grievance against the Northwest by enlarging on its drawbacks. The Americans, eager for immigration to their own West, made great play with the Manitoba winter. British capital avoided the country as if it were not yet "proven," and immigrants of substantial capital from Great Britain went to the American West, to say nothing of other British colonies, at the rate of thirty or forty for one who went to the Canadian Northwest. There is no doubt that for many years the country had a bad name, and that its well-wishers were disappointed at its slow progress.

The city of Winnipeg, as the sole entrepôt, the Chicago of Western Canada, as it had been fondly styled, did not grow as a Chicago should. None of the small towns strung along the railroad increased as western towns in a rich country should increase. Population and production made steady progress, and hundreds of contented farmers who had come up with little or nothing were to be found in the land. But that the Northwest, till within the last year or two of the last century, had disappointed expectations, there is no doubt. All Canada, indeed, had gone very slowly for the previous twenty years. Both in east and west there was a vast amount of solid well-being and quiet progress. But for a new country that had just annexed a fertile slice of a continent, things were not right. Comparisons between Old Canada and

the Eastern States in material advance were inevitable and unpleasant. Population barely maintained the rate of an old country; Canadians went to the United States by thousands. The West of Canada, again, compared equally badly with the American West when it came to figures. Nobody quite knew why, but everybody knew it was so.

At the close of the last century the Canadian Northwest suddenly woke up. Nothing particular happened up there. It had been going steadily and slowly along, when the outside world suddenly discovered it had misjudged the country. Two things, however, contributed to show the world its mistake. A very active immigration policy on the part of the Dominion Government in Great Britain, and even in parts of Europe, coincided with the exhaustion of all the free grant and cheap lands worth having in the United States. Then suddenly a rush began to the Canadian Northwest. There were millions of acres of good land unoccupied and owned by the Government, by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which had received great areas as part payment, and by the Hudson's Bay Company, which had received them in consideration of their old rights. There were free grants on conditions of settlement and cultivation, and other lands at a nominal price. The American habit for generations among a considerable class had been to take up land on a frontier, make a good improved farm of it, sell it at a high price during a buoyant time, and then move on westward to repeat themselves, or in the person of their children, the same process.

They had now got to their Farthest West, and settled that up in good farms, worth ten or fifteen pounds an

acre. There was no further move possible till suddenly they discovered that Northwest Canada offered yet another shift as promising as any they or their fathers had ever made. Nay, better, for they soon saw that no wheat land in America had ever been so certain and produced quite such good stuff as this new country. So, all through the Western States, times being good, American farmers sold their well-equipped farms at high prices and removed to the Canadian Northwest, where they could take larger tracts of land, which would grow into money as their old farms had done, and where there was room to settle their sons around them. Coming like this, they were mostly men of capital, and still more of complete experience for the life, which was precisely what they had been used to. They cared very little for the trifling differences in government, and, as a matter of fact, they soon saw that such difference as existed was in favor of the Canadian administration, particularly in the matter of law and order. Many of them, too, were Canadians or the sons of Canadians, who had gone to the Western States when Canada offered nothing to the poor man but a backwoods life, when the best of the backwoods period was over. Other Americans, of course, not situated precisely as these were, also went. But this was the type that led the movement, and a more valuable one could not be. They began by tens of thousands, increased up to fifty thousand per annum, and took in millions of pounds. What is more, the country proved all that they expected. The question was, and is, what effect such a large element — till recently American citizens — might have in weaning the Northwestern Canadians from their allegiance to the mother country. Canada, however,

has developed very strong national feelings, coupled, as every one now knows, with a stanch devotion to the empire. And the Canadian verdict on this new element in their midst is that they are making "good Canadians." On that satisfactory and authoritative verdict we must leave it.

No doubt the spectacle of hard-headed Americans pouring into Canada was an object-lesson to Great Britain, and banished any lingering doubt as to the desirability of the Northwest. Two hundred thousand immigrants have gone in annually of late from the United Kingdom, and largely to the Northwest. They are of all sorts, and not generally ready-made sons of the soil, like most of the Americans. But a fair proportion are valuable immigrants, and the children at least of those who are less adaptable will play their part. The change in the state of the country in the last dozen years is miraculous. Winnipeg has leaped up to a population of one hundred and forty thousand. The small towns along the railroads, which languished for years, have all grown marvelously. It is in the country outside the towns, however, that the most interesting change has taken place. All the way from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, with the exception of some intervals of barren country, there is a continuous procession of comfortable homesteads, as in Ontario, often of brick or stone, with large outbuildings, sheltered by plantations; all within easy reach of one another and representing farms of from a hundred and sixty to six hundred and forty acres. Though wheat is the great cash crop, mixed farming is widely practiced, oats, hay, and stock of all kinds being everywhere prominent. The fields out here are large, and

being fenced with wire, the country retains its wide-open aspect, utterly different from Old Canada, with its small railed-in fields and abundance of wood. Most of the vegetables and small fruits known in England flourish here, as in Ontario. Apples, however, do not succeed well, and the orchard is the one familiar object of country life lacking. To the original province of Manitoba two western provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, filling up the interval to the Rocky Mountains, have been formally united to the Dominion Confederation. In the three prairie provinces there are now one million, three hundred thousand people out of seven and odd million in the whole Dominion. Ten years ago there were four hundred thousand.

VIII
THE EMPIRE OF THE NORTH

HISTORICAL NOTE

After speaking of the difficulties that Canada has necessarily met, arising from the settlement of a new country, W. J. Robertson says of her present condition and future progress: —

"Every year the number of those who seek literary and scientific fame is increasing, and with greater wealth and leisure, the growth of higher and nobler ideals, and the development of a stronger national sentiment, Canada may hope yet to have, among her sons and daughters, worthy rivals of Shakespeare, Milton, Macaulay, Scott, and George Eliot. The love and practice of art in its various forms is also becoming more and more apparent, Canadian artists already having won fame and distinction in song and painting. With the increase of education, wealth, leisure, and foreign travel, there has been a marked change in the customs and habits of the people. Social refinement and luxury have in recent years greatly increased, and a type of character is being gradually developed which is distinctly national. With her magnificent resources of soil, forest, and mine, her strong, hardy, intelligent, and vigorous people, her relatively pure, simple, and healthy domestic life, her free systems of education, and her excellent form of government, Canada certainly possesses the promise and potency of a great nation."

THE CABLE HYMN

[1858]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

[At Heart's Content, Newfoundland, is the western terminus of the old Atlantic telegraph-cable.

The Editor.]

O lonely bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear!
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear!

From world to world his couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of his stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
And Asian mountains borne,

CANADA

The vigor of the Northern brain
  Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
  Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
  The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
  From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
  And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
  Glide tamed and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
  Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
  Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
  The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
  Space mocked and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of all
  Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
  The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee
  The Christ is whispering, Peace!

THE BORE OF THE BAY OF FUNDY

BY ELIZA B. CHASE

As the town [Moncton] runs on both standard and local time, between which there is a difference of three quarters of an hour, it was important to discover by which schedule the Bore might be expected; but of course no one knew, a surprising ignorance and indifference prevailing regarding the subject. No one at the station or hotel could enlighten us, and Jim remarked, "In the States anything like that would be stock in trade to the whole town; it would be placarded everywhere, and, in fact, we would be bored to death." Accosting some urchins with the query, "When does the Bore come in?" they look blank, "don't know," and as they follow in our wake one questions the other, "I say, what is the Bore, anyway?" — evidently concluding that it is some strange animal in the circus, as they watched bill-posters sticking huge gaudy bills on the long fence across the way. Even directions for finding the "Petty-co-Jack" (Petitcodiac) River, which the strange visitant frequents, were so complicated that the most dogged determination and perseverance were necessary to carry out our resolution. Finally one individual whom we questioned astounded us with the brilliancy of a sudden inspiration, which caused him to suggest that we should inquire at the post-office, and there, at last, we learned definitely the hour at which we must sally forth on our nocturnal expedition.

By that time it was raining, but after all our trouble

we resolved, with the insistence inherited from our firm old Quaker ancestors, that nothing should deter us, and that we would haunt the wharves all night if necessary rather than be baffled or disappointed. Therefore, fortified with repellent garments, we defiantly unfurled umbrellas and sternly took up the line of march to the distant wharf, where the first object which presented itself to view was a small specimen of the *genus homo*, who, like a Jack-in-a-box, suddenly appeared from a schooner, which was firmly embedded in the mud forty feet or more below. Jim remarked, "It is evident why the directions for finding the river were so muddled. I never saw such a tremendous quantity of wet clay before." The small boy informed us that they were waiting for the "Bore," too, and were to go out with the tide, and the captain would be down about ten or eleven o'clock. The hours plodded slowly by; enthusiasm had cooled and died out, but clear grit and obstinacy, as the Yankees say, fortified us, and no one suggested or even thought of giving up the strange quest. We sat on piles of bark and played games, walked as near the dizzy verge of the towering wharf as we dared (with the thought before us of making clay moulds of ourselves in the event of a misstep), and the youthful tar entertained us with specimens of his proficiency in yarn-spinning, evidently thinking us foreigners fair game and remarkably gullible as we solemnly swallowed his preposterous statements. Finally he slipped down the cordage and disappeared for a while (to rest his conscience, which must have been stretched to the utmost), and at last, long before the witching hour, the aspect of affairs grew more encouraging.

From the south a breeze sprang up, the rain stopped,

the moon shone out, and two men, the schooner's crew, appeared, sauntering leisurely along, and called to us "Listen!" What a profound, unearthly-seeming hush pervaded all Nature! The very water, shining placidly beyond the wide expanse of soft clay, seemed waiting in expectancy, and, struggling to our ears from the far distance, came a faint suggestion of sound, a whisper in the ear of Mother Earth. A moment more and this sound was augmented tenfold; then, at the curve of the stream just below, a flash, a sparkle in the clear moonlight. Another instant, and all across the wide riverbed, in a mad rush of tremendous rapidity, came the wall of water, at least four feet in height, roaring on and on, a great white-crested wave, reflecting the clear moonlight. Beyond, piling over the first powerful surge, came a second one, foaming, sparkling, curling, as if in exultant effort to overleap its predecessor; and in a second, the whole dark mass of seething, roaring water had rushed by us, and was tearing its way far upstream. The vessels, which a moment before were stranded and keeled over in abject helplessness, now became erect, buoyant, and saucy; their crews appeared with the suddenness of bees from a hive, the air filled with sounds of rattling cordage, and orders were tossed back and forth in shouts to deck-hands. The vast moving mass of water, covered with silvered wavelets dancing merrily, was in itself the greatest contrast to the preceding placidity, and all was life and bustle. We could believe after this that unwary men and animals are sometimes caught and overpowered in this mighty onslaught; indeed, I am firmly persuaded that, in the spring tides, an army like Pharaoh's might be overwhelmed with Biblical thoroughness.

HOW DR. GRENFELL WAS SAVED

[Twentieth century]

BY GEORGE ANDREWS, ONE OF THE RESCUERS

[It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell is physician, missionary, friend, and helper to the fishermen on the coast of Labrador. His life is a series of dangers and difficulties. One of his adventures was drifting off on an ice-pan, or field of broken ice, from which he was at length saved by some fishermen. The story is told in the Newfoundland vernacular.

The Editor.]

"It was wonderfu' bad weather that Monday mornin'. Th' doctor was to Lock's Cove. None o' we thought o' his startin' out. I don't think th' doctor hisself thought o' goin' at first an' then 'e sent th' two men on ahead for to meet us at th' tilt an' said like's 'e was goin' after all.

"'T was even' when us knew 'e was on th' ice. George Davis seen un first. 'E went to th' cliff to look for seal. It was after sunset an' half dark, but 'e thought 'e saw somethin' on th' ice an' 'e ran for George Read an' 'e got 'is spy-glass an' made out a man an' dogs on a pan an' knowed it war th' doctor.

"It war too dark fur we t' go t' un, but us never slept at all, all night. I could n' sleep. Us watched th' wind an' knew if it did n' blow too hard us could get un,—though 'e was then three mile off a'ready. So us waited for th' daylight. No one said who was goin' out in th' boat. Un 'ud say, 'Is you goin'?' An' another, 'Is you?' I did n' say, but I knowed what I'd do.

"As soon as 't was light us went to th' cliff wi' th' spyglass to see if us could see un, but thar war n't nothin' in sight. Us know by the wind whar t' look fur un, an' us launched th' boat. George Read an' 'is two sons, an' George Davis, what seen un first, an' me, was th' crew. George Read was skipper-man an' th' rest was just youngsters. The sun was warm, — you mind 't was a fine mornin', — an' us started in our shirt an' braces, fur us knowed thar 'd be hard work to do. I knowed thar was a chance o' not comin' back at all, but it did n' make no difference. I knowed I 'd as good a chance as any, *an' 't wa' for th' doctor, an' 'is life's worth many*, an' somehow I could n' let a man go out like dat wi'out tryin' fur un, an' I think us all felt th' same.

"Us 'ad a good strong boat an' four oars, an' took a hot kettle o' tea an' food for a week, for us thought u'd 'ave t' go far an' p'rhaps lose th' boat an' 'ave t' walk ashore un th' ice. I din' 'ope to find the doctor alive an' kept lookin' for a sign of un on th' pans. 'T wa' no' easy gettin' to th' pans wi' a big sea runnin'! Th' big pans 'ud sometimes heave together an' near crush th' boat, an' sometimes us 'ad t' git out an' haul her over th' ice t' th' water again. Then us come t' th' slob ice where th' pan 'ad ground together, an' 't was all thick, an' that was worse 'n any. Us saw the doctor about twenty minutes afore us got t' un. 'E was wavin' 'is flag an' I seen 'im. 'E was on a pan no bigger 'n this flor, an' I dunno what ever kep' un fro' goin' abroad, for 't was n't ice, 't was packed snow. Th' pan was away from even th' slob, floatin' by hisself, an' th' open water all roun', an' 't was just across fro' Goose Cove, an' outside o' that there 'd been no hope. I think th' way th' pan held together was

on account o' th' dogs' bodies meltin' it an' 't froze hard durin' th' night. 'E was level with th' water an' th' sea washin' over *us* all th' time.

"When us got near un, it did n' seem like 't was th' doctor. 'E looked so old an' 'is face such a queer color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un an' th' dogs on th' boat. No un felt like sayin' much, an' 'e 'ardly said nothin' till us gave un some tea an' loaf an' then 'e talked. I s'pose 'e was sort o' faint-like. Th' first thing 'e said was, how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un. Us tol' un not to think o' that; us was glad to do it for un, an' 'e' d done it for any one o' we, many times over if 'e 'ad th' chance; — an' so 'e would. An' then 'e fretted about th' b'y 'e was goin' to see, it bein' too late to reach us, an' us tol' un 'is life was worth so much more 'n th' b'y, fur 'e could save others an' th' b'y could n'. But 'e still fretted.

"'E 'ad ripped th' dog-harnesses an' stuffed th' oakum in th' legs o' 'is pants to keep un warm. 'E showed it to we. An' 'e cut off th' tops o' 'is boots to keep th' draught from 'is back. 'E must 'a' worked 'ard all night. 'E said 'e dropped off once or twice, but th' night seemed wonderfu' long.

"Us took un off th' pan at about half-past seven, an' 'ad a 'ard fight gettin' in, th' sea still runnin' 'igh. 'E said 'e was proud to see us comin' for un, and so 'e might, for it grew wonderfu' cold in th' day and th' sea so 'igh the pan could n't 'a' lived outside. 'E would n' stop when us got ashore, but must go right on, an' when 'e 'ad dry clothes an' was a bit warm, us sent un to St. Anthony with a team.

"Th' next night, an' for nights after, I could n' sleep. I'd keep seein' that man standin' on th' ice, an' I'd be sorter half-awake like, sayin', 'But not th' doctor. Sure *not* th' *doctor*.' "

There was silence for a few moments, and George Andrews looked out across the blue harbor to the sea.

" 'E sent us watches an' spy-glasses," said he, "an' pictures of hisself that one o' you took o' un, made large an' in a frame. George Read an' me 'ad th' watches an' th' others 'ad th' spy-glasses. 'Ere's th' watch. It 'as 'In memory o' April 21st' on it, but us don't need th' things to make we remember it, tho' we're wonderful glad t' 'ave 'em from th' doctor."

GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY

[Twentieth century]

BY DR. WILFRED THOMASON GRENFELL

OLD UNCLE MALCOLM, of Dove Brook, Labrador, was a world-citizen. For, though born on the shores of Newfoundland, he had ranged the seven seas in his youth in every kind of craft and in every kind of clime. But his "time came," as they say on this coast, as everybody's else does. For after a harder trip than usual, reaching his native shore and tired of roaming, he had sought and won the hand of as true a partner as it was ever man's good fortune to fall in with.

Fishing had been Uncle Malcolm's boyhood occupation and that of his father and forefathers before him, so he had no difficulty in finding a calling that was at once congenial and would support him nearer home. It was all the pleasanter that that industry afforded a livelihood to the bulk of his neighbors also.

The "shore fishery" as it was called, that is, the cod fishery in their own bays in Newfoundland, was for some reason then just beginning to fail, and the bolder souls were venturing farther down north each year, crossing the Straits of Belle Isle and cruising the rock-bound coast of Labrador in search of fish. Among these it was but natural to find Malcolm. When the fall commenced and ice beset the Labrador harbors, Uncle Malcolm's craft, which he had first partially mortgaged on the strength of his savings as a sailor and had then paid off from his voy-

ages of fish, used always to repair to the "bay" and "lie up" for the winter, waiting the new outfit for the succeeding year. On all his trips his good wife accompanied him, cooking for him on the schooner and helping him "put away" the fish, enjoying, as she used to tell me, "every bit of the voyage," for she, too, had the genius of the sea in her bones, an heirloom from many generations past.

But as time went on little ones were given to Uncle Malcolm, and it became harder and harder to close the home for six months and carry the children among the dangers of the Labrador coast, more especially as every year the "snapper" fishermen were pushing farther and farther north, where the coast is not only unlighted and unmarked, but also unsurveyed and uncharted.

At last the question had to be settled, as with many others, should the wife and children stay home while "dad" took his vessel on her perilous journeys, or should they "find a place" on the Labrador coast itself where fish was plentiful, and selling the schooner should they abandon the long cruises and enjoy a home life, even if it involved the isolation of the then almost unpopulated country?

To Uncle Malcolm moving was as second nature, and a move of five hundred miles one way or the other with him did not count for much. But to the wife and bairns the breaking up of the home and the leaving of her people were matters of great difficulty. For a long while she felt she could not leave the old folks. But eventually her love for her husband rang true. To be near him being her chief end in life, and loving the simple home ties more than aught else, she at last gave her consent and

the whole family migrated, settling on the shores of a huge inlet.

The new home was far enough in from the open sea to have trees enough for firewood and for protection, growing close alongside the house; and was near enough to good trapping-grounds to give Uncle Malcolm a chance of furring in winter, without his having to live practically the whole time away in tilts on the fur path. Yet the chosen spot was near enough to the open sea that in their small boat he and his boys could also work nets and lines for the abundant cod fishery in the fall, while from the point jutting out below the house and forming their little boat harbor, they could also tend salmon nets and so add yet another string to their bows for earning a living with. Excellent berries grew in extravagant plenty on the hillsides above the house and no one could preserve them better than Aunt Anne; and along the land was enough grass to keep his goat all winter in hay.

It might be supposed that with his long wanderings "before the mast" the sweetness and simplicity of Uncle Malcolm's character might have been much impaired. But this was far from being the case. The strong religious upbringing of his old home had been so real, so fine, and so exemplified in the lives of his own parents, that he had imbibed his Bible teachings to as good purpose as he had his mother's milk; and that was to very considerable purpose, for Uncle Malcolm stood very well over six feet and was far beyond the average in chest measurement. He stood as erect as a soldier, but when first I knew him, his hair and beard, both of which hung in wavy abundance around his honest, weather-beaten face, were already gray-flecked. For twenty years he

has been my friend now. And if I were asked to name a man who, in spite of a strong personality and no little "temper of his own," has always appeared to me to deserve the title of a man, with the prefix of Christian before it, I should unhesitatingly say, "You need n't go beyond Uncle Malcolm."

For many years things material went well with the family, and under their hands grew up a fine house with a large, airy kitchen, which had twice to be enlarged, as the family grew and visitors and friends on pleasure cruises also grew more and more numerous. Aunt Anne's table was seldom, if ever, clear of refreshments. For no one may arrive at any time of the day or night without being pressed to "sit in" and "take a cup o' tea." I've known more folk "stopping off here over Sunday" as they passed along the *komatik* road in winter with their dogs than ever I saw in a house-party at a country house ten times the size. "It was all very well them times," said a sententious neighbor, "but nothing could stand ag'in' that of late years. When times began to get bad in the bay half the shore took to cruising, and them that brought up at Uncle Malcolm's fairly ate him out o' house and home."

For things have changed both with the coast and with Uncle Malcolm since first I knew him, and it is that that caused me to write this story. To begin with, the Nemesis that overtook the Newfoundland shore fisheries has pursued them also to Labrador, and of late the fisheries have "been that uncertain" that a man "could no longer do as he'd wish to in providing hospitality for his neighbors," though, like Lot, these good folk were ever on the lookout for strangers. The years have dealt hardly

also with Uncle Malcolm. One of his lads has left him for those shores where "bar'ls" of flour and gallons of molasses no longer are subjects of anxiety; one, following the footsteps of his father, has gone to sea, joining the crew of an oversea brigantine that carried fish to Spain and has not been heard of since. A third is in "the States," doing well, but his letters of late years have been only "scattered," and there is little likelihood of Malcolm ever seeing him again. His devoted wife has gone also before him, and only his youngest boy, Anthony, is left.

It would seem as if it would be no difficult matter for these two to provide for themselves all that was needful. I could not help noticing, however, as successive seasons brought in the mission vessel once more to Uncle Malcolm's door, that the house looked barer each time; and though a brave show of hospitality was still made to us all on our arrival, there was now no milk for our tea, and even the bit of sugar gave place to molasses. Still the home was kept scrupulously clean, though the bright, home-made mats gradually disappeared from the floors, and all the many little tokens of a woman's handiwork followed in their wake. The maid, whom he fed and clothed in return for doing "his rough work," displayed a spirit worthy of her master in her use of the scrubbing-brush, soap and water, and she had succeeded in inducing such a sense of utter nakedness in the great kitchen that unavoidably a sense of sadness filled one on entering it.

The old man, with the grit that always characterized him, was silent on all personal matters, and appreciating the self-respect which held him from reposing his confi-

dences in me, I came and went without broaching the subject of his ways and means. At last what he could not bring himself to say he put in writing, — an acquirement he had to thank his early sailing days for, — and I received a letter asking me to refer to these matters on my next visit.

Uncle Malcolm had now passed the three score and ten years allotted by the Psalmist as the years of our strength, and in spite of his erect figure, his clear eye, his steady hand, it was not difficult to see that in his case this span of years was probably approximately correct. The hard life had told on his vitality and he was no longer the man he had been.

"It's this way, Doctor," he exclaimed, when at last his door was shut and we found ourselves alone together. "The cupboard is bare at last. There has been hard times these three years. The neighbors get that numerous they have driven most of the fur away. I got ne'er a skin last winter, and how I'm going to get through this winter I can't tell. No, I owes no man anything, thank God, and what bit o' flour Anthony and the maid eats don't amount to anything. But you see how it is, Doctor, it is n't ourselves we have to look out for only. There is n't a family to the westward what is n't in debt to the Company, nor to the eastward either, this side the big river, and when them's hungry in winter what's them to do? They can't get no more credit. Lots o' them have n't got no credit now and more o' them has got children in plenty. What's them to do? They can't go away wi'out a bite, when them is hungry and comes here. He would n't do that, would He? And He would n't 'low his friends to either."

There was no gainsaying the difficulty. There was no denying that the Christ would have fed them. In my own mind I could n't help fearing I should somehow have avoided the issue; possibly by moving off the *komatik* track each winter, as many I knew had already done. I even ventured to suggest this. But Uncle Malcolm stood firm.

"No, no, Doctor, as long as God gives me a bit, I stay right here and share it with 'em. What I'm afeared of is it won't go 'round this time. Still, if the Master fed thousands with a few fishes them times, I got that many anyhow, and He can make it go 'round. It would n't be much trusting Him now after all these years if I just ran away up the bay wi' them fishes. It was n't to complain, Doctor, I wrote to you. I knows the Lord'll be true to his promises; but we got to do our part, and I thought I'd like somehow to speak to you to see what you thinks."

"Uncle Malcolm," I replied, "I'm delighted you did. I was just looking for some one to get me a few thousand billets of good dry wood put on some place like your point where the mission ship could easily call and get them. We're always short of coal away down here and I find I can pay enough to make it worth while. I reckon I'll help out by giving flour for the winter, and you can place the billets right here where you can keep an eye on them."

I was narrowly scrutinizing his face as I spoke, and I fancied I saw an even brighter sparkle in those honest gray eyes than usual, a sparkle that counts far more to some folk than that of any jeweled trinkets. A short silence ensued, and being a man of few words, he shook hands and went out.

Two days ago we once more dropped our anchor off Uncle Malcolm's point. Two years had passed and each time the large quota of firewood had been faithfully procured and ready for us, and now once again the same problem faced us. His failing strength made him realize that to haul logs, which got ever farther from his door, and to cut billets enough to supply his needs, had become impossible.

"Fourteen barrels I used last winter, Doctor," he began as he saw my eyes roaming about the great kitchen that outrivaled a Mother Hubbard's for bareness. Not a bone either of beef or of pork would the neediest of visitors have found; no, nor a speck of dirt either; the place was swept and garnished like a great skeleton.

"Fourteen!" I replied. "Four, you mean. Four is more than enough for you and Anthony."

"Every ounce of fourteen," he said, "and but for what you bought for me in the south, every barrel at $8.50 a barrel."

"Who ate them, Uncle Malcolm?"

"Well, we had as many as twenty-seven staying here one week end, and they with ne'er a bite or sup at home. Is n't us told to 'be given to hospitality,' and that is n't feeding them as'll pay us back, is it?"

"It's you that is the real relieving officer down here," I answered.

"Thank God," he replied, somewhat piqued, "I've not had to come to the Gover'ment yet for help, though we has been on dry flour all summer."

"What, you are without any fats in the house for yourself? Is that true?"

"Well, you see, Doctor, they comes round first one

and then another for 'just a bit to grease the pot,' till there's none left for our own pot. I thank God I does n't have to take none till I catches what to pay for it with, but I have n't seen a bit o' butter this three months. There's a few salmon and fewer fish on the land yet, I know," he went on.

"Is n't it better in here in the bay?" I asked.

"No, indeed. It'll be a poor lookout for winter. The best of them have n't a quintal under salt yet, and th' season be fast slipping away."

"You'll simply have to shut your door to them this winter, then, whatever happens now, Uncle Malcolm."

He stood and looked at me and said simply: "I'll not last much longer anyhow, Doctor, and please God it'll never come to that. I does n't want to hear Him say, 'I was hungry and you did not feed Me, a stranger and you took Me not in.'"

"Well, what can you do?"

"There be that thirty dollars what you'se sending me for the wood this year, and that'll do for all Anthony and I needs. There'd ha' been more o' that as there was other years, but I can't chop like I used to, Doctor, and the folks what visits me does n't seem to be able to go at it."

"They ought to do the whole lot. But since they don't, however can you manage?"

For answer he had already gone to a large time-worn seaman's chest and, after carefully unlocking it, was feeling about among a mass of heterogeneous wraps and relics. At last he apparently found what he was hunting for, for closing the lid he came back to the table with what was evidently a schoolboy's ancient pencil-case.

It required much persuasion to open it, as it had obviously been lying some years untouched. When at last the feat was accomplished, with his jackknife he picked out a packing of spun yarn that had been well "caulked" into it, and then, holding it upside down, a small roll of greenbacks fell out on the table.

"If them as killed the fox that brought them notes had done with theirs as I done with mine," he began, "there would be less hunger in the bay this day. There's many in the bay, Doctor, that's caught two to my one always. But there, they did n't know how to look after them when they had 'em."

He picked up the notes and handed them to me.

"There ought to be twelve o' them," he said; "that makes sixty dollars. But I can't read 'em, so you count 'em."

He was correct. The roll proved to consist of twelve old five-dollar bills.

"What shall I do with them?" I asked.

"Do with them? Why, won't you buy food for me with them?"

"What food do you want?"

"Flour and molasses, and some butter, if it'll reach to it."

"But you have flour enough already, and you need n't spend all this on butter and molasses. Is this all that you have laid by for your old age?"

"Yes, Doctor, it's all I has laid up and I wants it all, every bit, in flour and butter and molasses; that is," he corrected himself, "molasses and some butter. No, it is n't me that wants it, but I've got to have it, and that's all there is about it."

"But, Malcolm, you are getting old and you should n't cut the last plank away yet."

"I'm seventy-three come Michaelmas," he said, "and I feel more'n that, since the old woman's took, and I'm thinking maybe I won't need any flour next winter."

"But maybe you will be spared many winters yet, and if you spend all you have now, how will you take care of those years?"

"He'll take care, Doctor, I guess I'll trust Him. It would n't do not to have used that sixty dollars and have sent folks away hungry, would it, Doctor? It would look as if I did n't have much trust in Him. Does n't the Book say, 'I was hungry and ye gave Me nothing to eat'?"

What could be said? I mechanically took the sixty dollars and put them in my pocket and was silent. It certainly seemed to be the Master speaking. I had once imagined I knew what hospitality meant.

CANADA OF THE FUTURE

[Twentieth century]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

"THE twentieth century belongs to Canada."

The prediction of Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, seems likely to have bigger fulfillment than Canadians themselves realize. What does it mean?

Canada stands at the same place in the world's history as England stood in the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth — on the threshold of her future as a great nation. Her mental attitude is similar, that of a great awakening, a consciousness of new strength, an exuberance of energy biting hard on the bit to run the race; mellowed memory of hard-won battles against tremendous odds in the past; for the future, a golden vision opening on vistas too far to follow. They dreamed pretty big in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but they did n't dream big enough for what was to come; and they are dreaming pretty big up in Canada to-day, but it is hard to forecast the future when a nation the size of all Europe is setting out on the career of her world history.

To put it differently: Canada's position is very much the same to-day as the United States a century ago. Her population is about seven million. The population of the United States was seven million in 1810. One was a strip of isolated settlements north and south along the Atlantic seaboard; the other, a string of provinces east and west along the waterways that ramify from the

St. Lawrence. Both possessed and were flanked by vast unexplored territory the size of Russia; the United States by a Louisiana; Canada by the Great Northwest. What the Civil War did for the United States, confederation did for the Canadian provinces — welded them into a nation; the parallel need not be carried farther. If the same development follows confederation in Canada as followed the Civil War in the United States, the twentieth century will witness the birth and growth of a world-power.

To no one has the future opening before Canada come as a greater surprise than to Canadians themselves. A few years ago such a claim as the Premier's would have been regarded as the effusions of the after-dinner speaker. While Canadian politicians were hoping for the honor of being accorded colonial place in the English Parliament, they suddenly awakened to find themselves a nation. They suddenly realized that history and big history, too, was in the making. Instead of Canada being dependent on the empire, the empire's most far-seeing statesmen were looking to Canada for the strength of the British Empire. No longer is there a desire among Canadians for place in the Parliament at Westminster. With a new empire of their own to develop, equal in size to the whole of Europe, Canadian public men realize they have enough to do without taking a hand in European affairs.

As the different Canadian provinces came into confederation they were like beads on a string a thousand miles apart. First were the Maritime Provinces, with western bounds touching the eastern bounds of Quebec, but in reality with the settlements of New Brunswick

and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island separated from the settlements of Quebec by a thousand miles of untracked forest. Only the Ottawa River separated Quebec from Ontario, but one province was French, the other English, aliens to each other in religion, language, and customs. A thousand miles of rock-bound, winter-bound wastes lay between Ontario and the scattered settlements of the Red River in Manitoba. Not an interest was in common between the little province of the middle west and her sisters to the east. Then prairie land came for a thousand miles, and mountains for six hundred miles, before reaching the Pacific province of British Columbia, more completely cut off from other parts of Canada than from Mexico or Panama. In fact, it would have been easier for British Columbia to trade with Mexico and Panama than with the rest of Canada.

To bind these far-separated patches of settlement, oases in a desert of wilds, into a nation was the object of the union known as the "Confederation." But a nation can live only as it trades what it draws from the soil. Naturally, the isolated provinces looked for trade to the United States, just across an invisible boundary. It seemed absurd that the Canadian provinces should try to trade with each other, a thousand miles apart, rather than with the United States, a stone's throw from the door of each province. But the United States erected a tariff wall that Canada could not climb. The struggling Dominion was thrown solely on herself, and set about the giant task of linking the provinces together, building railroads from Atlantic to Pacific, canals from tidewater to the Great Lakes. In actual cash this cost Canada four hundred million dollars, not counting land grants

and private subscriptions for stock, which would bring up the cost of binding the provinces together to a billion. This was a staggering burden for a country with a smaller population than Greater New York — a burden as big as Japan and Russia assumed for their war; but, like war, the expenditure was a fight for national existence. Without the railroads and canals, the provinces could not have been bound together into a nation.

These were Canada's pioneer days, when she was spending more than she was earning, when she bound herself down to grinding poverty and big risks and hard tasks. It was a long pull, and a hard pull; but it was a pull all together. That was Canada's seed-time; this is her harvest. That was her night work, when she toiled, while other nations slept; now is the awakening, when the world sees what she was doing. Railroad man, farmer, miner, manufacturer, all had the same struggle, the big outlay of labor and money at first, the big risk and no profit, the long period of waiting.

Canada was laying her foundations of yesterday for the superstructure of prosperity to-day and to-morrow — the New Empire.

When one surveys the country as a whole, the facts are so big they are bewildering.

In the first place, the area of the Dominion is within a few thousand miles as large as all Europe. To be more specific, you could spread the surface of Italy and Spain and Turkey and Greece and Austria over eastern Canada, and you would still have an area uncovered in the least alone bigger than the German Empire. England spread flat on the surface of eastern Canada would just serve to cover the Maritime Provinces nicely; leav-

ing uncovered Quebec, which is a third bigger than Germany; Ontario, which is bigger than France; and Labrador (Ungava), which is about the size of Austria.

In the west you could spread the British Isles out flat, and you would not cover Manitoba — with her new boundaries extending to Hudson Bay. It would take a country the size of France to cover the province of Saskatchewan, a country larger than Germany to cover Alberta, two countries the size of Germany to cover British Columbia and the Yukon, and there would still be left uncovered the northern half of the West — an area the size of European Russia.

No Old World monarch from William the Conqueror to Napoleon could boast of such a realm. People are fond of tracing ancestry back to feudal barons of the Middle Ages. What feudal baron of the Middle Ages, or lord of the outer marches, was heir to such heritage as Canada may claim? Think of it! Combine all the feudatory domains of the Rhine and the Danube, you have not so vast an estate as a single western province. Or gather up all the estates of England's midland counties and eastern shires and borderlands, you have not enough land to fill one of Canada's inland seas — Lake Superior.

If there were a population in eastern Canada equal to France, — and Quebec alone would support a population equal to France, — and in Manitoba equal to the British Isles, and in Saskatchewan equal to France, and in Alberta equal to Germany, and in British Columbia equal to Germany, — ignoring Yukon, Mackenzie River, Keewatin, and Labrador, taking only those parts of Canada where climate has been tested and lands

surveyed, — Canada could support two hundred million people.

The figures are staggering, but they are not half so improbable as the actual facts of what has taken place in the United States. America's population was acquired against hard odds. There were no railroads when the movement to America began. The only ocean-goers were sailboats of slow progress and great discomfort. In Europe was profound ignorance regarding America; to-day all is changed. Canada begins where the United States left off. The whole world is gridironed with railroads. Fast Atlantic liners offer greater comfort to the emigrant than he has known at home. Ignorance of America has given place to almost romantic glamor. Just when the free lands of the United States are exhausted and the Government is putting up bars to keep out the immigrant, Canada is in a position to open her doors wide. Less than a fortieth of the entire West is inhabited. Of the Great Clay Belt of North Ontario only a patch on the southern edge is populated. The same may be said of the Great Forest Belt of Quebec. These facts are the magnet that will attract the immigrant to Canada. The United States wants no more immigrants.

And the movement to Canada has begun. To her shores are thronging the hosts of the Old World's dispossessed, in multitudes greater than any army that ever marched to conquest under Napoleon. When the history of America comes to be written in a hundred years, it will not be the record of a slaughter field with contending nations battling for the mastery, or generals wading to glory knee-deep in blood. It will be an account

of the most wonderful race movement, the most wonderful experiment in democracy the world has known. . . .

It is not given to all *émigrés* to become great capitalists or great leaders. Some who have the opportunity have not the ability, and the majority would not, for all the rewards that greatness offers, choose careers that entail long years of nerve-wracking, unflagging labor. But on a minor scale the same process of making-over takes place. One case will illustrate.

Some years before immigration to Canada had become general, two or three hundred Icelanders were landed in Winnipeg destitute. From some reason, which I have forgotten, — probably the quarantine of an immigrant, — the Icelanders could not be housed in the government immigration hall. They were absolutely without money, household goods, property of any sort except clothing, and that was scant, the men having but one suit of the poorest clothes, the women thin homespun dresses so worn one could see many of them had no underwear. The people represented the very dregs of poverty. Withdrawing to the vacant lots in the west end of Winnipeg, — at that time a mere town, — the newcomers slept for the first nights, herded in the rooms of an Icelander opulent enough to have rented a house. Those who could not gain admittance to this house slept under the high board sidewalks, then a feature of the new town. I remember as a child watching them sit on the high sidewalk till it was dark, then roll under. Fortunately it was summer, but it was useless for people in this condition to go bare to the prairie farm. To make land yield, you must have house and barns and stock and implements, and I doubt if these people had as much as

a jackknife. I remember how two or three of the older women used to sit crying each night in despair till they disappeared in the crowded house, fourteen or twenty of them to a room. Within a week, the men were all at work, sawing wood from door to door at a dollar and a half a cord, the women out by the day washing at a dollar a day. Within a month they had earned enough to buy lumber and tar-paper. Tar-papered shanties went up like mushrooms on the vacant lots. Before winter each family had bought a cow and chickens. I shall not betray confidence by telling where the cow and chickens slept. Those immigrants were not desirable neighbors. Other people moved hastily away from the region. Such a condition would not be tolerated now, when there are spacious immigration halls and sanitary inspectors to see that cows and people do not house under the same roof. What with work and peddling milk, by spring the people were able to move out on the free prairie farms. To-day those Icelanders own farms clear of debt, own stock that would be considered the possession of a capitalist in Iceland, and have money in the savings banks. Their sons and daughters have had university educations and have entered every avenue of life, — farming, trading, practicing medicine, actually teaching English in English schools. Some are members of Parliament. It was a hard beginning, but it was a rebirth to a new life. They are now among the nation-builders of the West.

But it would be a mistake to conclude that Canada's nation-builders consisted entirely of poor people. The race movement has not been a leaderless mob. Princes, nobles, adventurers, soldiers of fortune, were the path-

finders who blazed the trail to Canada. Glory, pure and simple, was the aim that lured the first comers across the trackless seas. Adventurous young aristocrats, members of the Old Order, led the first nation-builders to America, and, all unconscious of destiny, laid the foundations of the New Order. The story of their adventures and work is the history of Canada.

It is a new experience in the world's history, this race movement that has built up the United States and is now building up Canada. Other great race movements have been a tearing-down of high places, the upward scramble of one class on the backs of the deposed class. Instead of leveling down, Canada's nation-building is leveling up.

This, then, is the empire — the size of all the nations in Europe, bigger than Napoleon's wildest dreams of conquest — to which Canada has awakened.

SOUTH AMERICA

I

STORIES OF THE INCAS

HISTORICAL NOTE

About the year 1200 a clan or tribe of Peruvian Indians known as the Incas set out on a career of conquest that made them within three centuries the rulers of a great part of western South America. Over this vast territory, which included what are now the highlands of Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and northern Chile, the Incas, or Children of the Sun, established themselves as a ruling class or nobility. Their government, which was highly centralized, was administered by a monarch who was regarded as both king and god, assisted by a chief priest, a council, district rulers, and a host of minor officials.

By the sixteenth century the kingdom of the Incas had reached a high degree of prosperity and civilization. The land appears to have been owned in common by the different tribes, and all able-bodied persons were obliged to assist in working it. Agriculture was highly developed and much of the country was covered with a network of irrigating canals. The buildings of the Incas were put together without mortar, yet often the blocks of stone fitted so exactly that a knife blade could not be thrust between. They were also famous road-builders, constructing military highways through mountains and over valleys, one of them, at least, two thousand miles in length. They excelled in the manufacture of textiles and pottery, possessed some knowledge of astronomy, medicine, and surgery, and knew how to smelt and mould metals.

In 1531, Peru was invaded by a small band of Spaniards commanded by Francisco Pizarro. Their guns, armor, and horses gave the invaders so great an advantage over the natives that, in spite of the disparity of numbers, they were able to conquer and enslave this great empire, and to destroy, in their greed for gold, the remarkable civilization that was being slowly built up in this out-of-the-way corner of the world.

THE STOLEN CHILD OF THE INCA

[Before 1532]

BY SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

[Beautiful Princess Micay had been promised in marriage to the chief of the Ayamarcas, but her father finally gave her hand to the Inca Rocca, of the tribe of the Huayllacans. On this account war arose between the two tribes. The Huayllacans at length begged for peace. This was granted, but with a secret understanding that they would steal Cusi Hualpa, the little son and heir of the Inca Rocca, and deliver him up to Tocay Ccapac, chief of the Ayamarcas. This story had been handed down from the time before the coming of Pizarro.

The Editor.]

In accordance with the agreement, a treacherous plot was laid. An earnest request was sent to the Inca that his heir, the young Cusi Hualpa, might be allowed to visit his mother's relations, so as to become acquainted with them. Quite unsuspicious, the Inca consented and sent the child, who was then about eight years of age, to Micucancha, or Paupu, the chief place of the Huayllacans, with about twenty attendants. The young prince was received with great festivities, which lasted for several days. It was summer-time. The sun was scorching, and the child passed his time in a veranda or trellis-work, called *arapa*, covered with bright flowers.

One day it was announced that the whole tribe must march to some distance to harvest the crops. As it was still very hot, the Huayllacan chief insisted that the

young prince should remain in the shade, and not accompany the harvesters, who had to go a considerable distance under the blazing sun. The prince's attendants consented, and all the tribe, old and young, boys and girls, marched up the hills to the harvesting, singing songs with choruses. All was bright sunshine, and their *haylli*, or harvest song, was in praise of the shade: —

"Seek the shadow, seek the shade,
Hide us in the blessed shade.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha.

"Where is it? where, where, O where?
Here it is, here, here, O here.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha.

"Where the pretty cantut [1] blooms,
Where the chihua's [2] flower smiles,
Where the sweet amançay [3] droops.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha.

"There it is! there, there, O there!
Yes, we answer, there, O there.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha."

The child listened to the sounds of singing as the harvesters passed away out of sight, and then played among the flowers surrounded by his personal attendants. The place was entirely deserted. When the sound of the singers had died away in the distance there was profound silence. Suddenly, without the slightest

[1] Phlox. [2] Thrush. Chihuayhua is a calceolaria
[3] Amaryllis aurea.

warning, the war-cry "Atua! Atua!" was heard in all directions, and the little party was surrounded by armed men. The Orejones struggled valorously in defense of their precious charge until they were all killed, when the young prince was carried off.

Tocay Ccapac waited to hear the result of his treacherous raid in his chief abode, called Ahuayracancha, or "the place of woof and warp." When the raiders returned, they entered their chief's presence, with the young prince, shouting "Behold the prisoner we have brought you." The chief said, "Is this the child of Mama Micay, who should have been my wife?" The prince answered, "I am the son of the great Inca Rocca and of Mama Micay." Unsoftened by his tender years, or by his likeness to his beautiful mother, the savage chief ordered the child to be taken out and killed.

Then a strange thing happened. Surrounded by cruel enemies with no pitying eye to look on him, young Cusi Hualpa, a child of eight years, stood up to defy them. He must show himself a child of the sun, and maintain the honor of his race. With a look of indignation beyond his years he uttered a curse upon his captors. His shrill young voice was heard amidst the portentous silence of his enemies. "I tell you," he cried, "that as sure as you murder me there will fall such a curse upon you and your children that you will all come to an end, without any memory being left of your nation." He ceased, and, to the astonishment of his captors, tears of blood flowed from his eyes. "*Yahuar huaccac!*" "*Yahuar huaccac!*" ("He weeps blood,") they shouted in horror. His curse and this unheard-of phenomenon filled the Ayamarcas with superstitious fear. They recoiled from the murder.

Tocay Ccapac and his people thought that the curse from so young a child and the tears of blood betokened some great mystery. They dared not kill him. He stood up in the midst unhurt.

Tocay Ccapac saw that his people would not kill the young prince then, or with their own hands at any time, yet he did not give up his intention of gratifying his thirst for vengeance. He resolved to take the child's life by a course of starvation and exposure. He gave him into the charge of shepherds who tended flocks of llamas on the lofty height overlooking the great plain of Suriti, where the climate is exceedingly rigorous. The shepherds had orders to reduce his food, day by day, until he died.

Young Cusi Hualpa had the gift of making friends. The shepherds did not starve him, though for a year he was exposed to great hardships. No doubt, however, the life he led on those frozen heights improved his health and invigorated his frame.

The Inca was told that his son had mysteriously disappeared, and that his attendants were also missing. The Huayllacan chief expressed sorrow, and pretended that diligent searches had been made. Inca Rocca suspected the Ayamarcas, but did not then attack them, lest, if the child was alive, they might kill him. As time went on, the bereaved father began to despair of ever seeing his beloved son again.

Meanwhile the prince was well watched by the shepherds, and by a strong guard, which had been sent to insure his remaining in unknown captivity. But help was at hand. One of the favorites of Tocay Ccapac, named Chimpu Urma, or "the fallen halo," had proba-

bly been a witness of the impressive scene when the child wept blood. At all events, she was filled with pity and the desire to befriend the forlorn prince. She was a native of Anta, a small town at no great distance from Cuzco. As a friend of Tocay Ccapac she was free to go where she liked, within his dominions and those of the chief of Anta, who was her father.

Chimpu Urma persuaded her relations and friends at Anta to join with her in an attempt to rescue the young prince. It had been arranged by the shepherd and guards that, on a certain day, some boys, including Cusi Hualpa, should have a race up to the top of a hill in front of the shepherds' huts. Hearing this, Chimpu Urma stationed her friends from Anta, well armed, on the other side of the same hill. The race was started, and the prince reached the summit first, where he was taken up in the arms of his Anta friends, who made a rapid retreat. The other boys gave the alarm, and the jailers (shepherds and guards) followed in chase. On the banks of a small lake called Huaylla-punu, the men of Anta, finding that they were being overtaken, made a stand. There was a fierce battle, which resulted in the total defeat of the Ayamarcas. The men of Anta continued their journey, and brought the prince safely to their town, where he was received with great rejoicings.

Cusi Hualpa quite won the hearts of the people of Anta. They could not bear to part with him, and they kept him with great secrecy, delaying to send the joyful news to the Inca. Anta is a small town built up the side of a hill which bounds the vast plain of Suriti to the south. There is a glorious view from it, but the climate is severe. At last, after nearly a year, the Anta people

sent messengers to inform the Inca. The child had been given up for lost. All hope had been abandoned. Rocca examined the messengers himself, but still he felt doubt. He feared the news was too good to be true. He secretly sent a man he could trust, as one seeking charity, to Anta, to find out the truth. The Inca's emissary returned with assurances that the young prince was certainly liberated, and was at Anta.

The Inca at last gave way to rejoicing, all doubt being removed. Principal lords were sent with rich presents of gold and silver to the chief of Anta, requesting him to send back the heir to the throne. The chief replied that all his people wished that Cusi Hualpa could remain, for they felt much love for the boy, yet they were bound to restore him to his father. He declined to receive the presents, but he made one condition. It was that he and his people should be accepted as relations of the Inca. So the young prince came back to his parents, and was joyfully received. Inca Rocca then visited Anta in person, and declared that the chief and his people were, from henceforward, raised to the rank of Orejones. The Huayllacans made abject submission, and, as Cusi Hualpa generously interceded for them, they were forgiven.

MACHU PICCHU, A RUINED CITY OF THE INCAS

MACHU PICCHU, A RUINED CITY OF THE INCAS

(Photograph)

By the Peruvian Expedition of 1912, led by Professor Hiram Bingham, the marvelous ruins of Machu Picchu were explored. Professor Bingham believes that this was the Incas's city of refuge. It was perched upon a lofty mountain ridge, and protected by stupendous precipices. It was a city of narrow streets and a vast number of stairways, often winding ingeniously between two mighty ledges, and occasionally barely wide enough for one person. Sometimes both stairs and balustrades were cut from a single stone. There were fountains or tanks of water, and there were carefully built stone houses.

Besides having the ability to plan and carry out great architectural and engineering works, the people who built this city were exceedingly skillful in the making of pottery, and they knew well how to cultivate the ground. It is evident that not only the bits of land for a long distance around the city, but every foot of the numerous terraces within the town were made use of for agriculture.

Machu Picchu was not discovered by the Spaniards, and was, indeed, practically unknown until the first visit of Professor Bingham, in 1911. It is the largest and most important ruin discovered in South America since the days of the Spanish conquest.

For the privilege of presenting the remarkable picture of Machu Picchu here reproduced, the editor is indebted to the kindness of Professor Hiram Bingham, Director of the Peruvian Expedition of 1912, under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographic Society.

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HOW PIZARRO CAPTURED THE INCA

[1532]

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

It was not long before sunset, when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path of every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chessboard. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The

bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the plaza in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostles, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned

the Spanish Emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles V, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his scepter and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, — "I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death

by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his Deity, — then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains, — "my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, — "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, — "Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once; I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the

echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, — all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows, right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, — as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and, such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bodies as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under

their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca"; and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men, — the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would

have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

THE GOLDEN RANSOM

[1532]

BY CHARLES BRADFORD HUDSON

[The following extract is from a novel whose scenes are laid in the time of the coming of the Spaniards to Peru. "Cristoval" is a Spaniard who has shown himself friendly to the captive Inca, and has advised him to offer a golden ransom. The Inca's offer of the vast amount of gold to secure his freedom is historic.

The Editor.]

The Spaniaıds were unprepared for the splendor of their entertainment. Banqueting was a function which the Peruvians had developed to a degree of elegance hardly equaled in Christendom. The table was laden not only with the choicest viands of the region, but with a lavish display of plate that dazzled the eyes of the guests and rendered the *veedor* suddenly speechless.

The Inca watched closely to observe the effect of the gold, and a moment convinced him that Cristoval was right. He noted the quick lighting of Pizarro's saturnine countenance and the significant glance at his companions, though the leader gave no other sign. Some of his officers retained less of their equipoise, and there were ejaculations of the names of saints, the Faith, the Cross, the Sacrament, and the like, invoked to witness their astonishment. Mandoza broke into a coarse guffaw and slapped his neighbor on the back. De Soto, Hernando Pizarro, Cristoval, and two or three others of

the cavaliers of gentle breeding, stood with faces reddened or pale with humiliation, until Pizarro put an end to the exhibition with a stern, "Attention, señores! For the sake of Heaven, be silent! Ye are at the table of a gentleman."

An uncomfortable constraint of some minutes' duration followed the seating of the company. The Inca meditated upon the manifest craving of his guests for the tableware, a greediness to him preposterous. The Peruvians were diligent miners of the two precious metals, not because they assigned to them any especial value, but for the reason that they were beautiful and adaptable to purposes of decoration. The idea of their use as a medium of exchange, that they could be representative of the value of other things, of the luxuries, comforts, and even necessities of life, was beyond the Inca's conception. Money was a thing unknown in Tavantinsuyu, and Cristoval had not yet explained to him its use in Christendom. But Atahuallpa saw the Spaniards display an interest in his plate which seemed emotional, even passionate, and which made them oblivious, not only of the common courtesy due to him as their host, but of their own dignity. The unaccountable appetite excited at once his wonder and scorn.

After a moment, however, he recalled the obligations of hostship, and with Felipillo's help engaged different ones in conversation. Pizarro swallowed his irritation and took part with more graciousness than Atahuallpa had suspected him capable of showing, and the chill which had threatened to mar the evening gradually wore away. There were several of his nobles present, and they joined as freely in the sociability as circum-

stances permitted; for at the royal table the extreme formality of the court was for the time suspended, and the rigid distinction of prince and subject laid aside.

At last the table was cleared, cups were served and filled with *chicha*, and the Inca, dipping his finger-tips into the liquor, filliped a few drops into the air as a libation to Inti, the Sun. He raised his cup and bowed to Pizarro. The latter responded, and in accordance with an ancient custom of the Peruvians remarkably like our own, the Inca touched his cup to that of his guest, and they drank together. Thus, with each of the company in turn Atahuallpa took a sip of *chicha*. This ceremony completed, he turned again to the Spanish commander and said with nonchalance: —

"I perceive, Viracocha Pizarro, that your people are attracted by some of our metals — especially so by gold. It is something you have in your own country?"

"It is something which some of us have in our own country, my Lord Inca," replied Pizarro; "and of which more of us have little; but something, by the Faith, which all of us are pushing hardily to get!"

"Ah!" said the Inca. "But you possess a metal of far greater value in your iron, Viracocha. It hath surprised me that you can set so much importance upon one of comparatively little worth. But, — I would ask a question, — can freedom be purchased with gold?"

Surprised by its suddenness, Pizarro seemed to fail for a moment to find a reply.

"Can freedom be purchased with gold, Viracocha Pizarro?" repeated Atahuallpa.

Pizarro recovered himself, and replied with empha-

sis: "By the Crucifix, that it can! — provided gold enough be offered."

"Provided gold enough be offered!" repeated the Inca, unable to conceal his eagerness. "Then hear me, General Pizarro! Promise me liberty, and I will cover the floor of this room with gold!"

The company ceased talking. Pizarro looked at him in astonishment, while a smile of incredulity went round the table. Atahuallpa misinterpreted the silence and the expression, taking them to mean that his offer was too meager. He looked from one to another for a moment, then sprang to his feet, and striding to the wall, stretched his hand above his head as far as he could reach.

"I will fill the room to this height with gold, Viracochas! — Is it enough?" he demanded, his eyes blazing with hardly suppressed excitement. "Is it enough?"

Still the Spaniards were silent — dumb with amazement. Several had arisen. "Mad!" whispered one. The Inca stood waiting for their reply, his arm upraised, his commanding figure drawn to its full height, glittering in the lamplight with gems and golden decorations, while his dark eyes gleamed from beneath the fringe of the *llautu* as he surveyed the astonished Viracochas.

"Is it not enough?" he demanded again. "Then a like amount of silver."

"Hold, in the name of Heaven!" exclaimed Cristoval warningly in Quichua.

Pizarro regained his voice: "What sayest thou, Peralta? — Can he do it? Ask the noble beside thee!"

The noble answered with emphasis in the affirmative.

"Then 't is done!" shouted Pizarro, unable to restrain

his excitement. "Done! Agreed, my Lord Inca! We accept your offer. Make good your terms, and you are a free man — at liberty to go and come without let or hindrance. Here is my hand upon it. Wait! — We'll give you an instrument in writing. Zapato, step out and send an orderly for my secretary. Hernando, mount a chair and scratch a mark with thy dagger where the Inca put his hand. My lord, deign to raise your hand again. By the gods, señores! What say you to 't? A hundred thousand demons! D' ye believe your ears? We are all rich men! Ask the noble again, Peralta, whether he can do it! — Ask another of them! Saith he yes? Art sure? Blood and wounds and gods of war! Ha, ha! What say ye to 't, señores?"

Pizarro's cold reserve had gone. Cristoval had rarely seen him smile before; now he laughed, even roared, not pleasantly; and his pale countenance showed unaccustomed color. The *veedor* had pulled several times at his sleeve, unheeded.

"Pizarro!" he whispered. "Pizarro! Hold off a bit! He would have offered more, I am sure of it!"

Pizarro turned upon him with impatience: "Oh, a curse upon thy money-gluttony, Rogelio! Hath it no bounds? Art insatiable? Be silent!"

"He had opened his mouth to offer more, I'll swear it! Oh, misery!" snuffled the *veedor*, as he turned away.

The room was in a hubbub. Every man was on his feet, talking at the top of his voice and gesticulating. Now the *chicha* flowed without stint. When the secretary entered and set about the work of drawing up the agreement, they crowded upon him, explaining, suggesting, and advising, until in despair he appealed to

the commander, and they were ordered back while Pizarro dictated the document. Rogelio was a notary, and the paper was duly attested and sworn to, the Inca looking on with interest, and making his mark at last in accordance with a confusion of instructions from the wrought-up Spaniards. The business finished, he retired with a faint significant smile to Cristoval; but his going was almost unnoted by the others, and they lingered over their *chicha* and their jubilation until the small hours, when the guard was summoned to carry certain ones to their quarters. Rogelio was hauled from a corner, and awoke to bitter tears and incoherent reproaches hurled against Pizarro's want of commercial sense.

THE EXECUTION OF ATAHUALLPA

[1533]

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS

Having paid a magnificent and right royal ransom, Atahuallpa naturally demanded to be set at liberty. I have no doubt that this was the original intention of Pizarro; that he would have released him under such conditions as would have insured his subordination to the Spaniards; but the arrival of Almagro and his men brought about a complete change of affairs. From the first they were inimical to the Inca, partly, perhaps, from a jealous feeling that he should have been captured by Pizarro and his soldiers; partly because they feared that whatever gold might come in would still be claimed as a portion of his ransom. This unfavorableness of sentiment was early detected by Atahuallpa, who, when Hernando Pizarro took leave of him, exclaimed, "I am sorry that you are going; for when you are gone, I know the fat man and the one-eyed man" — that is, Riquelma, the king's treasurer, and Almagro — "will combine to kill me." He had another and even more powerful enemy in the interpreter Felipillo. Thus it came to pass that the question of the disposal of Atahuallpa was much discussed in the camp, under influences which did not bode him well. About the same time rumors reached Pizarro of the gathering of the Peruvian army, as if it had suddenly awakened from its long lethargy, and designed to strike a blow for the na-

tional independence. Brave as the Spanish captain was, and conscious of the superiority he derived from the arms and discipline of his men, he knew that they were but a handful in the midst of millions, and that at any time a well-conceived combination or a skillful surprise might set aside the superiority on which he relied, and overwhelm him with ruin. He could not afford, therefore, to throw away a single chance, and the release of Atahuallpa might have been such a chance, as it would have afforded the Peruvians a center, a rallying-point, so to speak, and a legitimate and, in their belief, heaven-sent leader. On the other hand, if he held him prisoner, he was liable to a thousand annoyances and anxieties; Atahuallpa would naturally intrigue for his liberation or to effect his escape, or the Peruvians would be incited to some desperate attempt on behalf of their imprisoned monarch. Pizarro was perplexed and uneasy; for throughout his Peruvian expedition he was a close copyist of Cortés, and here was a dilemma in which he had no example of Cortés to guide him. In adopting the principle that whatever was expedient was just, he adopted one which Cortés was not fond of recognizing.

His hesitation is shown by the circumstance that he published a formal and official document, fully discharging the Inca of further obligation in respect to the ransom, though its exact terms had not been, and perhaps never would have been, fulfilled. Yet, at the same time, he expressed an opinion that considerations of safety and security rendered necessary the detention of the Inca until additional reinforcements came from Spain. While he thus wavered, the rumors of an Indian attack revived; an army, it was said, was assembling

at Quito, and would be supported by thirty thousand Caribs; and many tongues connected with this menacing movement the name of Atahuallpa. When Pizarro repeated the story to Chilicuchima, the gray-haired veteran pronounced it a calumny. Pizarro next went to the Inca himself: "What treason is it you are meditating against me? against *me*, who have treated you with honor, and trusted in your words as in those of a brother?" "Why do you mock me?" replied the Inca; "why are you always saying these jests of me? What are we, I and my people, — how can we conquer men so valiant as yours? Do not cast these gibes at me." This he said (we are told) with great composure, but he did not convince Pizarro, who remembered that he had often spoken with the same coolness and astuteness, so that the Spaniards had been surprised to see such prudence in a barbarian.

Perceiving that he had not removed the general's suspicions, Atahuallpa again asserted his innocence. "Am I not," he said, "a captive in your hands? How could I conceive such a design as you speak of, when I should be the first victim? And little do you know of my people if you think they would enter upon it without my orders, when the very birds in my dominions would not dare to fly in opposition to my will."

But the belief of the troops in a general rising of the natives deepened every hour. A large force, it was said, had been concentrated at Guamachucho, some ninety miles from the camp. Pizarro seems to have shared their apprehensions. He caused the Inca to be loaded with fetters; he doubled his patrols, and went the rounds in person to see that vigilant watch was kept. The soldiers

slept on their arms; the horses were all saddled and bridled in readiness for immediate service. What was more to the purpose, two Indian spies were sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's position. They returned with the information that the Peruvian army was slowly advancing through a mountainous district; that Atahuallpa had at first ordered it to retreat, but had afterwards canceled the order, and named the hour and place at which the attack was to be delivered, saying that if it was delayed he should be put to death. The soldiers, and especially those of Almagro's party, were more clamorous than ever, and openly declared that Atahuallpa's death was essential to the safety of the Spaniards. They were supported by Riquelma the treasurer, and other royal officers, who had accompanied Almagro to the camp. Pizarro still shrank from so extreme a measure as the death of his prisoner, and Hernando de Soto and a few others nobly protested against it, asserting that there was not sufficient evidence of his guilt. It occurred to Pizarro to dispatch Soto at the head of a small force to reconnoiter the country about Guamachucho, and ascertain if the rumors of warlike movements were based on fact or fictitious. But while Soto was absent there came to the camp at Caxamalca a couple of Indians, who were attached to the Spanish army, and they declared that the Peruvians were only three leagues from Caxamalca, and would attack on that or the following night. The excitement then became so intense that Pizarro consented to bring the Inca to immediate trial. The usual formalities were observed. Pizarro and Almagro presided as judges; a doctor of laws acted for the prosecution; and an advocate was assigned to the pris-

oner. Twelve charges, drawn up in the form of interrogatories, were preferred. Of these the most important were, that the Inca had ordered the assassination of his brother, and fomented a conspiracy against the Spaniards. He was also accused of idolatrous practices, and of lavishly and unprofitably expending the revenues of the kingdom since the conquest, of prosecuting unjust wars, and wasting his estates upon his kinsmen. It can hardly be said that any of these matters came within the cognizance of an invading power, except the alleged conspiracy; but they seem to have been formally investigated. The principal witnesses were the two Indians, whose evidence was wholly unsupported; the judges, however, declared Atahuallpa guilty, and sentenced him to be burnt at the stake. He was offered another form of death if he embraced Christianity — a religion which could hardly have been recommended to him by the conduct of its Spanish professors!

An angry discussion followed the declaration of the sentence. Many of the Spaniards protested against its being carried out. They were not insensible to the claims of honor, justice, and good faith, and insisted that Pizarro was bound by the promise he had given. They even suggested that the Inca should be transferred to Spain, where the charges against him could be examined by the proper tribunals. They denied the authority of the court that had condemned him, and impugned the validity of the evidence brought before it. In all this they were fully justified; the trial was a gross outrage on the law of nations; their sole error lay in supposing that any Spanish tribunal had a right to sit in judgment on an independent prince. Their courageous and manly

protest failed, however, against the bloodthirstiness and panic fears of the majority, and all that remained for them was to record in writing their sense of the iniquity of a procedure which has left an indelible blot on the Spanish name.

We acknowledge much force, however, in the reasoning of the historian that this vehement debate, and the large majority against Atahuallpa, militate against the common belief that his death was the result of a previous and stern resolve on the part of the Spanish commander. I am convinced that Pizarro shared in what was obviously the opinion of most of his soldiers, that the Inca had secretly ordered military preparations, and that he regarded his death as an urgent measure of self-preservation. It must be admitted that this argument does not absolve him from the guilt attaching to so cruel and unprecedented an outrage, but it furnishes an excuse which will be accepted by persons capable of calmly considering the position of the Spaniards, and the hopes and fears by which they were swayed. The whole transaction is an illustration of the great truth which common experience is continually demonstrating, that one ill deed inevitably leads to another, that good cannot come out of evil. The invasion of Peru was the initial crime, and it necessitated a long series of crimes over the record of which our shocked humanity may well turn pale.

When the sentence was communicated to the Inca, his emotion was uncontrollable. With tears in his eyes, he exclaimed: "What have I or my children done that I should meet such a fate?" Turning to Pizarro, he continued reproachfully: "And from *your* hands! You, who have received so much kindness and friendliness

from my people — you, with whom I have shared my troubles — you, whom I have loaded with benefits!" He implored him to spare his life, promising double the ransom already paid, if only time were given him to collect it, and offering any guaranty that might be required for the safety of the Spanish army, down to the meanest soldier. Pizarro listened to this touching appeal with tears. "I myself," says an eyewitness, "saw the general weep." But though he wept, he did not — perhaps he could not — relent; and when Atahuallpa found that death was inevitable, he prepared to meet it with a dignity worthy of his rank and race.

By sound of trumpet the Inca's doom was proclaimed in the great square of Caxamalca; and two hours after sunset, on the 29th of August, it was carried into execution. Atahuallpa was brought to the place in chains, with Father Valverde, who had affixed his signature to the sentence, by his side, actively laboring to convert him to Christianity, even at the last hour. When the royal victim was bound to the stake, with the fagots heaped around him, the father held up a cross, imploring him to embrace it and be baptized, and promising that if he did so the painful death to which he had been sentenced should be commuted for the milder form of the *garrotte*. This argument proved effectual; he consented to abjure his own religion, and receive baptism. The ceremony was performed by Valverde, and the new convert received the name of Juan de Atahuallpa. He then expressed his desire that his remains might be interred with those of his maternal ancestors at Quito, and commended his young children to the care and protection of Pizarro. With stern composure he submitted himself

to the hands of the executioner, and was suddenly strangled, while the Spanish soldiers around him muttered their *Credos* for the welfare of his soul. His body that night was exposed in the great square, and on the following morning interred with solemn funeral pomp in the Church of San Francisco. Pizarro and the principal cavaliers attended in mourning garb, and the troops listened attentively to the service read and chanted by Father Valverde. In the middle of it a loud lamentation was heard outside the church, the doors were suddenly burst open, and many Indian women, the wives and sisters of the murdered Inca, swept up the central aisle, and with tears and sobs prostrated themselves around the corpse. They piteously protested that the funeral rites of their lord should have been celebrated in the Peruvian fashion, and expressed their desire to sacrifice themselves on the grave, and accompany his spirit to the golden land of the Sun. The Spaniards informed them that Atahuallpa had died in the Christian religion, and that the God of the Christians required no human sacrifices. They were then excluded from the church, but several, on retiring to their residences, carried out their vows, and by committing suicide confirmed their devotion to the murdered prince.

A day or two later, Hernando de Soto returned; and great was his indignation when he was informed of the cruel deed done in his absence. Repairing at once to the presence of Pizarro, he found him with a large felt sombrero, by way of mourning, drawn down over his eyes, his attitude and bearing suggestive of sorrow, and perhaps remorse. With a soldier's abruptness, he said to him: "You have acted rashly, for Atahuallpa was falsely

accused. There was no army at Guamachucho, nor did I anywhere see the signs of insurrection. If it were necessary to bring the Inca to trial, he should have been sent to Castile, to be judged by the Emperor. I would have pledged myself to have seen him safely on board ship." Pizarro acknowledged his precipitancy, and threw all the blame on Riquelma, Valverde, and the more pertinacious members of the majority, who, in their turn, recriminated against Pizarro. The quarrel was loud, violent, and prolonged; but as they could not bring the dead back to life, the contending parties at length subsided into silence.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF THE INCAS

[After 1532]

FROM THE SPANISH OF VALVERDE

[It was generally believed in Ecuador that the Incas had hidden a vast amount of gold in a lake on a peak of one of the Llanganati Mountains. A Spaniard named Valverde was said to have learned its whereabouts from the father of his Indian wife, and in consequence to have become enormously rich. Valverde was thought to have bequeathed his secret to the King of Spain, and to have left a "Derrotero," or guide to the mysterious place. Several expeditions were sent in quest of the treasure, but it still remains undiscovered — or non-existent. The following is a translation of the "Derrotero," made by the English botanist Richard Spruce.

The Editor.]

Placed in the town of Pillaro, ask for the farm of Moya, and sleep (the first night) a good distance above it; and ask there for the mountain of Guapa, from whose top, if the day be fine, look to the east, so that thy back be towards the town of Ambato, and from thence thou shalt perceive the three Cerros Llanganati, in the form of a triangle, on whose declivity there is a lake, made by hand, into which the ancients threw the gold they had prepared for the ransom of the Inca when they heard of his death. From the same Cerro Guapa thou mayest see also the forest, and in it a clump of *sangurimas* standing out of the said forest, and another clump which they call *flechas* (arrows), and these clumps are the principal mark for the which thou shalt aim, leaving them a little on the left hand. Go forward from Guapa in the direction

and with the signals indicated, and a good way ahead, having passed some cattle-farms, thou shalt come on a wide morass, over which thou must cross, and coming out on the other side thou shalt see on the left hand, a short way off, a *jucál* on the hillside, through which thou must pass. Having got through the *jucál*, thou wilt see two small lakes called "Los Anteojos" (the spectacles), from having between them a point of land like to a nose.

From this place thou mayest again descry the Cerros Llanganati, the same as thou sawest them from the top of Guapa, and I warn thee to leave the said lakes on the left, and that in front of the point or "nose" there is a plain, which is the sleeping-place. There thou must leave thy horses, for they can go no farther. Following now on foot in the same direction, thou shalt come on a great black lake, the which leave on thy left hand, and beyond it seek to descend along the hillside in such a way that thou mayest reach a ravine, down which comes a waterfall: and here thou shalt find a bridge of three poles, or if it do not still exist, thou shalt put another in the most convenient place and pass over it. And having gone on a little way in the forest, seek out the hut which served to sleep in or the remains of it. Having passed the night there, go on thy way the following day through the forest in the same direction, till thou reach another deep dry ravine, across which thou must throw a bridge and pass over it slowly and cautiously, for the ravine is very deep; that is, if thou succeed not in finding the pass which exists. Go forward and look for the signs of another sleeping-place, which, I assure thee, thou canst not fail to see in the fragments of pottery and other marks, because the Indians are continually passing along there. Go on

thy way, and thou shalt see a mountain which is all of pyrites, the which leave on the left hand, and I warn thee that thou must go round it in this fashion .

On this side thou wilt find a pasture in a small plain which having crossed thou wilt come on a cañon between two hills, which is the way of the Inca. From thence as thou goest along thou shalt see the entrance of the tunnel, which is in the form of a church-porch. Having come through the cañon, and gone a good distance beyond, thou wilt perceive a cascade which descends from an offshoot of the Cerros Llanganati, and runs into a quaking bog on the right hand; and without passing the stream in the said bog there is much gold, so that putting in thy hand what thou shalt gather at the bottom is grains of gold. To ascend the mountain, leave the bog and go along to the right, and pass above the cascade, going round the offshoot of the mountain. And if by chance the mouth of the tunnel be closed with certain herbs which they call "salvaje," remove them, and thou wilt find the entrance. And on the left-hand side of the mountain thou mayest see the "huayra" (for thus the ancient called the furnace where they founded metals), which is nailed with golden nails. And to reach the third mountain, if thou canst not pass in front of the tunnel, it is the same thing to pass behind it, for the water of the lake falls into it.

If thou lose thyself in the forest, seek the river, follow it on the right bank; lower down take to the beach, and thou wilt reach the cañon in such sort that, although thou seek to pass it, thou wilt not find where; climb, therefore, the mountain on the right hand, and in this manner thou canst by no means miss thy way.

II

PERU, CHILE, BOLIVIA, AND ECUADOR

HISTORICAL NOTE

The influence of the blows struck for freedom in the other South American States early in the nineteenth century was a little slow in affecting Peru; but in 1824, a decisive victory over the Spanish forces took place at Ayacucho, and Peru became a republic. Like other South American republics, however, it has been shaken by revolutions. About the middle of the nineteenth century, the value of the guano and nitrate beds was discovered, and immense wealth flowed into the Peruvian treasury. In 1879, war broke out with Chile over the ownership of these same beds, and Chile won the prize.

Chile had become free from Spain in 1818, but her lack of boundary lines was a continued source of trouble. The line between Chile and Argentina was settled in 1902 by arbitration; but that between Chile and Bolivia was difficult because of the enormous value of the nitrate deposit in the disputed territory. This led to war between the two countries in 1879–83, and here, as in the war with Peru, Chile was victorious.

Bolivia was part of the territory subdued by the Spaniards in 1538. In 1780, insurrection against Spanish rule arose; but it was not until 1824 that the country became free. The story of the State has been in the main one of revolution and civil war, with only occasional intervals of peace.

Ecuador, on becoming free from Spanish control, united with New Granada and Venezuela in forming the Republic of Colombia. This union lasted but a short time, and in 1829 Ecuador became an independent republic. Civil wars and struggles between different parties have filled the years from then until now. Ecuador has a fertile soil and exceedingly valuable mineral resources, though they are as yet undeveloped.

THE HIGHEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD

[About 1865]

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT

THIS South American line [the Lima and Oroya Railway] is not an ordinary mountain railway: it is an audacious marvel of engineering science. Nor does it merely offer facilities for sight-seeing among the impressive Cordilleras, but acts as a traffic highway between the coast and the mines on the high inland plateau.

As might be supposed, the difficulties which the engineers had to break down were numerous and stupendous. Moreover, the work was extremely costly. In the case of the Oroya road it averaged about £60,000, or $300,000, per mile, and altogether £8,500,000 ($42,500,000) were sunk in the enterprise — more than the total cost of the St. Gothard Railway, with its famous tunnel and one hundred and seventy-two miles of track.

The first attempt to subjugate this range by the iron road was made in the sixties by a daring Philadelphia engineer, Henry Meiggs. His idea was ambitious in the extreme. He proposed to start from Callao, lift the metals over the crests of the mountains, drop down the other side on to the Highlands, and to push across the plateau until he gained a point on the mighty Amazon which could be reached by steamer from the Atlantic. By this means the Pacific seaports of South America would be brought into closer touch with the markets of

the Old World, avoiding the protracted and hazardous journey round Cape Horn. That the idea was never carried to success was one of the sorry tricks of Fate. Internecine strife and wars with neighboring States sapped the financial strength of Peru to such an extent that there was not enough money to complete this grand scheme. Possibly some day the steel thread will be picked up again at Oroya and forced to its original objective.

For the first one hundred and seven miles this railway makes a continual ascent; there is not a single foot of downhill in the whole distance. Work was commenced in 1870, and was pushed forward so energetically that in the course of twelve months Meiggs had completed twenty miles of the line, and had the earthworks well advanced as far as Chosica, some thirty-three miles out of Callao. In order to ease his task as much as possible, the engineer decided to follow the Rimac River into the mountains. But as the innermost recesses of the Cordilleras are gained, the river narrows considerably, until it plunges merely through a slender defile, the walls of the peaks dropping down precipitously into the water. The result was that the engineer found it very difficult to find a natural lane for his metals, so he had to hew and blast galleries, to swing first from one bank to the other, in order to seize the slightest foothold.

He had plunged forty-seven miles into the mountains and had gained an altitude of about one mile, when he was brought to a dead stop. The mountain along which he had crawled laboriously broke off abruptly. Further advance was impossible. To have cut a tunnel would have been a Herculean task, and as the mountain wall

dropped straight down below, and towered to a dizzy height above him, he found himself in a quandary. A few feet immediately above him, however, he espied a ledge running parallel with that on which he had laid his track. He resolved to gain that upper gallery; but the crucial question was, How?

Then he hit upon a brilliant idea. It was something new and untried in railway engineering, but as he had already tested all existing methods to gain the point at which he now stood, there was no alternative but to devise new ways and means of overcoming perplexing situations as they arose, despite the apparent novelty of the solutions. He resolved to lift the track from the lower to the upper ledge by a "V-switch."

The embankment on the outside of the track at the point he had gained was leveled off, and a small turntable was erected. From the latter two short lines were laid down at an angle to the track in the form of a widely opened "V," with the turntable at the apex. The main line cuts across the top of the V, forming a triangle, and continues a short distance beyond. The manner in which the train is lifted from the one level to the other is as follows. The engine pulls it up the lower line on to the section crossing the top of the V, and in such a way as to be between its two angular limbs. The engine is uncoupled, and runs down one leg of the V on to the turntable, which is then swung round until the engine faces the other arm of the V, up which it passes until it gains the main line. It is now at the rear of the train which it was pulling a few minutes before. The engine is coupled up, and the train is pushed backwards until it is over the switch connecting with the upper level. It then proceeds

forward in the usual manner. In reality it makes a zigzag course up the mountain-side.

This ingenious means of overcoming such a difficulty was tried first at San Bartholomé, and proved so very economical and simple a solution of a grave difficulty that it was freely introduced by the inventor whenever similar conditions were encountered. True, the process of uncoupling and recoupling the engine occasions a little delay, but the switch was cheaper and quite as effective as a loop, even if the latter could have been built, for it was found possible to lay the turntable between two tiers of metal on a gradient not exceeding one in twenty-five. Altogether there are twenty-two of these switches on the system. The majority of them are of the simple type that we have described above, but in some cases there is a double zigzag when the difference in level was extreme, and did not permit of the connecting bank line being raised at an easy grade. The adoption of the "Meiggs V-switch," as it is popularly called, saved the engineer thousands of pounds.

In one case the switch is set in a very precarious situation, for the climbing line winds along a perilous ledge blasted out of the solid flank of the peak, and the traveler's heart thumps every time the train lurches as he looks down upon the curling river far, far below on the one, and the mountain wall combing some two thousand feet above him on the other, hand. The Oroya line has been described as a railway of sensations, and it is an apt description. During the process of "V-ing" a train the voyager has ample opportunity to contemplate his peculiar situation at leisure.

"Highly ingenious and simple" was the verdict of the

railway world when they realized Meiggs's handiwork. "But what is going to happen if a descending train runs away at one of these switches? Will it make a bee-line for the bottom of the cañon through the air, or pile up against the dead-stop?"

Meiggs, however, did not anticipate trains running amuck in this manner, but he guarded against any such contingency, because brakes sometimes will fail to act on a descending grade. Consequently, at the end of each line in a V-switch he provided a substantial bank of earth. This was a fortunate precaution. Some years ago a train, in proceeding from the upper to the lower level, did run away on the falling bank. It crashed into the solid embankment at the dead-end, and came to a stop in an ungainly, heterogeneous mass of twisted iron-work and splintered wood. Nobody was hurt, the débris was removed, and the runaway engine was recovered, overhauled, replaced in service, and is running to-day, little the worse for its misadventure.

Owing to the peaks of the Cordilleras being separated from one another by yawning ravines, extensive bridging became imperative. Some are short, insignificant spans; others are lofty, spidery structures, which were completed at the expenditure of many human lives from disease and accident. As a matter of fact the railway earned an unsavory reputation owing to the high mortality that attended its realization.

The Verrugas Bridge was the greatest offender in this respect. It was the greatest undertaking of its type on the line. It is five hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and cleaves the air two hundred and twenty-five feet above the bed of the ravine. There are bigger and

loftier bridges in other parts of the world, but few have been so troublesome to erect. At the time it was undertaken it was the most remarkable structure of its kind, and by the time it was completed £12,600 or $62,000, had been expended. It lies at an altitude of 5839 feet, and was carried on three masonry piers, the center and main support being built up from the bed of the gorge. This pier measured fifty feet square at the base, and was of solid masonry, thus forming a substantial plinth for the slender iron superstructure.

All the component parts of this bridge had to be kept within certain limits of dimension and weight, to enable them to be hauled up from the coast and set in position on the site. Large gangs of workmen were crowded upon the work, because, until this bridge was set in position, material could not be transported to the other side of the gorge for the continuation of the grade.

But the task was dogged by ill luck. Work was in full swing, when a mysterious and malignant disease broke out. So furiously did it rage that the men were swept off like flies. There was no means of checking its ravages. It became known far and wide as the "Verrugas fever." It resisted diagnosis and treatment, but there was no denying its deadliness. As a result, labor gave the district a wide berth. It struck down natives and white men indiscriminately. Just how many men succumbed to the attacks of this epidemic probably never will be known. Men contracted the malady, died, and were buried all within the space of a few hours after reaching the site; indeed, it is chronicled that one man fell a victim after crossing the bridge only once.

This mysterious and terrible scourge threatened to

stop the whole enterprise, though Meiggs spared no effort and money to bring about its completion. The most attractive inducements were held out to workmen to come up and risk their lives, but only the more adventurous, fascinated by the high wages, dared to face death in an uncanny form. It was mainly through the efforts of such happy-go-lucky spirits that the gorge was spanned ultimately. Meiggs himself appeared to bear a charmed life, for he haunted the fated gorge day and night. But the awful experience seriously undermined his health, his constitution was wrecked, and he was changed into an old man.

Still he clung tenaciously to his enterprise. The gorge crossed, he found himself among the wildest fastnesses of the Andes. The mountains became steeper, the intervening gulches deeper and more difficult to cross. Landslides were of such frequent occurrence that they might well have struck terror into his heart. Yet he fought his way forward. Blasting became heavier and heavier, wide-sweeping curves more frequent, the ascent steeper and steeper, and tunneling through projecting spurs more frequent.

In these upper reaches the trains play a gigantic game of hide-and-seek, darting in and out among the labyrinth of tunnels. In a distance of fifty miles he had to drive his path through no less than fifty-seven of these obstructions, while altogether there are sixty-five tunnels in the one hundred and thirty-eight miles of the railway's length. The line doubles and redoubles upon itself in the most bewildering manner in order to gain points on the mountain-sides. In the course of eleven miles between Matucana and Tamboraque this scaling

by means of the zigzag was exceedingly heavy. Standing at the latter station and looking down, one can see tier after tier of the gleaming metals, until they are lost to sight far below.

Five miles beyond Tamboraque another remarkable achievement had to be accomplished. The line tunnels a peak, to emerge upon the brink of a drop into the river below as straight as a brick wall. On the opposite side is another towering pinnacle. To span the gulf a heavy bridge was necessary. It is called Infiernillo Bridge, and never was a name more fittingly bestowed. Its erection by false work or scaffolding was out of the question, as in this region not a tree exists. It had to be built out from the sides, the men being suspended in cradles and loops dangling from ropes attached to brackets driven into the solid rock above. The builders found swinging the tools from such crazy footholds to be perilous in the extreme, but there were no other means by which the bridge could be erected. It is a frail link between two dark yawning mouths in opposite towering crests, and the traveler as he rattles across can scarcely quell a shudder.

So energetically did Meiggs pursue his self-appointed task that in six years he had carried the line eighty-eight and one half miles into the Andes, and had gained an altitude of twelve thousand two hundred and fifteen and one half feet. All the men that he could possibly procure were pressed into service; at one time the railway gave employment to eight thousand laborers. The amount of blasting necessary to prepare the road-bed for this single line of standard track was enormous, something like five hundred thousand pounds of explo-

sives being used every month. The strain inseparable from such an enterprise told its tale upon the bold engineer, whose iron constitution could not withstand the anxieties and worries of the Verrugas fever, and the exposure to a rarefied atmosphere, without receiving an indelible mark. The first signs of a complete breakdown appeared as the railway was approaching Chicla, and when this point was gained in 1877 he succumbed.

The removal of the guiding spirit brought the whole undertaking to a stop. Meiggs had completed two thirds of the undertaking, and had broken the back of the difficulties. For fourteen years not another foot of line was graded. At last the Peruvian Corporation of London, which had taken over the railway, settled a contract for its completion with William Thorndike, who also hailed from Philadelphia.

The new engineer carried the line a further 3450 feet above the sea, following the surveys of Meiggs, and then became confronted with his greatest obstacle — the piercing of the summit crest. Thorndike had to hew his way through the bosom of a pinnacle for over 3855 feet at an altitude at which such work never had been attempted before. The trying character of the situation was augmented by the rarity of the atmosphere, and the fact that he had to force his way through the region of the terrible mountain sickness, with a low prevailing temperature such as is encountered in the region of eternal snow and ice. Such conditions retarded the boring of the Galera Tunnel, as it is called, more than the stern resistance of the rock. The workmen invariably fell victims to the sickness, though the undertaking was not accompanied with the heavy mortality that

characterized the building of the Verrugas Bridge far below. Mountain drilling, blasting, excavating, and the removal of the heavy soil proved exacting and fatiguing, and a man could work only for a few hours at a stretch. By skillful organization and careful husbanding of his forces, however, the engineer succeeded in forcing the metal track through the mountain at record speed.

The Galera Tunnel is the crowning point of a magnificent achievement. In the center you stand on the Great Divide of the South Americas, nearly sixteen thousand feet above the ocean. When a bucket of water is upset, one half of the liquid runs eastward toward the Atlantic, while the other flows westward to the Pacific. Oroya is thirty-one and one half miles distant from the eastern portal of the tunnel on the great inland plateau of the continent, and only a little less than three thousand five hundred feet below it. On this section construction was very rapid, as there were no untoward difficulties to be overcome.

About the same time as the Oroya Railway was commenced another great line was undertaken some miles to the south. In this instance the port of Mollendo was the Pacific terminus, the inland objective being Puno, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, that remarkable inland sea nestling among the crests of the Alps some 14,660 feet above the Pacific. The total length of this line is three hundred and thirty-two miles, and it divides with the Antofagasta Railway to the south the traffic between La Paz and the seaboard. Though it does not compare with the Oroya or Central Railway of Peru as an engineering achievement, yet it possesses certain individual characteristics, the tumbled mountain

country experienced farther north giving way to open expanses of bleak, dismal desert.

This line in its ascent of the Andes skirts the base of that most majestic of mountains, the smoking El Misti, whose snow-capped crater rises like a grim sentinel far above the other visible points of the mountain chain. Here the mountains are nobler and wider apart, so that one can grasp better their magnificent proportions, while their flanks are not so scarred, and there is an absence of those fearsome, yawning ravines. In making the ascent the line describes broad-sweeping curves to avoid projecting peaks, and throughout the whole distance there is a notable relief from the zigzags and switches so frequent on the sister line.

On this road, however, the moving sand threatened to be an implacable enemy. In the higher altitudes the sand is piled up into quaint little cones ranging from ten to twenty feet in height, and from the distance their incalculable number and regular lines present the appearance of a vast army of men grimed and covered with the dust, which illusion becomes emphasized when they are seen moving across the plains in a steady, rhythmic manner under the influence of the wind. When the railway was built it was anticipated that elaborate precautions would be requisite to keep the track clear of this encumbrance, but it was found that the trains could plough their way through the mass with little difficulty.

In the higher levels the sand gives way to a country of broken rock — a land absolutely void of any sign of life. This monotonous waste continues to the shores of the lake, where the dank water-grass and limpid water

offer a welcome relief to the aridity experienced for so many hours. This railway was constructed with remarkable rapidity for the Land of Paradoxes, as the whole three hundred and thirty-two miles were built in five years, and thus the isolated waters of Titicaca were linked with the Pacific by the iron road.

Not only was this railway much cheaper to construct than the Central or Oroya line, but its maintenance is not so harassing as the former system. The engineers of the Oroya road are engaged in a constant war with the elements. The landslide is the most relentless foe that has to be combated. A big slip on a slope, an avalanche of snow, huge boulders, and miscellaneous débris rattle down the mountain-sides with terrific fury, blotting out the track and sweeping bridges away in their mad career.

The Verrugas Bridge was dogged by ill fortune after its completion, for in one of these visitations the whole structure was demolished through the main central pier being knocked away. The tangled and twisted metal was left rusting in the ravine, for the bridge-builders' art had advanced considerably since the old bridge was designed, and in reconstruction it was found possible to span the gorge on the cantilever principle without the central support. All the other bridges on the railway are being rebuilt gradually on these lines, and when this task is completed the engineer will have one danger the less to fear — the collapse of the slender link of communication across the gulches.

One can enjoy a most exhilarating experience on this railway. This is the descent from Galera Tunnel to Vallao on a small hand-car. It is a glorious coast down-

hill for no less than one hundred and seven miles. One rushes down inclines, swings round curves, threads tunnels, and whisks across gorges at the exhilarating speed of forty-five miles an hour. It is a unique sensation — one of the many marvels associated with this remarkable railway, which is not merely a striking evidence of civilization, but a perpetual monument to the seven thousand lives devoted to its construction.

HOW TO CONDUCT A SPANISH-AMERICAN REVOLUTION

[About 1860]

BY F. HASSAUREK

A Spanish-American revolution, to be successful, must originate with, or be supported by, the soldiery. The conspirators begin with bribing a portion of the garrison of an important post. Military barracks will never be attacked without a previous secret understanding with some of the officers and men who are in charge of the post. In the negotiations for such purposes the ladies take a most active part. They are passionate politicians, and very energetic secret agents. They carry letters and dispatches, excite discontent, conceal political refugees and facilitate their escape and keep their banished friends posted as to the state of affairs at home. During my residence in Ecuador, several of these female agitators were banished the country by President Garcia Moreno. They went, hurling defiance into his teeth. He could imprison or shoot the men, who trembled before him, but he could not break the spirit of the women.

The moment a revolutionary party has secured a foothold somewhere, they resort to the customary mode of Spanish-American warfare. Its principal features are forcible impressments, and forced loans and contributions, in addition to which they seize all the horses, mules, cattle, provisions, Indians, and other property

they can lay hands on. The Government does the same. There is no legal or equitable system of conscription or draft. By common consent, "gentlemen" (that is to say, white men of good families) are exempt from it; but the poor, the half- or cross-breeds, the journeymen, mechanics, and farm laborers, are seized and impressed wherever found, and without reference to age, condition, disability, or the time they may have served already. The appearance of the recruiting officers on the street always creates a panic among those liable to be "recruited." It is a pitiful spectacle to see those poor fellows run away in all directions, wildly chased by the officers and their men. Compulsory service in the army is a calamity greatly dreaded by the populace, and from which they will try to escape in a thousand different ways. They will flee to the mountains, and hide themselves in forests or deserts; they will take refuge in churches or convents, or in the houses of foreign representatives or residents, and they will not show themselves on the streets or public highways until the danger is over. When they are near enough to the frontier, they will leave the country in order to avoid impressment. In Peru alone there are over ten thousand Ecuadorians who left their own country to avoid impressment. Ecuadorian soldiers are but poorly clad and poorly paid. Many of them have to go barefoot. When their services are no longer required, they are discharged without the means to return to their homes. Under these circumstances, it cannot appear strange that such soldiers should revenge themselves on society whenever an opportunity offers. When marching from one place to another, they will take from the poor people living

along the public highways whatever they can find. Hence, when it becomes known that a regiment or company of soldiers will march through a certain district, the people living along the road, even in times of profound peace, will hide their valuables, drive away their horses, mules, cattle, or sheep, take their provisions, chickens, etc., to some out-of-the-way place in the mountains or forests, and make preparations as if they expected the arrival of a savage enemy. The houses along the road will be deserted; the men will carefully keep out of the way of the marching columns; and only now and then an old woman will be found to tell the soldiers how poor she is. Many a time when, during my travels in the Cordillera, I stopped at a hut to buy eggs or other provisions, the people told me with a sigh: "We have nothing to sell, sir; the soldiers were here and took all we had."

The first measures of a party which succeeds in a revolution or civil war are generally acts of retaliation or revenge on the vanquished, who may congratulate themselves if only forced contributions are resorted to. The wealthy members of the losing party are notified by the new "Government" that within a certain number of days or hours they must pay a certain sum of money. If they refuse, the amount is sometimes raised, and even doubled, and the victims are imprisoned, either in their own houses or in the military barracks, until they "pay up." If they are storekeepers, their goods are seized as security. If they are hacienda-owners, their cattle or horses are taken in lieu of money. If they are women, they are placed under a military guard, and not allowed to leave their rooms, or to consult with their friends,

until they comply with the arbitrary edict of the despot of the day. I shall relate but one instance of the many that came to my knowledge. In 1860 a contribution of several hundred dollars (I do not recollect the exact amount) was imposed upon a gentleman who had held office under the Government that had just been overthrown. He being absent from Quito on his hacienda in Esmeraldas, on the coast, a detachment of soldiers was sent to his house with a command to his wife to pay the money. The lady protested that her husband had left her no money, and that she was unable to pay the required amount. Her answer was deemed unsatisfactory, and her house was surrounded by soldiers, who did not allow anybody to enter or to leave it. She was not permitted to send for victuals or for water, nor was she allowed to employ counsel or to see her friends. For three days and nights she was kept a prisoner, until, coerced by starvation, she yielded at last, and paid the amount which had been assessed without warrant of law by the caprice of the victorious party.

A political adversary is considered an outlaw, who may with impunity be treated in the most arbitrary and cruel manner by those in power. His haciendas are laid waste by soldiers quartered on them; his cattle and horses are at the mercy of a reckless Government. The greatest sufferers, however, are the owners of beasts of burden, whether they take part in political affairs or not. Their horses and mules are taken whenever they are needed for the transportation of military stores. They are used generally without compensation to the owner, who may congratulate himself if they are at last restored to him. Their galled backs and emaciated

bodies are the pay he gets, all constitutional and legal provisions to the contrary notwithstanding. Those who own mules or donkeys which they hire out to travelers, or on which they bring their vegetables to market, keep away from cities in times of war or civil commotion, for fear of being robbed of their means of subsistence. Their beasts they send to the fastnesses of the mountains until the danger is over. Thus the city markets will be but scantily supplied, merchants cannot ship their goods, travelers find no means of transportation, and the whole country suffers and decays because Governments will not respect individual rights and private property.

When the country is threatened with war, foreign invasion, or revolution, or when a violent change of government has taken place, the houses of foreign ministers, consuls, and other foreigners are eagerly resorted to by all classes of the population. Not only will ladies and gentlemen take refuge there, but such houses will be depositories for all sorts of valuables, — goods, trunks, and boxes, belonging to merchants, mechanics, private citizens, and even the Government. During the war with New Granada, in 1862, when it was feared that General Arboleda, after his victory at Tulcan, would march to Quito and occupy the town, the Government made arrangements to deposit the silver bars belonging to the mint in the house of one of the foreign ministers. The houses of foreigners are respected, not only because the Governments to which they belong are expected to shield them with a strong arm, but also because even the victorious or ruling party are interested in maintaining the sacredness of asylums to which, perhaps to-morrow, it may be their turn to resort as the vanquished. In

Ecuador, foreigners alone enjoy the rights and privileges which the constitution, on paper, guarantees to the citizen. The persons of foreigners are secure; their servants are not taken away from them; their beasts are never interfered with; their property is respected; and if they have a diplomatic representative in the country, they are favored in a thousand different ways. They are the only class of persons who can carry on business in safety. Of course, they will suffer from bad times, when the country is desolated by revolutions or civil war, but they have little to fear from the Government and party leaders; and while forced contributions of money or goods will be exacted from the native capitalists; while their servants and laborers, horses and cattle, will be taken away from them; the person, property, laborers, and servants of a foreigner will be secure. No wonder, therefore, that every extensive landowner, every wealthy merchant in the country, wants to make himself a foreigner. I was almost continually troubled by persons who wanted to know how to make themselves North American citizens. Everybody, almost, who has any thing to lose is anxious to abjure his nationality, and place himself under the protection of a foreign flag.

THE UNCONQUERABLE ARAUCANIANS

[Twentieth century]

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

The most indomitable of the native races in the New World, with the exception of the red men of North America, have been the Araucanians of Chile. They are the proudest, richest, and bravest of the Indians of South America. At the time of the conquest this race occupied the greater part of Chile, and had spread across the Andes into a part of Patagonia, which country they shared with the Tehuelches, the so-called giants. For three hundred years they waged a successful warfare against the Spanish invaders, and the Republic of Chile which later succeeded the Spanish province. It was not until 1884 that they were finally conquered, and submitted to the Chilean Government after certain rights and privileges were guaranteed to them. So long as the Chileans attempted to conquer the Indians by brute force they failed, just as had the Spaniards before them. It was not until some tact and judgment were used that any real progress was made in the subjugation of these people.

According to the early account the Araucanians were given to agriculture, and the valleys south of the present city of Santiago teemed with an industrious and energetic race. The Incas had spread their sovereignty south of Santiago as far as the Maule River, and this probably accounted in part for the agricultural development

there. Some writers claim that the Incas had enslaved the Araucanians and compelled them to do their work. At any rate the Spaniards encountered little opposition in their conquest before that river was reached. The fact is that these people were really divided into three different tribes. The tribes that lived along the coast were fishermen, those that lived on the higher lands were hunters, while those who occupied the more fertile valleys were agriculturalists. It was estimated by some of the early writers that there were at that time no less than a half-million of these Indians. This estimate is no doubt excessive, and half that number would be nearer the truth. They knew not the use of any metals, excepting silver, which they worked into various forms. Silver breastplates were worn by the wives of the *caciques*, or chiefs, which told of the number of their children, as large families were their boast. They also wore large crescent earrings and great silver suns as breastpins, with hieroglyphics upon them which told of a nature worship. Bracelets formed of a multiplicity of minute silver beads were also fashioned very attractively, and in later years silver stirrups were manufactured for the head men. Even to-day this race is noted for its silverwork.

Down upon this stronghold of the Araucanians came Pedro de Valdivia in 1550, with two hundred horsemen and some other troops. This force no doubt made an imposing appearance, as it marched along with their coats of mail, helmets, swords, and spears flashing in the sunlight. The only firearms were clumsy arquebuses borne by the infantry, and fired from a wooden support by the aid of a fuse kept alight only with great difficulty.

And yet the Spanish soldiers at that time were considered to be the best in the world. They continually marched in order of battle, preceded by an advanced guard and carrying their baggage in the center. From the time Valdivia reached the river Itata his march was a continuous conflict, although he managed to get as far as the river Bio-Bio.

How two hundred men were able to make this trip through a thickly populated country can be explained by reason of the superior weapons and armor of the Spaniards, as well as the fact that they used horses. These animals at that time were unknown among the native races, and inspired them with terror just as they did the Aztecs in Mexico. The Indians had only wooden lances, arrows of the simplest manufacture, and clubs; and yet they managed to stand against the Spaniards at times until hundreds of them were slain. On one occasion the Spanish records say that Valdivia was beset with twenty thousand Indians. As fast as one body of the Indians was routed, another took their place. Compact masses of the Indians at times surrounded the Spaniards. The horses were clubbed, and this together with the war-cries of the attacking force created a terrible confusion. When the Indians were finally beaten off, the ground was literally covered with the dead bodies of their comrades. Every Spaniard was wounded. This battle is known as that of Addalien.

The cruelty of the Spaniards in this invasion was something terrible at times. After the battle of Penco, where, according to the chroniclers, forty thousand Indians attacked the invaders, Valdivia cut off the nose and right hand of two hundred prisoners, and sent them

back to terrorize their comrades in this mutilated condition. They treated the natives with absolute contempt, and endeavored to reduce them to abject slavery. Valdivia practically had no choice in the matter. Each soldier had to be paid a grant of land, with a certain number of slaves. The soldiers were of a fierce and intractable character, and it was almost impossible to maintain any sort of discipline among them. Valdivia founded the city of Imperial, fortified it, and employed the natives in washing the gold found in this district. He also established the city of Villa Rica, which means the rich village, and was so named because of the wealth and fertility of that valley, and another town that was named after himself. In fact he endeavored to establish a string of fortified outposts throughout that entire section of the country. The Indians were parceled out among the conquerors, Valdivia retaining for himself about forty thousand. Although at this time the Spanish population of the valley did not exceed one thousand, yet they were able after a while to force the Indians to do their work. The men were attended by a numerous retinue of servants wherever they went, and even the women wanted to be followed by a large concourse of slaves when they attended church. Rank and importance seemed to be indicated by the number of menials.

The end, however, was not long in coming. It was due to an Indian boy, named Lautaro, who had been raised in the household of Valdivia himself, that their freedom was finally obtained. He had learned to manage horses, and to use the Spaniards' weapons. Taking some of these animals, he joined his people and stirred up a general insurrection. A public assembly of the

tribes was called, and Lautaro presented a definite plan for a campaign against the enemy. When Valdivia arrived on the scene to put this revolt down, he found some of the towns already in ashes. Lautaro, although only twenty-one years of age, had shown a genius for war and was in command, and had already established some discipline among his troops. Not a single Spaniard escaped in a battle, or series of skirmishes, that was fought, although thousands of the Indians fell. Contrary to the example set by the Spaniards, Lautaro simply killed his prisoners by beheading them without any preliminary torture. Valdivia himself was captured by the Indians. That general at once offered two hundred sheep for his release, and promised to withdraw all of his troops from their territory. The Indian caciques, however, would not consent to this, and, at a prearranged signal, one of the Indian soldiers struck him on the head with a club and killed him. It is said that his body was afterwards eaten by the assembled caciques, in order to give them heart in the struggle against the Spaniards. This seems to have been a custom among many primitive races. Thus was a struggle begun which lasted for three centuries.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

[THE tunnel referred to is more than ten thousand feet above sea-level. The boundary line between Argentina and Chile runs near the center of this tunnel.

The Editor.]

ALMOST immediately over the tunnel, and nearly three thousand feet higher, stands the famous statue, known as the Christ of the Andes. This statue was erected in 1904 as a symbol of perpetual peace between the two neighboring nations. It was cast in bronze from the cannon of the two nations, which had been purchased through fear of impending war. Its location is on the new international boundary line that had just been established by arbitration. Near it is a sign with the words "CHILE" on one side, and "ARGENTINA" on the other side.

The figure of Christ is twenty-six feet in height. In one hand it holds the emblem of the cross, while the other is extended in a blessing, and as if uttering the one magic word "Peace." On one side is a tablet with the inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." On another side is the inscription: —

"He is our Peace
Who hath made both One."

III

VENEZUELA, COLOMBIA, AND THE GUIANAS

HISTORICAL NOTE

Both New Granada and Venezuela were under the rule of Spain from the time of their settlement by the Spaniards until the nineteenth century. In 1810 they revolted, and, under the leadership of Bolívar, won their independence. Ecuador united with these States to form the Republic of Colombia; but this union was soon dissolved, and in both New Granada, now called Colombia, and Venezuela the too common tale of the South American States was repeated — outbreaks, insurrections, and civil wars. Between 1873 and 1888, Venezuela was under the sway of Guzman, and for those years only was there quiet in what has been called the "turbulent Republic of the North."

During the sixteenth century the Spaniards planted a few colonies in Guiana, and the country was visited by missionaries. It is divided into three parts, held by England, Holland, and France respectively.

British Guiana has railroads and telegraph lines and savings banks and nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants. About half the people of Dutch Guiana live in Paramaribo, a clean-looking little town, with broad, well-shaded streets and well-kept houses. Of French Guiana as a whole, little is known save that it is the home of fevers. Here it is that France sends some of her convicts. Just off the coast is the famous Devil's Island, where Dreyfus was imprisoned.

The land and contiguous water lying between the Leeward Islands and the Isthmus of Darien was formerly known as the "Spanish Main." This was the route of the Spanish treasure-ships on their way from Mexico, Central America, and the northern shores of South America. It is famous for many a wild tale of piratical exploits.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS OFF THE COAST OF TRINIDAD

[1498]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

On the 2d of August he [Columbus] continued on to the southwest point of Trinidad, which he called Point Arenal. It stretched toward a corresponding point of Terra Firma, making a narrow pass, with a high rock in the center, to which he gave the name of El Gallo. Near this pass the ships cast anchor. As they were approaching this place, a large canoe with five-and-twenty Indians put off from the shore, but paused on coming within bow-shot, and hailed the ships in a language which no one on board understood. Columbus tried to allure the savages on board, by friendly signs, by the display of looking-glasses, basins of polished metal, and various glittering trinkets, but all in vain. They remained gazing in mute wonder for above two hours, with their paddles in their hands, ready to take to flight on the least attempt to approach them. They were all young men, well formed, and naked, excepting bands and fillets of cotton about their heads, and colored cloths of the same about their loins. They were armed with bows and arrows, the latter feathered and tipped with bone, and they had bucklers, an article of armor seen for the first time among the inhabitants of the New World.

Finding all other means to attract them ineffectual, Columbus now tried the power of music. He knew the

fondness of the Indians for dances performed to the sound of their rude drums and the chant of their traditional ballads. He ordered something similar to be executed on the deck of his ship, where, while one man sang to the beat of the tabor, and the sound of other musical instruments, the ship-boys danced, after the popular Spanish fashion. No sooner, however, did this symphony strike up, than the Indians, mistaking it for a signal of hostilities, put their bucklers on their arms, seized their bows, and let fly a shower of arrows. This rude salutation was immediately answered by the discharge of a couple of cross-bows, which put the auditors to flight, and concluded this singular entertainment. . . .

After anchoring at Point Arenal, the crews were permitted to land and refresh themselves. There were no runs of water, but by sinking pits in the sand they soon obtained sufficient to fill the casks. The anchorage, at this place, however, was extremely insecure. A rapid current set from the eastward through the strait formed by the mainland and the island of Trinidad, flowing, as Columbus observed, night and day, with as much fury as the Guadalquiver when swollen by floods. In the pass between Point Arenal and its corresponding point, the confined current boiled and raged to such a degree that he thought it was crossed by a reef of rocks and shoals, preventing all entrance, with others extending beyond, over which the waters roared like breakers on a rocky shore. To this pass, from its angry and dangerous appearance, he gave the name of Boca del Sierpe (the "Mouth of the Serpent"). He thus found himself placed between two difficulties. The continual current from the east seemed to prevent all return, while the rocks which

appeared to beset the pass threatened destruction if he should proceed. Being on board of his ship, late at night, kept awake by painful illness and an anxious and watchful spirit, he heard a terrible roaring from the south, and beheld the sea heaped up, as it were, into a great ridge or hill, the height of the ship, covered with foam, and rolling toward him with a tremendous uproar. As this furious surge approached, rendered more terrible in appearance by the obscurity of night, he trembled for the safety of his vessels. His own ship was suddenly lifted up to such a height that he dreaded lest it should be overturned or cast upon the rocks, while another of the ships was torn violently from her anchorage. The crews were for a time in great consternation, fearing they should be swallowed up; but the mountainous surge passed on, and gradually subsided, after a violent contest with the counter-current of the strait. This sudden rush of water, it is supposed, was caused by the swelling of one of the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Paria, and which were as yet unknown to Columbus.

Anxious to extricate himself from this dangerous neighborhood, he sent the boats on the following morning to sound the depth of water at the Boca del Sierpe, and to ascertain whether it was possible for ships to pass through to the northward. To his great joy, they returned with a report that there were several fathoms of water, and currents and eddies setting both ways, either to enter or return. A favorable breeze prevailing, he immediately made sail, and passing through the formidable strait in safety, found himself in a tranquil expanse beyond.

WHAT SIR WALTER RALEIGH THOUGHT OF GUIANA

[1595]

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[In the sixteenth century there was a general belief that somewhere in the world existed a country of gold, "El Dorado," as it was called. Where this wonderful land with its inconceivable quantities of gold and gems might be, no one knew, but the Spaniards sent out numerous expeditions in search of it. In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh became one of the seekers. The following extract is from his own account of his experiences in Guiana, and paints what he believed concerning the country, for here he expected to find El Dorado.

The Editor.]

The empire of Guiana is directly east from Peru towards the sea, and lieth under the equinoctial line, and it hath more abundance of gold than any part of Peru, and as many or more great cities than ever Peru had when it flourished most. It is governed by the same laws, and the emperor and people observe the same religion and the same form and policies in government as was used in Peru, not differing in any part; and as I have been assured by such of the Spaniards as have seen Manoa, the imperial city of Guiana, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, that for the greatness, for the riches, and for the excellent seat, it far exceedeth any of the world, at least of so much of the world as is known to the Spanish nation; it is founded upon a lake of salt water of two

hundred leagues long, like unto *mare caspiu*. And if we compare it to that of Peru, and but read the report of Francisco Lopez and others, it will seem more than credible; and because we may judge of the one by the other, I thought good to insert part of the 120th chapter of Lopez, in his "General History of the Indies," wherein he describeth the court and magnificence of Guaynacapa, ancestor to the Emperor of Guiana, whose very words are these: "All the vessels of his home, table, and kitchen were of gold and silver, and the meanest of silver and copper for strength and hardness of the metal. He had in his wardrobe hollow statues of gold which seemed giants, and the figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs that the earth bringeth forth, and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breedeth. He had also ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs of gold and silver, heaps of billets of gold, that seemed wood marked out to burn. Finally, there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold. Yea, and they say the Ingas had a garden of pleasure in an island near Puna, where they went to recreate themselves when they would take the air of the sea, which had all kinds of garden herbs, flowers, and trees of gold and silver, an invention and magnificence till then never seen. Besides all this, he had an infinite quantity of silver and gold unwrought in Cuzco, which was lost by the death of Guascar, for the Indians hid it, seeing that the Spaniards took it and sent it into Spain."

And in the 117th chapter, Francisco Pizarro caused the gold and silver of Atabalipa to be weighed after he had taken it, which Lopez setteth down in these words following: "They found fifty and two thousand marks of

good silver, and one million, and three hundred twenty and six thousand and five hundred pesoes of gold."

Now, although these reports may seem strange, yet if we consider the many millions which are daily brought out of Peru into Spain, we may easily believe the same, for we find that by the abundant treasure of that country the Spanish king vexeth all the princes of Europe, and is become in a few years, from a poor king of Castile, the greatest monarch of this part of the world, and likely every day to increase if other princes forslow the good occasions offered, and suffer him to add this empire to the rest, which by far exceedeth all the rest; if his gold now endanger us, he will then be unresistible.

THE STORY OF BOLÍVAR

[1817–1830]

BY LINDON BATES, JR.

In the latter part of March, 1817, a score of horsemen were riding towards Angostura from the northern sea-coast, some on mules, some on mangy horses. Most were sallow-skinned Creoles clad in civilian dress, sombrero on head, sword and pistol at the belt; a few wore dingy uniforms. One, a gigantic negro, bore the insignia of an officer of the Black Republic of Haiti. Two, military of bearing, keen of eye, had the weather-worn red of the British Grenadiers; half a dozen barefoot peons in ragged ponchos rode behind with the sumpter burros.

A slight figure in faded blue regimentals faced with red led the band. Only thirty-four years old, he looked fifty. His dark and wrinkled face was drawn and puckered. Hardship, dissipation, and the bitterest disappointment had left their marks.

Born of a noble and wealthy Caracas family, he had been sent to Europe at the age of sixteen. He had visited France, then under the Consulate, still vibrant with the recent revolution; he had played and beaten at tennis the Prince of the Asturias, against whom, as Ferdinand VII of Spain, he was now in a duel to the death for the freedom of South America. He had married at the age of nineteen and been widowed within the year. He had returned to Paris and broken his health in wild living. At Rome he had refused to kiss the cross on Pius VII's shoe.

He had returned to Caracas and had taken part in the junta which drove out Emperan, the Spanish captain-general, forced the establishment of a National Congress, and drafted the Declaration of Rights of April 19, 1810, — celebrated now as the Venezuelan national holiday. He had gone to England and had brought back the banished General Miranda. He had with his "Societa Patriotica" secured the Declaration of Independence of July 5, 1811. He had fought against the Royalists, been overwhelmingly beaten, and fled to Cartagena. He had returned while Spain was in the throes of conflict with Napoleon, and entered Caracas amid delirious enthusiasm in a chariot before which girls strewed roses, hailing him "El Libertador." He had been defeated once more and had been obliged to flee to Jamaica. A negro spy, hired to assassinate him, had killed his secretary by mistake. Now at length, by the aid of a Dutch shipowner and the President of the negro republic of Haiti, he had been enabled to come back on this final attempt at South American liberation.

"A monkey" ("Mono") he was once nicknamed, and not unlike a monkey he seemed with his thin little body and his wrinkled face. But one look from his dark brooding eyes told of the fiery, unconquerable soul that burned in the slight frame. The man was Simon Bolívar, the Washington of Spanish America. On this March day in 1817, heading his tattered little cavalcade, he was passing through the anguish of his Valley Forge.

The sky behind was reddened with the fires of Barcelona. The four hundred devoted troops left to hold the Franciscan monastery had been butchered to a man, and the Spaniards were giving the city to the sack. One

thousand of the townspeople had been massacred, some on the altar steps. Women and children were being hunted through the streets. Dogs roamed the byways eating their fill of the neglected bodies.

Nor was Barcelona alone. Town after town that had given the Revolutionists harbor had fallen to the Royalists and had suffered a like fate. Boves, the butcher, condemned as a "ladron del mar," a renegade Revolutionist leading a band of desperadoes which the Spaniards themselves nicknamed "The Corps of Hell"; Rosete, with his branding-iron "R" for the foreheads of Republicans; Morales, whom even Boves had called "Atrocious" — these were all in the pay of Spain. Before them fell the town of Acumare. Its streets were left a shambles of the dead and the dying. Old men, women, and children lay with the rest. Valencia surrendered upon the oath of Boves, sworn in the presence of the Holy Sacrament, to respect the lives of everybody; yet, as soon as arms had been surrendered, the governor, ninety of the leading citizens, sixty-four officers, and three hundred and ten troops were slaughtered. Caracas surrendered to Boves on similar terms, which were similarly observed. Boves issued an order that any who had conspired against Spain should be shot, and the slaughter recommenced. Aragua was stormed and some three thousand townspeople were massacred.

Now Barcelona, the last of Venezuela's northern cities, had fallen, and all that were left to follow Bolívar were fifteen officers and a few peons as their servants. Help from abroad there was almost none. President Madison had issued an order forbidding any aid from United States citizens to the struggling Revolutionists. Great

Britain stood apathetically by her ally, Spain. The feeble little negro republic of Haiti alone had lent support in men and money, asking in return only Bolívar's promise, which he loyally kept, to give freedom to the slaves of Venezuela.

In the colonies themselves even, pitifully few were his sympathizers. The white population in Venezuela, but two hundred thousand in number, was practically the only element in the country interested in any way in the outcome of the struggle. These native-born Creoles, tyrannized over by the arbitrary power of the viceroys and Spanish officials, excluded from office and emolument, while their trade and manufacturing were garrotted by prohibitive laws, were in general dissatisfied with Spanish misrule, but were averse to the fearful sacrifice which resistance entailed. The king had refused to the Venezuelans permission to found a university in Maracaibo, because, in the opinion of his fiscal, "it was unsuitable to promote learning in southern America, where the inhabitants appeared destined by nature to work in the mines." The making of wine and oil, the growth of almonds or grapes, the manufacture of cloth, trade with the outside world, or even with any Spanish port, other than Seville, were prohibited. Oppressed by these abuses, the native whites still refrained from rallying in any great number to Bolívar.

The Indians, two hundred and seven thousand in number, stigmatized as "a race of monkeys, filled with vice and ignorance, automatons unworthy of representing or of being represented"; the negro slaves, sixty thousand in number, and the mixed bloods, forty-three thousand souls in all, though their grievances were far

greater than those of the native whites, for the most part simply followed as they were led or paid.

With but a small portion of the Creole population as its support, the Revolution was imperiled hourly by the insatiable vanities and jealousies of the rival leaders. The Libertador had heard ring in his ears the cry of the mob at Guiria, "Down with Bolívar — up with Marino and Bermudez!" Would liberty never come? Was this river of blood all that the years of devoted effort were to bring? Bolívar at the front of his twenty men hung his head in the agony of defeat and failure.

"Halt, halt!" whispered one of the riders suddenly; "what is that glitter beyond the trees?"

A horse neighed to the right of the party.

"An ambuscade!" cried hoarsely the first of the red-coated officers.

The drooping figure of Bolívar stiffened, the dark eyes flashed, he turned in his saddle. Then in a voice of thunder he cried: —

"Columns extend right and left! Attack on both flanks."

It was an order to an imaginary force behind. The officers of his escort repeated the order and rode forward, discharging their pistols. The ambuscade melted away. The Spaniards, inferring a superior force, had taken flight.

The insurgent party continued southward. As it marched, here and there wild llaneros and peons were drafted in by payment, promise, or impressment. With a force swelled to some hundreds, Bolívar reached the Orinoco. In the city of Angostura, to be later renamed in his honor Ciudad Bolívar, he surprised and blockaded the feeble Spanish garrison.

Piar, the mulatto chief of a band of Republican cutthroats who had combined patriotism with profit by seizing the persons and property of the Capuchin Friars along the Caroni, now joined Bolívar. The latter sent him to attack San Felix. The bloodthirsty but efficient half-breed defeated the Spanish garrison and took prisoner the governor, seventy-five officers, and two hundred men, all of whom he remorselessly slaughtered.

Fearing now lest the monks whom Piar had captured would embarrass his movements, Bolívar sent a message to one of the mulatto's officers in charge, saying: — "Transport the prisoners to La Divina Pastora."

The officer, not knowing of the town thus named, and supposing that he was to send the monks to "the Divine Shepherdess" in heaven, forthwith massacred them all. Neither of these atrocities was punished. Of such deeds was the war. Murder marched alike with Royalist and Revolutionist.

On July 17, the weak Spanish forces abandoned Angostura and Los Castillos. The Orinoco was in possession of the Revolutionists. Bolívar's joy was intense. The capture of Angostura marked the turning-point in this struggle, as the capture of Trenton had signaled the turn of the tide for Washington.

A few days after the capture of Angostura, Bolívar's staff met in the thick-walled house which lodged the Libertador. The members of his provisional cabinet were there — Zea, Martinez, Brion, Colonel Wilson, commander of the "Red Hussars," the English Dr. Moore.

A map lay on the table before them, blue pins locating the Royalist troops. These occupied Cartagena, Valen-

cia, Caracas, Barcelona, the cities all along the north coast. A few red pins showed the scattered centers of the Revolutionists: Santander in New Granada; Mariño and Bermudez on the northeast, opposite Trinidad; Arismendi on the island of Margarita. What was to be the next move?

"I propose that we stay here and meet the troops sent against us," suggested Zea.

Colonel Wilson objected. "The Spaniards will beat Mariño and Bermudez one after the other and then overwhelm us."

"The colonel is right," insisted Bolívar. "We must strike while they are separated."

"Join Bermudez and Mariño in the northeast," counseled Martinez; "march westward along the coast and attack Morillo. He had only seven hundred Spaniards on the island when he attacked Arismendi."

Bolívar shook his head. "Better fight alone than with them. They will sacrifice me, the Republic, and anything else to their vanity and love of power. You know how Bermudez drew his sword on me at Guiria, and the plots to kill me."

There was silence for a moment; the fate of Spanish South America hung on the decision. A rattle of hoofs sounded outside. A rough voice demanded admission.

"I would see General Bolívar; I come from Uncle Paez," called the mounted figure.

"Bring him here," said Bolívar.

A half-breed llanero, barefooted, clad in dirty cotton shirt and trousers, his head thrust through a great blue poncho, shambled in before the council.

"Which is Bolívar?" he asked. The leader was

pointed out, and the llanero approached and put his hand familiarly on the officer's shoulder — the undisciplined plainsman's greeting.

"Uncle Paez sends me to you to tell that the unconquered Bravos de Apure, with a thousand llaneros, will ride with you against the Spaniard."

The members of the council looked at each other. Paez with his vaqueros, roving over the boundless plains of the interior, from which for four years he had been harrying the Spanish outposts, was hardly known to most of these Caracenos and Margaritans, though Bolívar had heard of his exploits in New Granada.

Bolívar seized the map. "Where is Paez?" he cried.

"By the Apure, near San Fernando," said the peon.

In a flash the Libertador's mind was made up. He turned to the llanero: "Ride to General Paez and say I march to join him."

He rose to his feet and pointed to the map. "See, señores, here lies our route. We hold in Angostura the gateway to the Orinoco. As far as Santa Fé de Bogota there is no force to oppose us along the line of the Orinoco and Apure. We are in the rear of the enemy, whose strength is in the coast towns. Here we have cattle and horses. Here we can raise recruits from the llaneros, who care not for whom they fight and who are for us now that Boves is gone. If beaten, we can retreat like Tartars to the immeasurable plains. We will march to Apure and join Paez" — he hesitated. "Morillo will come down thus from the North in haste. We will meet him" — his finger halted, then pointed to the plain near Calabozo, — "we will meet him here. Now gather our forces and organize. This is the death-grapple."

Recruits flocked to Bolívar's standard. To pay them he confiscated the property of all Spaniards. The blood-stained Piar, found plotting against Bolívar, as Lee against Washington, was more summarily treated. He was shot and his force was attached to Bolívar's own. With two thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry the leader started from Angostura on the 31st December, 1817, up the Orinoco. Bolívar was joined on the way by his fugitive lieutenant, Zaraza, and a remnant of men. On January 31, he united with General Paez and added one thousand cavalry and two hundred and fifty infantry to his army.

Together they marched against Morillo. At El Dimante the Apure River barred their way. If it were not passed their sudden attack on Morillo would be checked, and the Spaniard could rally his forces. Moored to the opposite bank was a Spanish gunboat, three flat-bottomed flecheras, and several canoes. Bolívar paced up and down nervously.

"You have brought me here, General Paez; how will you get me across?" he asked querulously.

"On those flecheras over there," said Paez nonchalantly.

Bolívar looked after him in amazement. Paez had already gone to his llaneros.

"We must have those flecheras, children," he cried; "who will come with Uncle Paez and capture them?"

"Choose whom you want, Uncle," was the answering shout.

Fifty llaneros he picked out. On horseback, lance in hand, they entered the stream and swam into the current. Two men were seized by caimans and dragged

below as Bolívar's force breathlessly watched them. The forty-eight reached the flecheras and the gunboat, the Spaniards too surprised to resist seriously. In a tumult of triumph the boats were sailed across the river. On February 12, Bolívar appeared before the surprised Morillo near Calaboza. The small Spanish force was attacked, beaten, and massacred without quarter.

Then the fortunes of war turned against the Libertador. He was driven back to the Orinoco. But reinforcements had begun to come in now that he held firmly the great river artery. Several hundred blacks from Haiti joined him. An Irish Legion came, commanded by General Devereux, and a British officer, "English" by name, one of Wellington's trusted subordinates, arranged for the equipment and shipment of twelve hundred good troops. Most of these were soldiers of fortune, veterans left without congenial occupation at the close of the Napoleonic wars.

Notable among the volunteers was Francis M. Drexel, of Philadelphia, an Austrian portrait-painter, who later, with Bolívar's backing, was to found the great banking-house of which John Pierpont Morgan is now the head.

By the end of 1818, Bolívar had won out sufficiently to issue a call for the Congress of Angostura to meet on January 1, 1819, to frame a republican form of government and replace the military dictatorship.

The magnificent dream of the Libertador now took shape. It was to erect upon the ruins of Spanish power a great centralized Republic, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Caribbean Sea to the valley of the Amazon, covering all of northern South

America. Against the party that desired to carve up this vast territory into a number of small sovereign States loosely federated, Bolívar threw the whole weight of his vast influence. He pleaded before the Congress: "I have been obliged to beg you to adopt centralization and the union of all the States in a Republic one and indivisible."

The Congress wavered and then sided with Bolívar. There was decreed a unified Republic, including what are now the Republics of Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador. Of this empire, named Greater Colombia, Bolívar was chosen the first President.

The ideal of the Libertador had triumphed. But the bulk of this domain was yet to be conquered. The first assault was planned against the Spaniards in the northwest, in New Granada.

Here the flames of resistance had been kept alight by General Santander, with whose ragged band it was Bolívar's immediate purpose to unite. By the middle of June, 1819, this preliminary move had been successfully taken.

But the Andes had yet to be crossed, and at the worst time of the year. The passage of the Cordilleras with a tattered and steadily diminishing handful of famished men was an act of desperate courage. It meant four weeks of weary climbing over snow-capped peaks and through freezing torrents. The road traversed by the poor wretches was marked by crosses in memory of those who had perished in the snow sierras. But beyond those awful mountains lay the smiling plains of New Granada, and its populace was friendly to the Patriot cause.

Disregarding all recognized rules of the game of war, Bolívar, who was in terrible need of provisions and arms, determined to leave the enemy across his line of communications and make direct for the important town of Tunja. It was taking a risk, but a necessary risk, and one that was completely justified by the result. For Barriero, the Spanish general, conceiving that he must fight for the defense of Tunja, gave Bolívar battle at Boyacá and was utterly routed. Barriero broke his sword across his knee and surrendered, with many officers and some sixteen hundred men. The Patriot army had to mourn the loss of only thirteen killed and fifty-three wounded.

Everywhere now Bolívar was victorious. He marched to Bogota, from which Samano, the Spanish viceroy, fled.

Returning eastward, he fought the desperate battle of Carabobo, which finally freed Venezuela from the Spanish yoke. The dogged heroism of the British Legion, which lost a third of its men and two commanders in succession, saved the day. As Bolívar rode past their shattered ranks that night he hailed them "Salvadores de mi patria." All of its survivors were made on the field of battle members of the "Order of Liberators."

On into Peru went Bolívar, proclaimed Dictator by the inhabitants. On the field of Ayacucho, while the Dictator was absent, his second in command, General Sucre, fought and won a last great battle in which the Spanish army was completely routed and dispersed. The ground for miles was strewn with the silver helmets of the Spanish hussars.

Ayacucho, the death-blow to Spanish power in South

America, was the culminating point of Bolívar's career. Dictator of Peru, President of Greater Colombia, Organizer of the new State of Bolivia, his authority extended over a territory two thirds as large as Europe. He had indignantly rejected all suggestions for monarchy and a personal dynasty. As the Libertador he had fought to free, not to enslave. For one brief moment as splendid a vision as man has ever cherished was real — the great South American Republic.

Almost in an hour the whole structure fell. Against him rose the generals who had shared his glory, Santander in New Granada, Paez in Venezuela. Sucre, dissatisfied, abandoned Bolivia. Peru demanded the end of the dictatorship. Bolívar's ungrateful fellow-countrymen cried out against his inordinate ambition. In his home city of Caracas an attempt was made to assassinate him.

Attacked on all sides by those whom he had befriended and raised to power, Bolívar resigned from the Presidency and retired to Cartagena. Even here the enmity of jealous hate hounded him. He prepared to leave South America for a refuge in the West India Islands. But before he could sail the end had come. Exhausted by the terrible exertions of his life of warfare, broken in spirit, bankrupt in hope, he died in December, 1830, at the age of forty-seven. So little had he personally profited by his supreme position that he had to be buried at the expense of his friends.

Thus ended the long line of Conquistadores who battled for Trinidad and Guiana. For each was the draught of bitterness after all his heroism and all his glory. Columbus carried back to Spain in irons, De

Berrio dead of disappointment, Raleigh executed by his treacherous king, Picton brought to trial for peculation, Nelson falling for a nation that refused his last prayer, Bolívar dying despised and penniless in the country he had freed, — tragedy, grim and relentless, had marched side by side with the Conquistadores.

STATUE OF BOLÍVAR, CARACAS, VENEZUELA

STATUE OF BOLÍVAR, CARACAS, VENEZUELA

The personal appearance of Bolívar is thus described by Ducoudrey-Holstein: "Simon Bolívar is five feet four inches in height, his visage is long, his cheeks hollow, his complexion livid brown; his eyes are of a middle size, and sunk deep in his head, which is covered thinly with hair. His mustaches give him a dark and wild aspect, particularly when he is in a passion. His whole body is thin and meager. He has the appearance of a man sixty-five years old. In walking, his arms are in continual motion. He cannot walk long, but becomes soon fatigued. He likes his hammock, where he sits or lolls. He gives way to sudden gusts of resentment, and becomes in a moment a madman, throws himself into his hammock, and utters curses and imprecations upon all around him. He likes to indulge in sarcasms upon absent persons, reads only light French literature, is a bold rider, and passionately fond of waltzing. He is fond of hearing himself talk and giving toasts. In adversity, and destitute of aid from without, he is perfectly free from passion and violence of temper. He then becomes mild, patient, docile, and even submissive. In a great measure he conceals his faults under the politeness of a man educated in the so-called *beau monde*, possesses an almost Asiatic talent for dissimulation, and understands mankind better than the mass of his countrymen."

THE SWORD OF BOLÍVAR

UNKNOWN

WITH the steadfast skies above us,
  And the molten stars below,
We sailed through the Southern midnight,
  By the coast of Mexico.

Alone, on the desolate, dark-ringed,
  Rolling and flashing sea,
A grim old Venezuelan
  Kept the deck with me,

And talked to me of his country,
  And the long Spanish war,
And told how a young Republic
  Forged the sword of Bolívar.

Of no base mundane metal
  Was the wondrous weapon made,
And in no earth-born fire
  Was fashioned the sacred blade.

But that it might shine the symbol
  Of law and light in the land,
Dropped down as a star from heaven,
  To flame in a hero's hand,

And be to the world a portent
  Of eternal might and right,
They chose for the steel a splinter
  From a fallen aerolite.

Then a virgin forge they builded
  By the city, and kindled it
With flame from a shattered palm tree,
  Which the lightning's torch had lit, —

That no fire of earthly passion
  Might taint the holy sword,
And no ancient error tarnish
  The falchion of the Lord.

For Quito and New Granada
  And Venezuela they pour
From three crucibles the dazzling
  White meteoric ore.

In three ingots it is moulded,
  And welded into one,
For an emblem of Columbia,
  Bright daughter of the sun!

It is drawn on a virgin anvil
  It is heated and hammered and rolled,
It is shaped and tempered and burnished,
  And set in a hilt of gold;

For thus by the fire and the hammer
  Of war a nation is built,

And ever the sword of its power
Is swayed by a golden hilt.

Then with pomp and oratory
The mustachioed señores brought
To the house of the Liberator
The weapon they had wrought;

And they said, in their stately phrases,
"O mighty in peace and war!
No mortal blade we bring you,
But a flaming meteor.

"The sword of the Spaniard is broken
And to you in its stead is given,
To lead and redeem a nation,
This ray of light from heaven."

The gaunt-faced Liberator
From their hands the symbol took,
And waved it aloft in the sunlight,
With a high, heroic look;

And he called the saints to witness:
"May these lips turn into dust,
And this right hand fail, if ever
It prove recreant to its trust!

"Never the sigh of a bondman
Shall cloud this gleaming steel,
But only the foe and the traitor
Its vengeful edge shall feel.

SOUTH AMERICA

"Never a tear of my country
  Its purity shall stain,
Till into your hands, who gave it,
  I render it again."

THE ASPHALT LAKE OF TRINIDAD

[Twentieth century]

BY LINDON BATES, JR.

A LONG run in the automobile brings us to the celebrated Asphalt Lake. The straggling village at its edge is an extraordinary spectacle. Not a house but is twisted out of plumb. The land is the source of never-ending litigation, because the slowly shifting currents of the pitch bottom in a few years move yards and gardens on to other men's property, distort boundaries into every possible shape, carry landmarks a hundred yards away. Some natives are doing a little desultory digging here before the territory of the Asphalt Company begins. A green bamboo across the road marks its boundary.

There shiftlessness ends and system begins. Well-built, mosquito-proof barracks for the workmen, with shower-baths and clothes-racks, grace the bare hill. A long pier extends far out to sea and the houses of the officers are built over piles alongside, swept by every breeze. On a cable-way to the ship waiting off the pier-end goes a slow line of big steel buckets, and negroes stand sending the asphalt contents down a chute into the hold.

The manager of the lake, Mr. Procter, clad in khaki and riding gaiters, welcomes us with strange drinks and Cuban cigars on his swaying house above the waters of the Gulf of Paria. We lunch with him and his engineers. After a chat we follow back the half-mile-long cable-way to the lake.

The abomination of desolation is this lake. In spots a palm killed by the asphalt droops disconsolately. A few tufts of grass have secured a footing in places. But for the rest it is a solid mass of black, dull, evil-smelling pitch, with pools of water here and there in which swim little parboiled fishes. Against any of the hot spots in the world, bar none, this can be backed. The tropic sun beats down; the black asphalt reflects it back like the entrance of a furnace. One's feet are unbearably hot through the heavy leather and one sinks if he stands still for a moment. A hundred and fifty degrees have been recorded on the lake.

A wicked-looking black snake six feet long glides into the bushes near the margin of the lake. It has been sunning itself on the asphalt. No wonder the serpents are supposed to be creatures of the Devil. As for ourself, fifteen minutes' stay takes away every bit of vitality we can summon. Not enough interest is left in life to inquire what the negroes hewing with mattocks at the asphalt receive in wages. They earn the pay, whatever it is. There is no mechanical way yet discovered by which the stuff can be dug. Hour after hour these negroes hack out, with a few blows of the mattock, the brittle pitch, which flakes away in pieces a foot square. They lift the burden to their heads and dump it into steel buckets, which start their slow way to the ship. The holes fill up in a few days with new pitch.

"The lake is ninety to one hundred acres in extent now," says Mr. Procter, "but it is gradually shrinking with the removal of such large quantities. A good percentage of the asphalt pavement in the world comes from this one lake and its geological complement in

Venezuela. We leased it under a forty-seven-year contract with the Trinidad Government, to which nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year has been paid in royalties. Such mining is the nearest thing there is to digging money out of the ground."

"Yes, but your Asphalt Trust is welcome to it," says Mr. Jefferson. "If I had a thousand a day to dig pitch I would not take it."

MODERN COLOMBIA

[Twentieth century]

BY FRANCIS E. CLARK

Colombia has shared but little as yet in this upward progress, by reason in part of her difficult geographical position, which has placed her temperate and most largely peopled section so far in the interior and made it so inaccessible to the coast. "Weeks of the most difficult journeying are required to get to the seacoast from Bogota, or to any of the other States of Colombia, and Panama might as well be on the other side of the globe, so far as practical communication goes," says Mr. Dawson.

Very early in her history, the Spaniards, lured on by gold, made their way to the healthful tablelands in the interior, and there Quesada, their leader, established his capital on the site of the ancient Chibcha city. The Chibchas were a large nation of a very considerable degree of civilization. They made cotton cloth, mined the precious metals and emeralds, used money as a circulating medium; lived in houses; built splendid temples; established a very effective form of government, — in fact, in many lines of civilization, were scarcely inferior to the Incas or Aztecs. But they had no military organization or genius, and two hundred Spaniards soon conquered them and reduced them to vassalage.

The next three centuries were centuries of rapacity and oppression, of bloodshed and revolt and stern

reprisals. We cannot follow their wearisome years in detail. At last, the people awoke to a sense of their rights and their wrongs. The ferment of the French Revolution began to work in far-off and backward Colombia. The troubles of Spain in the Napoleonic wars gave the people their opportunity, and in 1808 the series of revolts began which, at last, under Bolívar, gave Colombia and the other republics their so-called freedom, or, at least transferred the location of their tyrants from Spain to their own shores, and gave them "grafters" of their own nation, instead of foreign oppressors, to batten on the national necessities.

The history of the last hundred years has been a history of revolutions, new constitutions, and the constant swinging of the pendulum from extreme republicanism to dictatorship, and back again, but often, at both extremes, with a set of rapacious and corrupt rulers in power. Presidents and cabinet officers, who have been personally honest and who have desired better things for Colombia, have been handicapped by lack of power to inaugurate reforms, by the inertness of the people, and by the desperate condition of the finances of the country.

Bolívar plunged the country hopelessly in debt at the very beginning of her independent national life, by recklessly borrowing money for his mercenary troops and for his navy. Dishonesty and continued reckless borrowing increased this debt, until it amounted to thirty-five millions of dollars. After the separation of Venezuela and Ecuador from Colombia, each country nominally assumed its proportionate part of the debt, which, in Colombia's case, has been repeatedly scaled down, and even the interest has scarcely been paid.

Yet, in spite of debts, bad government, and revolutions, Colombia remains a State great in territory and enormously rich in natural products. The gold it contains alone would make it rich, if intelligently mined and conserved. Along the river banks it is said you find "pay dirt" everywhere, and cannot wash the soil of these banks at any point without finding "color." Since the Spanish conquest, more than three quarters of a billion dollars' worth of the yellow metal have been taken out of Colombia, and the mines are still far from being exhausted.

Bogota, the capital, is a city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and is the literary and intellectual, as well as the political center of the country. It has an American-installed street railway and system of electric lights, and a library of fifty thousand volumes. The Spanish spoken in Bogota is said to be particularly pure, and she has contributed more perhaps to the literature of South America than any other one center.

The event in Colombian history of most interest to American readers was the last revolt of Panama, which separated that province from the rest of Colombia, and made it possible for the United States to dig the great canal. I have called it "the last revolt," for Panama has been in a chronic state of secession for hundreds of years. At times her connection with far-off and inaccessible Bogota was merely nominal; at other times she was held in absolute and rasping vassalage, which galled her spirits and tempted her to constant efforts to break away from Colombia. In 1885 "the very delegates who nominally represented her in the constitutional convention were residents of Bogota, appointed by President

Nunez; military rule became a permanent thing on the Isthmus; all officials were strangers sent from the Andean plateau; and the million dollars of taxes wrung each year from the people of Panama were spent in maintaining the soldiers who kept them in subjection."

One of the periodical revolts of Panama occurred in 1895, but it was premature and ill-managed, and was speedily put down by the Colombian troops. A much more formidable rebellion broke out in 1899 and resulted in a three years' civil war, in which thirty thousand men were slain. No wonder then that the Panamanians were all ready to take advantage of the hitch in negotiations between the United States and the Colombian Governments, when the corrupt officials at Bogota held out for more than the ten millions offered for the canal rights, and threatened to hinder, if not prevent, the eventual building of the canal through Panama.

Then came Panama's golden opportunity, and she seized it by declaring her independence. The new Republic of Panama was proclaimed November 3, 1903. All the resident inhabitants were practically in favor of the new republic, whose interests were entirely bound up with the canal. The prompt recognition of Panama by the United States, ten days later, and by France fifteen days later, prevented Colombia from repeating the bloody scenes of 1899–1902, and made it possible to build the canal, which will vastly promote the progress, unification, and civilization of the world.

IV

BRAZIL

HISTORICAL NOTE

Brazil was seen in 1500 by both Pinzon of Spain and Cabral of Portugal. As it was east of the Pope's "Line of Demarcation," it fell into the hands of Portugal, and a year later the Portuguese made a settlement on the island of São Vicente. Bahia, the early capital, was founded in 1549. In the Napoleonic days, the exiled royal family of Portugal fled to Brazil. In 1822, soon after their return, Brazil declared its independence, and crowned Dom Pedro, Prince Regent, as emperor. He was succeeded by his son, Dom Pedro II. He ruled wisely and with devotion to the country, but in 1889, discontent arose, a republic was proclaimed, and the emperor and his family were forced to leave Brazil within twenty-four hours. Since that time the country has remained a republic.

Brazil is larger than the territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, but contains less than one fifth as many inhabitants. The great need of the country is immigrants to develop the vast area of untilled land. There is scarcely a plant that will not grow somewhere within its boundaries, and with present methods of preventing tropical diseases, Brazil must soon become one of the great food-producing countries of the world.

THE DISCOVERY OF BRAZIL

[1500]

BY ROBERT GRANT WATSON

In the year 1499, Vicente Yañez Pinzon, of Palos, one of the three brothers who had sailed with Columbus in his first voyage seven years previously, obtained from the King of Castile the necessary permission to embark on an expedition of discovery on the Atlantic. Pinzon, who was accompanied by two nephews, as well as by several sailors who had sailed with Columbus, set out with four caravels from the port of Palos, putting to sea in the beginning of December. After passing the Canary and the Cape Verde Islands, the expedition proceeded to the southwest. Having sailed about three hundred leagues, they crossed the Equator, and lost sight of the North Star. On crossing the equinoctial line they encountered a terrible tempest; but the confused mariners looked in vain for a guide whereby to steer. Pinzon pursued his course resolutely to the west, and after sailing for about two hundred and forty leagues farther, being then in the eighth degree of southern latitude, he beheld, on the 20th of January, a point of land, which he called Consolacion, but which is now known as Cape St. Augustine, in the province of Pernambuco. The sea was discolored, and on sounding, they found sixteen fathoms of water. Pinzon, as in duty bound, landed with a notary and took formal possession of the territory for the crown of Castile. The natives whom he saw in

the neighborhood declined to have any dealings whatsoever with the strangers; and not liking their appearance, the commander made sail next day and stood to the northwest until he came to the mouth of a river, where he again encountered a multitude of naked Indians with whom his men had a desperate encounter, in which a number of Spaniards were wounded or slain. Discouraged by this reception, the navigator now stood forty leagues to the northwest, being once more near the equinoctial line. Here the water was so sweet that he replenished his casks from it.

Astonished at this phenomenon, he stood in for land, and arrived among a number of islands whose people he found hospitable and in no way afraid of intercourse with the strangers. By degrees Pinzon realized the fact that these islands lay at the mouth of an immense river, a river so great that its dimensions can scarcely be realized by one accustomed even to the largest of European streams, such as the Danube or the Volga, far less by one whose ideas of an inland stream were formed by the Guadalquiver. The mariner had in fact alighted at the mouth of the mightiest of the mighty streams of the New World, a river which pours into the ocean a greater volume of water than even the Mississippi or the Plata; he had reached the Amazon, a stream which, discovered at its mouth by one Spaniard, was, a few years later, to be traced throughout the greater part of its course down to the ocean by another Spaniard, the ill-fated Orellana.

The Amazon at its mouth has a breadth of no less than thirty leagues, the volume of water proceeding through which penetrates for forty leagues into the sea before

losing its sweetness. Whilst lying at the mouth of this river, Pinzon encountered a sudden swelling of the stream, which, meeting the current of the ocean, caused a rise of more than five fathoms, the mountain waves threatening his ships with destruction. Having extricated his vessels with no small difficulty from this danger, Pinzon, finding that there was no object to detain him in this region, showed that he was not less civilized than other Spanish navigators at the time in the matter of requiting hospitality, by carrying off thirty-six natives as slaves.

Having the polar star once more to guide him, the mariner pursued his course along the coast, passing the mouths of the Orinoco, and entering the Gulf of Paria, where he took in brazil-wood, and from which he emerged by the celebrated Voca del Drago. He subsequently reached Palos about the end of September of the same year, having lost two of his vessels at the Bahamas. Vicente Pinzon has the glory of having been the first European to cross the equinoctial line on the western Atlantic and of having discovered Brazil.

WHY BRAZIL BELONGED TO PORTUGAL

[1500]

BY THOMAS BONAVENTURE LAWLER

ALL the people of Europe believed that the voyages of Columbus had opened for Spain a westward route to the eagerly sought Spice Islands. As Vasco da Gama had given to Portugal an eastward route to these islands, it was probable that serious trouble might arise between the Portuguese and the Spaniards. At this time practically all the Christian nations were in communion with the Roman Catholic Church. Spain and Portugal, therefore, were glad to turn to the Supreme Pontiff, as head of the Church, to pass judgment on any disputed questions. As early as 1454 Portugal had asked Pope Nicholas V to confirm her title to the territory which the Portuguese had discovered along the coast of Africa. This request was granted. Later decrees of the Popes gave Portugal the title to all lands already found, or which should be found by them, not only from Morocco southward, but even to the Far East. By these decrees Portugal obtained the sole right to the water route around Africa to India.

Spain did not long delay in securing from the Supreme Pontiff title to her discoveries. Less than two months after the return of Columbus, Pope Alexander VI granted to Spain exclusive rights to the lands which she had just discovered. It was now more and more evident that there would soon be war between Spain and Portu-

gal, unless the disputes arising from their recent discoveries should be settled. Both of these nations were very anxious to avoid war. They therefore asked the Pope to mark the boundary between their territories. The Pope believed that the fairest method would be to give to Spain the lands to the west, and to Portugal those to the east. He therefore drew a line, called the "Line of Demarcation," from the North to the South Pole, one hundred leagues west of any one of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. It was supposed that these two groups of islands were on the same meridian.

This decision was acceptable to Portugal. She soon changed her mind, however, as she feared this division would forever shut her out from the New World across the Atlantic. She therefore asked to have the line moved farther westward, and with Spain's permission the line was drawn (June 7, 1494) three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. This change was a fortunate one for Portugal, since it gave her title to a part of South America, as we shall now see.

The Portuguese were at this time frequently sending vessels to India to fetch the silks, dyestuffs, and spices of the rich Eastern ports. Early in the year 1500, Cabral, a Portuguese nobleman, sailed with a splendid fleet of thirteen ships on the long journey to India. He planned to trade with the Oriental princes and to establish posts for commerce with India.

Cabral took with him rich presents to win the good will of the Eastern kings. Desiring to avoid the dangerous coast of Africa, he sailed farther westward than was usual. Without his knowing it, his vessels were carried by the great South Atlantic current to the west.

To his great surprise he saw, one April morning, land on the horizon.

Cabral called the newly discovered country Vera Cruz (True Cross), a name later changed to Santa Cruz (Holy Cross). The name Brazil, by which it is now known, was given to it from the dyewood, which is exported in large quantities to Europe.

If this land were to the east of the Line of Demarcation, it belonged, of course, to Portugal. Cabral believed this to be a fact, and he therefore set up a large cross, and claimed the country for his king. At the same time he sent back a vessel to Portugal with the glad news of his discovery. It was later found that the Line did run through this part of the New World, and for this reason Portugal secured Brazil. She held it for almost four hundred years, and the Portuguese language remains to this day the tongue of the people, while in nearly all the remainder of South America the Spanish language is spoken.

HOW KING JOHN VI CAME TO BRAZIL

[1808]

BY D. P. KIDDER AND J. C. FLETCHER

[In the days of the French Revolution, Portugal fell into the power of Napoleon. The Portuguese King, Dom John VI, could remain at home and in all probability lose his throne, or he could go on board the British squadron, sail to Brazil, and rule an enormous domain in South America. He chose the latter course.

The Editor.]

By a royal decree he [Dom John VI] announced his intention to retire to Rio de Janeiro until the conclusion of a general peace. The archives, the treasures, and the most precious effects of the Crown, were transferred to the Portuguese and English fleets; and on the 29th of November, 1807, accompanied by his family and a multitude of faithful followers, the prince regent took his departure amid the combined salvos of the cannon of Great Britain and of Portugal. That very day Marshal Junot thundered upon the heights of Lisbon, and the next morning took possession of the city. Early in January, 1808, the news of these surprising events reached Rio de Janeiro, and excited the most lively interest.

What the Brazilians had dreamed of only as a remote possible event was now suddenly to be realized. The royal family might be expected to arrive any day, and preparations for their reception occupied the attention of all. The viceroy's palace was immediately prepared,

and all the public offices in the Palace Square were vacated to accommodate the royal suite. These not being deemed sufficient, proprietors of private houses in the neighborhood were required to leave their residences and send in their keys to the viceroy.

Such were the sentiments of the people respecting the hospitality due to their distinguished guests, that nothing seems to have been withheld; while many, even of the less opulent families, voluntarily offered sums of money and objects of value to administer to their comfort.

The fleet having been scattered in a storm, the principal vessels had put into Bahia, where Dom John VI gave that *carta regia* which opened the ports of Brazil to the commerce of the world. At length all made a safe entry into the harbor of Rio, on the 7th of March, 1808. In the manifestations of joy upon this occasion, the houses were deserted and the hills were covered with spectators. Those who could procured boats and sailed out to meet the royal squadron. The prince, immediately after landing, proceeded to the cathedral, and publicly offered thanks for his safe arrival. The city was illuminated for nine successive evenings.

In order to form any idea of the changes that have occurred in Brazil during the last fifty years [1] it must be remarked that, up to the period now under consideration, all commerce and intercourse with foreigners had been rigidly prohibited by the narrow policy of Portugal. Vessels of nations allied to the mother country were occasionally permitted to come to anchor in the ports of this mammoth colony; but neither passengers nor crew

[1] This was written in 1857.

were allowed to land excepting under the superintendence of a guard of soldiers. The policy pursued by China and Japan was scarcely more strict and prohibitory.

To prevent all possibility of trade, foreign vessels — whether they had put in to repair damages or to procure provisions and water — immediately on their arrival were invested with a custom-house guard, and the time for their remaining was fixed by the authorities according to the supposed necessities of the case. As a consequence of these oppressive regulations, a people who were rich in gold and diamonds were unable to procure the essential implements of agriculture and of domestic convenience. A wealthy planter, who could display the most rich and massive plate at a festival, might not be able to furnish each of his guests with a knife at table. A single tumbler at the same time might be under the necessity of making repeated circuits through the company. The printing-press had not made its appearance. Books and learning were equally rare. The people were in every way made to feel their dependence; and the spirit of industry and enterprise were alike unknown.

On the arrival of the prince regent the ports were thrown open. A printing-press was introduced, and a "Royal Gazette" was published. Academies of medicine and the fine arts were established. The Royal Library, containing sixty thousand volumes of books, was opened for the free use of the public. Foreigners were invited, and embassies from England and France took up their residence at Rio de Janeiro.

From this period, decided improvements were made in the condition and aspect of the city. New streets and squares were added, and splendid residences were

arranged on the neighboring islands and hills, augmenting with the growth of the town, the picturesque beauties of the surrounding scenery. The sudden and continued influx of Portuguese and foreigners not only showed itself in the population of Rio, but extended inland, causing new ways of communication to be opened with the interior, new towns to be erected, and old ones to be improved. In fact, the whole face of the country underwent great and rapid changes.

The manners of the people also experienced a corresponding mutation. The fashions of Europe were introduced. From the seclusion and restraints of non-intercourse the people emerged into the festive ceremonies of a court, whose levees and gala-days drew together multitudes from all directions. In the mingled society which the capital now offered, the dust of retirement was brushed off, antiquated customs gave way, new ideas and modes of life were adopted, and these spread from circle to circle and from town to town.

Business assumed an aspect equally changed. Foreign commercial houses were opened, and foreign artisans established themselves in Rio and other cities.

This country could no longer remain a colony. A decree was promulgated in December, 1815, declaring it elevated to the dignity of a kingdom, and hereafter to form an integral part of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Algarves, and Brazil. It is scarcely possible to imagine the enthusiasm awakened by this unlooked-for change throughout the vast extent of Portuguese America. Messengers were dispatched to bear the news, which was hailed with spontaneous illuminations from the La Plata to the Amazon.

DOM PEDRO II, THE EXILED EMPEROR

[1889]

BY MARIE ROBINSON WRIGHT

Dom Pedro held a meeting of his ministers and councilors of State. He endeavored to form a new ministry, with Saraiva at the head, but Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca objected to this, and sent the following message to the emperor: "The democratic sentiments of the nation, combined with resentment at the systematic repressive measures of the Government against the army and navy, and the spoliation of their rights, have brought about the revolution. In the face of this situation, the presence of the imperial family is impossible. Yielding, therefore, to the exigencies of the national voice, the Provisional Government is compelled to request you to depart from Brazilian territory with your family within twenty-four hours. The Government will provide at its own expense the proper means for transport, and will afford protection for the imperial family during their embarkation. The Government will also continue the imperial dowry fixed by law until the constituted Assembly decides thereon. The country expects that you will know how to imitate the example set by the first Emperor of Brazil on April 7, 1831."

Dom Pedro's answer to this communication, which was promptly sent to Fonseca on the same day, was as

follows: "Yielding to the imperiousness of circumstances, I have resolved to set out with my family to-morrow for Europe, leaving this country, so dear to us all, and to which I have endeavored to give constant proofs of deep love during the nearly half a century in which I have discharged the office of chief of State. While thus leaving with my whole family, I shall ever retain for Brazil the most heartfelt affection and ardent good wishes for her prosperity."

On the same day, the Condessa d'Eu, Princess Isabel, issued the following manifesto: "With a broken heart I part from my friends, from the whole people of Brazil, and from my country, which I have so loved and still do love, toward whose happiness I have done my best to contribute, and for which I shall ever entertain the most ardent good wishes."

The Conde d'Eu, husband of Isabel, wrote to the Minister of War, resigning command of the artillery, and requesting leave to go abroad, adding that he had loyally served Brazil, and that but for the circumstances which obliged him to quit the country, he "would be ready to serve it under any form of government."

At two o'clock in the morning of the following day, General Deodoro sent one of his officers and a detachment of soldiers with orders to the imperial family to embark forthwith, it being deemed unadvisable to wait until daylight lest some demonstration in the streets might lead to bloodshed. The Crown Princess Isabel, the Conde d'Eu, and their children walked to the quay, which was but a short distance from the palace, followed immediately by the emperor and empress in a carriage

guarded by troops. The party embarked on a steam launch, and were taken on board a man-of-war which conveyed them to Ilha Grande (the present quarantine station, about sixty miles from the capital), where they remained until the afternoon, when they were transferred to the steamship Alagoas, accompanied by two lieutenants of the navy commissioned to see that the steamer went direct to Lisbon. The Alagoas was also convoyed a part of the way by the Brazilian ironclad Riochuelo.

The first official notification of the revolution received abroad was sent to the Brazilian Legation in London, and read as follows: —

BRAZILIAN MINISTER, LONDON: —

The Government is constituted as the "Republic of the United States of Brazil," the monarchy is deposed, and the imperial family have left the country. Tranquillity and general satisfaction prevail. The executive power is entrusted to a Provisional Government, whose head is Marshal Deodoro, with myself as Finance Minister. The Republic respects all engagements, obligations, and contracts of the State.

RUY BARBOSA,

Finance Minister.

It is a remarkable fact, and without a parallel in history, that within a few days after the proclamation of the Republic there was little to indicate, from the general appearance of things, that the Empire had ever existed. The London "Times," in an editorial commenting on the event, said: "The Brazilian Revolution

has been carried out with a sobriety, a coolness, an attention to detail, and a general finish about all the arrangements, which in all the circumstances of the case are really remarkable." The "Fortnightly Review" remarked: "The leaders of the revolution did nothing more than peacefully enact a change upon which the heart of the country had long been set."

In the carrying-out of their programme, the republicans showed no animosity toward the old emperor, for whom, personally, there was a general feeling of regard. Their quarrel was not with the gentle scholar who represented in his person the monarchical government, but with the system itself and the constituted authorities who had abused its powers. Dom Pedro II was a man of many good qualities, a student, and a lover of science. Agassiz once said of him: "Alas! Dom Pedro is a most unfortunate man; for, if he were not an emperor, he would be a scientist." An impartial biographer describes him as "not a man born to rule millions." Art, engineering, classical lore, nothing came amiss to him, and he talked equally well on all subjects, albeit he was inclined to push scholarship to pedantry. He was refined and courtly in manner, and scrupulously careful to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of others. He never refused to visit a school, a hospital, or institution of any kind; he was in his element in any international exhibition, equally interested in every department. He gave foreigners of culture a cordial welcome to his court whatever might be their social position; and he never, to the day of his death, ceased to puzzle over the problem as to why every Brazilian had not tastes similar to his own. He was not without a sense of humor, as

shown in his remark to the expert who was explaining the working of a big wheel in a factory exhibit in England: "One thousand revolutions a minute, you say? Why, that beats South America!"

AN AMERICAN COLONY IN BRAZIL

[1910]

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

In traveling over Brazil I frequently met with American young men and women who informed me that they came from the Villa Americana. So often did that name reach my ears that I decided to visit this place, and see for myself what kind of a settlement it was, and how these voluntarily expatriated fellow countrymen lived in this land so different from our own. It is a journey of about two hours from Campinas on the Paulista Railway.

But first let me tell you the history of this colony. At the close of the Civil War many Southern families, whose plantations had been devastated by the Northern armies, felt that they could not live again under the old flag. Proud-spirited and unconquered, these brave Southern veterans who had marched with Stonewall Jackson, and the Lees and Johnstons, decided that they would leave the land that had given them birth, and seek fortunes anew in a new land, and amidst new surroundings. Brazil appealed to the leaders in this movement because the plantation system was similar to that under which they had been raised, and slavery was legal in that land, which was still an empire. A few men went as an advance guard and selected a site about one hundred miles northwest of the city of São Paulo. A favorable report was made to those still back in the States, and it was not long before several hundred families had

left their Southern homes, and were making new homes underneath the Southern Cross. In all it is estimated that at least five hundred American families located in that section of the State of São Paulo, Brazil, between the years 1865 and 1870. They came from Texas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and perhaps one or two other of the seceding States.

As I stepped off the *rapido*, as the express train is called down there, the name Villa Americana, which means American Village, on the neat little station struck a sympathetic chord in my heart. It seemed good also to see a number of tall, slender men, typical Southern types, such as one might see at almost any station in Tennessee or Georgia, standing on the platform awaiting the incoming train. One member of the colony, who was in the government employ, was with me and performed the introductions necessary. "How do you do," "Glad to see you," "Come around and see me," and similar cordial expressions came from every one. And the best of it is that they were sincere, and not the empty, meaningless expressions so often heard. It was a pleasure to accept several of these invitations, as many as my limited time allowed.

On entering the home of perhaps the most prosperous member of this colony, I felt like standing at "attention," and giving a salute when I saw the silk starred and striped banner of Uncle Sam fastened up on the wall of the "best room." The house itself, with its large hall, roomy apartments, and broad veranda surrounding the house, looked like one of the plantation houses so common in the South. This man had a large family of children, all of whom, with one exception, had been

educated in the schools of the United States, and two boys were at that time in one of our colleges. About the whole house was an American atmosphere that warmed the very heart's blood in a traveler so far away from home. And so it was in the other houses I visited; in every one was the same cordiality, the same pleasure at seeing some one from the "States," and the same loyalty to everything American. In some of the younger members one could detect a slight accent in speaking English, which is always noticeable when children learn a Latin tongue in their babyhood. The older ones said that these young people speak the Portuguese with a similar foreign accent. The young ladies of the American colony, and there are a number of them, were typical American girls, bright, cheery, and free as their sisters at home, and so different from the Brazilian young women among whom they live, and who are so hampered by the customs and traditions of the race. We took a "trolley" ride over the settlement, but it is rather different from the American trolley, for it is nothing more than an old-fashioned buckboard.

Many of the original members of the colony became dissatisfied, and returned to their former homes. There are, however, four or five hundred Americans still living in this colony, or within a radius of a few miles. A few have moved to other parts of Brazil, and others have intermarried with Brazilians; but, in general, they have remained true to their Americanism. Some of the original families purchased slaves and worked their plantations in that way, until that institution was abolished in 1888. A few have prospered very much, but many others have done just fairly well. One of the wealthiest

men made his little fortune out of watermelons. Others have sugar plantations and make brandy, or raise coffee; and still others do general farming, similar to what they were accustomed in the Southern States. A Protestant church, called the Union Church, adorns one hill, and a schoolhouse in a conspicuous building is in another part of the village.

Some one had told me that the war was a tabooed subject; that the few older members still left were fighting the battles over. When I met the oldest member of the colony, who had left the United States in 1865, the impulse came to test this subject. I mentioned the fact that my own father had served in the Union army and fought for his country on that side. This old man, who was past the allotted threescore and ten, and who had fought with that intrepid warrior, Stonewall Jackson, then told me the whole history of the colony, and the causes that led to its establishment. "It was a mistake," he said, "but we did not realize it then, and afterwards it was too late to sacrifice what we had here and move back. We still love the old flag." When I left, he gave me the Brazilian embrace as a special mark of favor; and I verily believe that I left a good friend in this old man who had the traits that we all love in the Southern gentleman.

When Senator Root, then Secretary of State, visited Brazil four years ago,[1] a new station was named Elihu Root in his honor on the Paulista Railway, and this name stands out conspicuously on every time-table of that line. The special train conveying him passed through the Villa Americana, and he was asked to stop

[1] This was written in 1910.

and address the Americans. When the train stopped, many of the older residents met him with tears in their eyes; and, I was told, the eyes of the distinguished American were not dry; and he has said that it was the most pathetic incident in his trip. He was asked whether it would be better for the colony to remain in Brazil or return to the United States. "Stay where you are," he said, "and be good Brazilians. You will find the States so changed that they would no longer seem like home."

The Secretary was right. A few months before my visit one of the prosperous members of the colony went, with his family, to his old home in Texas, with the intention of remaining there. He left his property in the hands of an agent for sale. A few weeks after his arrival in Texas he cabled to his agent not to sell the property, as he was coming back. In a few months he and his family returned to the Villa, giving as his reason that the old neighborhood had changed so much that it did not seem so much like home as Brazil.

The members of this colony are now Brazilian subjects, the younger ones because of their birth in that land, and the older ones by virtue of a general proclamation. Few of them actually take any part in the politics of the land. All of them, of course, speak the Portuguese language, but use the English in their homes. They are still Americans at heart.

V

PARAGUAY AND URUGUAY

HISTORICAL NOTE

The most interesting part of the history of Paraguay is the tale of the dominion of the Jesuit missionaries, whose rule lasted from 1609 to 1768. They established missions, or "reductions," where they not only gave the Indians religious instruction, but also taught their converts civilization and morality and the manner of carrying on various trades. At the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1768 there were four hundred thousand natives in these missions.

Paraguay declared its independence in 1811, but for many years was under the control of dictators. One of these, Carlos Lopez, died in 1862, and was succeeded by his son, Francisco Solano Lopez, who schemed to seize parts of Brazil, Bolivia, and Argentina. A desperate war followed. Lopez, infuriated by his lack of success, accused of conspiracy not only some of his civil officers, but also members of the foreign legations. Among these was the American Minister, Charles A. Washburn, together with two of his official family. These last two were subjected to torture and their lives were saved only by the timely arrival of an American squadron. Lopez executed his own brother and sister, and had his mother flogged again and again. Finally, in 1870, he was slain by the Brazilians, and his country breathed freely once more. The later history of the country has been uneventful.

The early history of Uruguay, from its discovery and first colonization to the nineteenth century, is hardly more than a series of struggles between Spaniards and Portuguese. Spain won the prize, but in 1811 the little country declared its independence and in 1814 accepted the rule of the Protector Artigas. But peace is rarely of long duration in South America, and soon the little State, much smaller than Nebraska, was annexed to Brazil. A little later it again became independent and a full-fledged republic. In 1864 an alliance was formed with Brazil and Argentina against Lopez. Change followed change, but the country is rich, and it may be hoped that a future of quiet as well as of prosperity lies before it.

LIFE AT A PARAGUAYAN "REDUCTION"

BY MRS. MARION G. MULHALL

[THE following extract describes the everyday life of one of these mission centers.

The Editor.]

EACH mission was laid out in chessboard fashion, in blocks, the streets intersecting each other at right angles. The huts were of sun-dried bricks, with tile roofs, the only structures of note being the church and college, which formed two sides of the plaza, or principal square. The college, or residence of the fathers, of whom there were two in every mission, was of massive proportions, in the shape of a quadrangle, with corridors on each side as a shelter from the sun, but so devoid of luxury that the windows had wooden shutters instead of glass. The workshops were generally two hundred feet in length, with all the necessary appliances for blacksmiths, carpenters, stone-cutters, and such-like trades. Each mission had also a granary, an armory, and a town hall for the use of the alcaldes. The high moral character of the Jesuits tended in a great measure to their influence over the natives, with whose temporal affairs they seemed to meddle as little as possible. The alcaldes managed all the municipal matters, subject, of course, to the orders of the *cura*, who acted as governor and administered all public works. The second father was styled *teniente*, and attended solely to spiritual concerns. Austerity formed no part of the Jesuit

system, which was rather of an easy character, to suit the simple natives, while the habits of order and discipline were on a military footing. Everything that regarded the public interests was conducted with the utmost formality, and the church feasts and ceremonies were of a brilliant and impressive nature.

The Jesuits remained mostly in their schools and workshops, being seldom seen in public unless on great occasions, or in church, surrounded by a number of acolytes, in rich vestments. Their only recreation was to cultivate a garden attached to the college, in which all the fruits and vegetables of Europe or the tropics might be found.

All clothing was made by the women, who were not allowed to work in the fields, but received, each week, eighteen ounces of cotton to spin. The men wore white trousers, and a shirt and cap, besides a poncho on festivals; the women, a species of toga and petticoat fastened with a belt. All went barefoot, no one but the fathers wearing shoes, and all were equal, having the same food and clothing. Widows, orphans, and persons too old to work, were supported by the rest, the fruits of all labors being in common, and laid up in storehouses, to be given out as required. Maize and mandioca were the staple food, with rations of beef three times a week. At first the Guaranis were prone to drunkenness, but this was cured by penances; and no pains were spared to cultivate among them a taste for music, dancing, and feats of skill in horsemanship or the use of arms.

Every morning, about sunrise, the church bell summoned the people to mass, after which there was an hour for breakfast. Then the day's labors commenced, the

artisans and apprentices betaking themselves to their various trades in the workshops, while the rest of the male population went out to field labors. A band of music always led the way, the rest following in procession, carrying the statue of some saint, which they deposited under a shade while they performed their work; they rested during the heat of the day, afterwards working for a couple of hours, and then a procession was again formed, marching back, with sound of music as before, to the mission.

The amount of labor was indeed light, but we must remember, not only the heat of the climate, but also that the physical type of the Guarani race was by no means robust, or capable of sustained exertion. Feast-days were very numerous, averaging six or eight per month, besides Sundays, and on such days of repose the afternoon was spent in all manner of innocent amusements; sometimes a concert of select airs from the Italian masters, sometimes a variety of dances or athletic sports. Women never danced, but boys were trained to represent charades, and men performed war-dances that were doubtless handed down from their ancestors. Sham-fights and other martial exercises were also frequent, including archery and musketry practice. The consumption of powder was considerable, but it was mostly for fireworks, of which the Indians were extremely fond, and each mission usually made enough for its own consumption.

As the Jesuits particularly cultivated a sentiment of loyalty to the Spanish throne, one of the grandest fêtes in the year was the king's birthday. On the day preceding it, a procession was formed to convey the king's

full-length portrait from the armory to the church, a band of drums and violins leading the way, and the Indians rending the air with cries of "Viva el Rey, nuestro Señor," as they placed the picture in the portico of the church. Dances and "running the ring" on horseback ensued till sunset, when the picture was carried back with the same solemnity to the armory, for the night. Next morning, at daybreak, the bells rang out a merry peal, and the festival began with the procession of the king's portrait, in which all the inhabitants took part, as well as in a grand *Te Deum*, sung by a powerful choir under the direction of the fathers. After the church festivities, there was horse-racing, the horses carrying bells, and the riders performing a variety of feats of agility. In the afternoon long tables were spread, and as soon as the dishes were blessed by the Jesuits, the inhabitants sat down to a banquet. The whole concluded with illuminations and fireworks. On such a festival as this, the alcaldes and other municipal officers had scarfs and maces, although they went barefoot like the rest.

St. Michael being the general patron of *misiones*, his feast-day was celebrated with great pomp, but each mission had also its own saint's day, and celebrated likewise the saint's day of the father who acted as governor. On the occasion of a local fête of the latter kind it was customary to invite the Jesuits and alcaldes of other missions near. Scouts were posted at certain distances to announce by a *feu-de-joie* the approach of the expected guests, who were received with the utmost distinction, and conducted to the college amid the joyful acclamations of the villagers and the inevitable dis-

charge of rockets and mortars. But the greatest festival in the year was Corpus Christi, the principal feature being the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The plaza in front of the church was fitted up in a most tasteful manner for the occasion: on each of the four sides was an avenue formed of green branches, with an altar at each corner. As the procession issued from the church the band appeared, playing joyful music, to which the church bells pealed in unison. Then came a long train of cross-bearers, acolytes bearing tapers or swinging vessels full of incense, and lastly the alcaldes supporting the "baldacchino" or awning, under which walked the priest carrying the Most Holy Sacrament, followed by a large crowd of men and women. Boys danced before the "baldacchino" as it proceeded around the plaza, while others threw on the ground roasted maize, which looked like flowers. At each of the four altars already mentioned the priest halted to bless the seeds, vegetables, and other products. An eyewitness has left a vivid account of the impression produced on him at seeing trophies of grain, clothing, pottery, etc., set up in the plaza for benediction. All manner of church ceremonies and public festivals had a particular charm for the Indians.

> "Nor lacked they store of innocent delight,
> Music and song, and dance and proud array,
> Banners and pageantry in rich display,
> The altar drest, the church with garlands hung,
> Arches and floral bowers beside the way,
> And festal tables spread for old and young."

THE ESCAPE OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER FROM PARAGUAY

[1868]

BY CHARLES A. WASHBURN

Though I repeatedly reminded Caminos that we were ready to depart; that, our baggage having gone aboard, we were very uncomfortable in the house, and that I had no further business to detain me, yet I received no notice that the Paraguayan steamer was prepared to take me on board. I now observed that the guards about my house were very much strengthened, and as the darkness shut down on the evening of the 8th I saw that soldiers were posted around the house at a distance of about two rods from each other. The object of this I could not understand at the time, but regarded it as an indication that something of a very disagreeable nature would soon occur. But a letter which I received from Commander Kirkland the next day, September 8, explained why this extra precaution had been taken. The letter was dated near Lambaré, a point less than two leagues from the capital, and it appeared as though Lopez was afraid that an attempt would be made to rescue us all by force. However, the Wasp[1] did not come any higher up, and remained only a few hours at that place, when she returned and anchored opposite Villeta. She had only moved higher up in order to be

[1] The American vessel which had been sent, under Commander Kirkland, to bring home Mr. Washburn.

out of the way of the shots from the Brazilian vessels that were bombarding the Paraguayan fortifications at Villeta. Supposing that the Wasp was still at Lambaré, my poor wife, who by this time was getting more alarmed than ever, urged that we should start on horseback and leave everything behind us. But she little knew the difficulties which we should have to encounter. I knew that if Lopez was determined to detain us we should not escape in any such way, and that if he did allow us to leave he would furnish us with such facilities that he could parade his magnanimity as a signal proof of his respect for the laws of nations, and his consideration especially for the United States.

[One excuse after another was made for delaying permission for Mr. Washburn's departure. One was that it rained, and so it was not convenient to have his baggage carried to the vessel! After all possible excuses had been exhausted, he was at last notified that he might leave.]

At eleven o'clock we started from the house; and as we left, our poor Paraguayan servants seemed abandoned to despair. I would gladly have taken them all, and so I told Basilio; but he said it would be worse than useless for me to try to take him away, as he would not be allowed to go, and I had better not claim him as belonging to my Legation. He begged me, if I ever returned to Paraguay, to inquire for him and of his fate. He feared that he would be sent to this Antonio Jara, and subjected to the most cruel treatment. I told him he would doubtless be taken as a soldier, but I hoped nothing worse than that would come upon him. He said that was nothing, he was willing to go as a soldier,

but that it was the flogging and the torture that he dreaded. What became of him I have never learned.

That day, very early in the morning, the house had been surrounded by a large force of police and soldiers. Directly in front were standing all the time as many as twenty persons, two or three mounted; and at each corner there were eight or ten more. I again told Bliss and Masterman that they had my free permission to say anything about me that could save them from torture or prolong their lives. I said to them substantially these words: "We have all seen how Carreras, Rodriguez, Berges, Benigno, and the others who have been taken, have made declarations against us all that are entirely false, that have no foundation whatever. We know that the declarations which have been given in the letters of Benitez as coming from them were never made by them, or that, if they were made, they must have been previously subjected to the most terrible tortures. That there is not a particle of truth in them we all know. You will be taken, very likely, and tortured until you will corroborate what they have said. Now you have my permission to say anything against me; you will not hesitate to save yourselves by admitting everything true or false which you may find Lopez is determined you shall admit. You may accuse me, if you can save your lives by it, of any crime you can imagine; you may charge me with sorcery, or stealing sheep, or anything else. Nobody will believe it in Paraguay, and certainly nobody will believe it outside of Paraguay. It can do me no harm; and if your declarations should ever be published, they will prove to the world what an infamous wretch Lopez is, for everybody will know that any decla-

rations of that kind must have been extorted by torture or the fear of torture." Bliss and Masterman were convinced that they would be arrested as soon as they stepped beyond the precincts of the Legation. We conversed as to the order in which we should leave. At one time it was suggested that they should remain in the house, and claim that they were still in the Legation if Lopez's soldiers should enter to take them. This, however, was thought to be not the most prudent course to take, but that they should accompany me as far as they were permitted to, and never leave me unless taken by force. The French and Italian consuls had come to accompany me from the house to the steamer, and Bliss and Masterman bade us all good-bye. They had, indeed, little hope that they would ever meet any of us again. Possibly, if I got away, something would come to their relief ere they had been put out of the world.

[The two men were correct in their forebodings, for they had no sooner left the house than they were seized by the officers of Lopez.]

They were gone, taken from me by force, and within three feet of my own house. Could I yet save them? There was but one way. A Quixotic attempt to rescue them by my single arm might involve me in their destruction, but could not help them. They had begged me to do nothing to still further enrage Lopez until I was beyond his power. I therefore moved on towards the river in company with the consuls, and with my family, that were anxiously waiting for me on the bank, went on board the steamer. The consuls then left us and re-

turned to town. At this time they were in great anxiety in regard to themselves. The Frenchman was particularly anxious, as he told me before we left the house that his chancellor had been already accused, and would be very likely arrested, and that as for himself it was very probable he would have fetters upon his ankles before night.

We were now aboard the steamer, and I impatiently awaited the moment when she should cast off; but every moment seemed an hour. I still had great apprehensions that I should be detained, and I believed that Masterman's baggage would be the pretext for so doing. In the mean while a number of peons came from the arsenal to the boat, bringing on board some heavy boxes containing the money of the Englishmen which had been withdrawn some days before from my Legation. With them came Mr. Hunter, an Englishman and the head man of the arsenal. I had not seen him to speak with him since some weeks before, when I had met him in the street and he had told me that he was afraid to speak to me. On this occasion he came on board, and the only sentence he said to me in English was to request me to talk to him in Spanish. I had hoped to learn from him something of the fate of his countrymen who had been at my house and had left it some two months before, but I saw the danger he was in, and that it would not do for him to say anything to me which the spies of Lopez could not understand and report. Therefore I only talked with him in Spanish, and of the most commonplace matters, but could learn nothing of the condition of others for whose welfare I felt the keenest anxiety. But when this money had come on board it was clear

that we should finally get off; and yet never was order so welcome to my ears as that which was given to the engineer of the boat, about an hour after, to get under way. It was about two o'clock when we started, and I was expecting to find the Wasp lying near Lambaré, and I watched, as the boat rounded the point, with straining eyes, to catch a glimpse of the Star-Spangled Banner. But we passed Lambaré, and went on and on, and no sight of the Wasp; and then again I began to suspect that there was treachery, and that we were all to be taken to headquarters to be subjected to I knew not what. In about two hours or a little more after leaving Asuncion we came in sight of Villeta, and there lay the Wasp in front, with her flag flaunting in the breeze. I now realized that our dangers were passed; and yet it was not till we had come to anchor, and I saw my wife and child in the gig of the Wasp, and took my seat beside them, that I could believe that Lopez had consented to forego the pleasure of seeing me brought before his "solemn tribunal."

A VISIT TO ARTIGAS

[About 1815]

BY W. H. KOEBEL

[Fernando José Artigas became prominent in the Revolution of 1810. He was too independent to follow any leader, and was soon outlawed. He then raised a force of gauchos (cattle-drivers), and seized Paraguay. For five or six years he was dictator of the State; but, in 1820, Francia overcame him and exiled him to Candelaria.

The Editor.]

J. P. Robertson, an English chronicler of the period, gives an interesting account of a meeting with Artigas. Assaulted and robbed by a band of the noted chief's adherents, he boldly set out for Purificacion to claim redress. His words deserve quotation at some length. "I came to the Protector's headquarters," he says, "of the so-called town of Purificacion. And there (I pray you do not turn skeptic on my hands) what do you think I saw? Why, the most excellent Protector of half the New World, seated on a bullock's skull, at a fire kindled on the mud floor of his hut, eating beef off a spit, and drinking gin out of a cow-horn! He was surrounded by a dozen officers in weather-beaten attire, in similar positions, and similarly occupied with their chief. All were smoking, all gabbling. The Protector was dictating to two secretaries, who occupied, at one deal table, the only two dilapidated rush-bottom chairs in the hovel. To complete the singular incongruity of the scene, the floor

of the one apartment of the mud hut (to be sure it was a pretty large one) in which the general, his staff, and secretaries were assembled, was strewn with pompous envelopes from all the provinces (some of them distant some one thousand and five hundred miles from that center of operations) addressed to 'His Excellency the Protector.' At the door stood the reeking horses of couriers arriving every half-hour, and the fresh ones of those departing as often. . . . His Excellency the Protector, seated on his bullock's skull, smoking, eating, drinking, talking, dispatched in succession the various matters brought under his notice with that calm, or deliberate, but uninterrupted nonchalance, which brought most practically home to me the truth of the axiom, 'Stop a little that we may get on the faster.' . . . He received me, not only with cordiality, but with what surprised me more, comparatively gentlemanlike manners, and really good breeding. . . . The Protector's business was prolonged from morning till evening, and so were his meals; for, as one courier arrived another was dispatched, and as one officer rose up from the fire at which the meat was spitted, another took his place."

The general politely took his visitor the round of his hide huts and mud hovels, where the horses stood saddled and bridled day and night, and where the tattered soldiery waited in readiness for the emergencies that arose so frequently. When Robertson submitted his financial claim, Artigas remained as amiable as before. "'You see,' said the general with great candor and nonchalance, 'how we live here; and it is as much as we can do, in these hard times, to compass beef, aguardiente, and cigars. To pay you six thousand dollars just now is as

much beyond my power as it would be to pay you sixty thousand or six hundred thousand. Look here,' said he, and so saying, he lifted up the lid of an old military chest, and pointed to a canvas bag at the bottom of it. 'There,' he continued, 'is my whole stock of cash; it amounts to three hundred dollars; and where the next supply is to come from I am as little aware as you are.'" Notwithstanding this, Robertson then and there obtained some trading concessions that, he says, repaid him the amount of his claim many times over.

Surely this picture reveals Artigas more truly than all the long-winded polemics that have raged about the famous Uruguayan. It is given by one whose sympathies were against the aims of the gaucho chief, and who has proved himself no lenient critic. Yet the description fits no mere cut-throat and plunderer. On the contrary, it reveals a virile personality, a thinker and worker of a disposition that goes far to explain the adoration accorded him by his troops. Artigas, at the hands of the visitor who had sufficient cause for his ridicule, comes to light as a *man* — contemptuous of poverty, misery, and sordid surroundings so long as his goal remained as clear and distinct as it ever was to his sight.

The picture is not without its pathetic side. It shows Artigas in the heyday of his power, yet even then hard put to it to supply his men with clothes and the common necessities of life. Imagine the calm force and philosophy of a being capable of governing more than a third of a million of square miles of territory with the assistance of a treasure of three hundred dollars! Nevertheless, these *opera-bouffe* conditions represented the highest point of material prosperity to which Artigas ever

attained. For five years he ruled thus, grappling desperately with the invading Brazilian armies, and resisting the efforts of the Buenos Aires forces to regain control of the four Argentine provinces that had espoused his cause.

URUGUAY AND THE URUGUAYANS

[Twentieth century]

BY FRANCIS E. CLARK

As one sails down the great muddy estuary called the River Plate, he sees, near the place where it debouches into the Atlantic Ocean, a small rise of ground which almost anywhere else would escape observation. Here, however, with perfectly flat shores all about and prairies extending back for hundreds of miles, the one solitary hill assumes an impressiveness out of all proportion to its size. The eye has been so long accustomed to monotonous levels that it hails Cerrito as an alpine wonder. Some old prints represent it as a veritable Mont Blanc, dominating the little city that nestles at its base.

It evidently appealed to the imagination of Ferdinand Magellan, as he sailed by this coast on his great and momentous voyage around the world, for he cried out, "I see a mountain," — "Montevideo." This was on the 15th of January, 1520, and since then every one who has pronounced the name of the capital of Uruguay has said the same, "I see a mountain," for that, of course, is what the name means. Around this famous hill history has been busy ever since, for Montevideo is Uruguay in a more emphatic way than Paris is France or Buenos Aires is the Argentine.

In reading the story of Uruguayan history one is in

doubt whether it savors more of comedy or tragedy, the questions at issue seem so trivial, the results of the conflict so bloody, and the stage so small as compared with the world's larger conflicts. The tragic element prevails, however, for the causes of the innumerable wars were very real and very important to the people who took part in them, since men do not bleed and die for what they regard as of no consequence.

Another wonderful thing that strikes the student of Uruguayan history is the rapid recuperation of the country after the most disastrous foreign and civil wars. One year we read of the country pillaged, the city of Montevideo bombarded and sacked, thousands of the able-bodied men killed in war, and other thousands self-exiled because of the defeat of their party. The next year we read of a great increase in population, wealth, and governmental revenues, and of unlimited borrowing for internal improvements.

The fact is that Uruguay, in spite of her limited territory and population, is so rich in available resources, chiefly cattle and sheep, and has such a commanding and strategic situation on the Atlantic Coast that she cannot be kept down either by her own foolish fights or by foreign foes. She is said to have averaged a revolution every two years for three quarters of a century, and yet, though each revolution sets her back a twelvemonth or so, in the remaining peaceful twelvemonth she regains the population and wealth she lost and distinctly forges ahead.

For a long time her history was wrapped up with that of her powerful neighbors, Brazil on the north and Argentina on the south. She was embroiled in all their

wars, as well as her own, and was alternately ruled by one or the other.

General Don José Gervasio Artigas is considered the founder of the Uruguayan nation, though he was never chosen to office by the people and was disastrously defeated and driven into exile by the Brazilians; an exile in which he spent the last thirty years of his life. He was little more than a guerrilla chief, "who for twenty-five years kept the soil of Uruguay and of the Argentine Mesopotamia soaked in blood." But he awakened national aspirations in the hearts of the people, and for this reason he has been canonized as a national hero, and his body buried in state in Montevideo.

It was my fortune to be in Montevideo on the 19th of April, an anniversary day familiar to a Massachusetts man, when I found the banks and shops closed, and the city wearing a general holiday air. It could not be, I thought, that six thousand miles away they were celebrating the Concord fight and the battle of Lexington, and I was soon informed that it was the anniversary of the "Landing of the Thirty-three"; a day as religiously observed in Uruguay as the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims in New England.

And who were the famous "Thirty-three"? Merely a band of adventurers who, on the 19th of April, 1825, landed on the shores of a river in the southwestern corner of the country. Uruguay was then under the domination of Brazil, and the people in town and country were restive under her sway. The famous Thirty-three soon rallied to their standard practically all the people. Even the soldiers who were in the pay of the Brazilian government refused to fight their compatriots, their

officers deserted to the enemy, and soon, in spite of desperate efforts on the part of Brazil, Uruguay was free and independent.

Argentina favored her cause; the intrepid Irish admiral, William Brown, battered the Brazilian fleet at sea, and in 1828 Brazil as well as Argentina gave up its claims to Uruguay and guaranteed her independence for five years.

But the distracted little country was not to enjoy a prolonged peace, for in 1832 a civil war broke out, which, with certain periodic breathing spells, may be considered to have lasted ever since. At least the revolutions have been so numerous that they cannot be individually recorded in a short chapter of history, and few of these revolutions have been altogether bloodless.

During the later years of the nineteenth century, however, they lost much of their ferocious character, and were little more than political overturnings, when the outs struggled to get in, and the ins fought to stay in. The "Blancos," the aristocratic conservative party, was always opposed by the "Colorados," the democratic liberal party recruited largely from the common people and the cowboys of the plains, and in the end the Blancos were defeated and liberal ideas prevailed.

In spite of these disturbances, political, martial, and commercial, the country grew in wealth and population, and improved every breathing spell from war to take an advance step in prosperity. By 1890 the immigration to Uruguay had run up to twenty thousand a year, and the population had increased to seven hundred thousand, a gain of more than one hundred per cent in twelve years. In 1897, President Borda was assassinated

in the streets of Montevideo, while marching at the head of a religious procession. A grocer's clerk was seen to walk deliberately up to him, press a pistol against his white shirt-front and fire point-blank. Of course the president fell, and he was buried without a post-mortem examination. When the grocer's clerk, who was arrested red-handed, came to be tried for his life, his lawyer pleaded that, according to Uruguayan law, a post-mortem examination was necessary to prove whether the president died from fright, heart disease, or a pistol shot, so his client could not be convicted. The jury, strange to say, took the lawyer's view of the case, and condemned the assassin to two years' imprisonment for "insulting the president"; — an insult with a vengeance, indeed! A Philadelphia lawyer could not have made a more ingenious plea, or one of our own Tammany juries executed a worse travesty on justice.

Montevideo strikes the tourist, fresh from the stir and bustle of mighty Buenos Aires, as rather a sleepy old town and as somewhat commonplace if he comes from the north, with the glories of beautiful Rio in his eyes. But its inhabitants are never tired of praising it for its situation, its climate, and its sedate business ways, which, I have been assured more than once, are far superior to the greed for the almighty dollar evinced in Buenos Aires and Rio, and preëminently in the United States.

The city has a substantial, Old-World appearance, and when the new electric street cars supplant all the old mule cars, as they very likely will do before this book is printed, one great want of easy communication will be supplied. There are some fine residences in the outskirts

of the city, with beautiful gardens in which every sub-tropical plant will grow, and the sea which surrounds the city on every side but one, brings salubrious breezes and bathing privileges to all; a boon which the Buenos Aireans appreciate, for they flock hither in large numbers every summer for their health. Large steamers, compared by one over-partial writer to the Fall River boats between Boston and New York, join the two cities with a nightly service, and the connection between these great cities of the south both socially and commercially is very close.

The great wealth of Uruguay, outside of Montevideo, as a business and distributing center, is found in her flocks and herds which dot her fertile plains. Here is a country which, though it is the smallest in South America, is yet as large as England, and is practically one vast pasture. Every part of it is easily accessible. There are no lofty mountains and few impassable jungles, but it is a country of rich, luscious grasses, where fat cattle and sheep thrive by the million. One company alone, the famous Liebig Extract Company, which manufactures beef tea for the world, owns one million and two hundred thousand acres in Uruguay, Argentina, and Paraguay, but largely in the former country. On its enormous ranches are two hundred thousand horned cattle and sixty thousand sheep, and over six million head of cattle have passed through its hands in the fifty years of its existence. Twenty-five hundred workmen are employed in this business, and $17,500,000 have been distributed in dividends. These enormous figures show on what a large scale business is sometimes conducted even in a little republic.

The future of Uruguay will doubtless be less stormy than the past, — it could hardly be more so. Those who are best informed assure me that there are signs of political stability that have never been seen before, and though there may be periodic revolutions in the years to come, they are not likely to be accompanied by bloody civil wars, or greatly to upset the course of business and social life.

VI

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1776, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay were united in the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires, and were ruled by Spain; but in 1810 the viceroyalty revolted against Spain and won its independence, although this was not acknowledged by the mother country until 1842. Uruguay became a bone of contention between Brazil and the "United Provinces of Rio de la Plata," as the land was now called. This struggle resulted in the independence of Uruguay. In 1831, Buenos Aires, Entre Rios, Corrientes, and Santa Fé united. Buenos Aires was the most powerful of these provinces, and General Rosas, its captain-general or governor, became dictator of this union, the Argentine Confederation. After his downfall, in 1852, Buenos Aires struggled unsuccessfully for independence of the other States. Argentina has had to meet disputes about boundaries, wars, uprisings, and military insurrections. During the last few years, however, its progress has been marvelous, and its population has increased amazingly. Its resources are so great that it may fairly be counted as one of the wealthy countries of the world.

For many years Patagonia was a veritable no man's land, for no country seemed to have any special desire to claim it. In 1881, however, it was divided between Argentina and Chile. It has shown itself to be a valuable acquisition, as it affords most excellent pasturage for sheep. It is described as a region of wonderful beauty. The temperature is not extreme, there is a generous supply of moisture, and it is quite possible that this country, which for so long a while played the part of the "ugly duckling," may prove to be a land of great richness and fertility.

ARGENTINE INDEPENDENCE

[1810–1910]

BY HIRAM BINGHAM

On the 25th of May, 1910, the Argentine nation in general, and Buenos Aires in particular, observed with appropriate ceremonies the one hundredth anniversary of their independence. Great preparations were made to insure a celebration that should suitably represent the importance of the event.

In 1810, Buenos Aires had been a Spanish colony for two hundred and fifty years following her foundation in the sixteenth century. But the Spanish Crown had never valued highly the great rolling prairies drained by the Rio de la Plata. There were no mines of gold or silver here, and Spain did not send her colonists into far-away America to raise corn and wine that should compete with Spanish farmers at home. Buenos Aires was regarded as the end of the world. All persons and all legitimate commerce bound thither from Spain were obliged to go by way of Panama and Peru, over the Andes, across the South American continent, before they could legally enter the port of Buenos Aires. The natural result of this was the building-up of a prosperous colony of Portuguese smugglers in southern Brazil. Another result was that no Spaniards cared to live so far away from home if they could possibly help it, and society in Buenos Aires was not nearly so brilliant as in the fashionable Spanish-American capitals of Lima, Santiago, or Bogota.

During the closing years of the eighteenth century the Spaniards became convinced of their short-sighted policy and made Buenos Aires an open port. The English were not slow to realize that this was one of the best commercial situations in South America, and that far from being the end of the world, as the Spaniards thought, it was a natural center through which the wealth of a large part of South America was bound to pass. The great Mr. Pitt, who was most interested in developing British commerce with South America, felt that it would probably be necessary to introduce British manufactures in the wake of a military expedition, and decided to seize Buenos Aires, which was so poorly defended that it could easily be captured by a small resolute force.

Accordingly in June, 1806, an attack was made. The viceroy, notwithstanding repeated warnings, had made no preparations to defend the city, and it was captured without difficulty. There was great rejoicing in London at the report of the victory, but it was soon turned to dismay by the news of a disgraceful and unconditional surrender. The sudden overthrow of the English was due largely to the ability of a local hero named Liniers, who played successfully on the wounded pride of the Porteños.

The significance of the episode is that it gave to the Porteños the idea that the power of Spain could be easily overthrown, and that they actually had the courage and strength to win and hold their own independence.

Hardly had the city recovered from the effects of its bombardment by the English before events, destined to

produce a profound change throughout South America, commenced to attract attention in Spain. Napoleon inaugurated his Peninsula campaigns, and the world beheld the spectacle of a Spanish king become the puppet of a French emperor. In July, 1809, a new viceroy, appointed by the Spanish Cortes then engaged in fighting against Napoleon, took possession of the reins of government in Buenos Aires. In the early months of 1810, Napoleon's armies were so successful throughout the Spanish Peninsula that it seemed as if the complete subjection of Spain was about to be accomplished.

On May 18, the unhappy viceroy allowed this news from Spain to become known in the city. At once a furor of popular discussion arose. Led by Belgrano and other liberal young Creoles, the people decided to defy Napoleon and his puppet King of Spain as they had defied the soldiers of England. On the 25th of May, the viceroy, frightened out of his wits, surrendered his authority, and a great popular assembly that crowded the plaza to its utmost capacity appointed a committee to rule in his stead. So the 25th of May, 1810, became the actual birthday of Argentina's independence, although the acts of the popular government were for six years done in the name of Ferdinand, the deposed King of Spain, and the Act of Independence was not passed by the Argentine Congress until 1816.

No sooner had Buenos Aires thrown off the yoke of Spain than she began an active armed propaganda much as the first French Republic did before her. Other cities of Argentina were forcibly convinced of the advantages of independence, and the armies of Buenos Aires pressed

northward into what is now southern Bolivia. It was their intention to drive the Spanish armies entirely out of the continent, and what seemed more natural than that they should follow the old trade route which they had used for centuries, and go from Buenos Aires to Lima by way of the highlands of Bolivia and Peru? But they reckoned without counting the cost. In the first place the Indians of those lofty arid regions do not take great interest in politics. It matters little to them who their masters are. Furthermore, their country is not one that is suited to military campaigns. Hundreds of square miles of arid desert plateaux ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea, a region suited only to support a small population and that by dint of a most careful system of irrigation, separated by frightful mountain trails from any adequate basis of supplies, were obstacles that proved too great for them to overcome. Their little armies were easily driven back. On the other hand, when the Royalist armies attempted to descend from the plateaux and attack the Patriots, they were equally unsuccessful. The truth is that southern Bolivia and northern Argentina are regions where it is far easier to stay at home and defend one's self than to make successful attacks on one's neighbors. An army cannot live off the country as it goes along, and the difficulties of supplying it with provisions and supplies are almost insurmountable. The first man to appreciate this was José San Martín.

It is not too much to say that San Martín is the greatest name that South America has produced. Bolívar is better known among us, and he is sometimes spoken of as the "Washington of South America." But

his character does not stand investigation; and no one can claim that his motives were as unselfish or his aims as lofty as those of the great general to whose integrity and ability the foremost republics of Spanish South America, Argentina, Chile, and Peru, owe their independence.

San Martín was born of Spanish parents not far from the present boundary between Argentina and Paraguay. His father was a trusted Spanish official. His mother was a woman of remarkable courage and foresight. His parents sent him to Spain at an early age to be educated. Military instincts soon drew him into the army and he served in various capacities, both in Africa and later against the French in the Peninsula. He was able to learn thoroughly the lessons of war and the value of well-trained soldiers. He received the news of the popular uprising in Argentina while still in Spain, and soon became interested in the struggles of his fellow countrymen to establish their independence. In 1812, he returned to Buenos Aires, where his unselfish zeal and intelligence promptly marked him out as an unusual leader. The troops under him became the best-drilled body of Patriots in South America.

After witnessing the futile attempts of the Patriots to drive the Spanish armies out of the mountains of Peru by way of the highlands of Bolivia, he conceived the brilliant idea of cutting off their communication with Spain by commanding the sea power of the West Coast. He established his headquarters at Mendoza in western Argentina, a point from which it would be easy to strike at Chile through various passes across the Andes. Here he stayed for two years governing the

province admirably, building up an efficient army, organizing the refugees that fled from Chile to Mendoza, making friends with the Indians, and keeping out of the factional quarrels that threatened to destroy all proper government in Buenos Aires. In January, 1817, his army was ready. He led the Spaniards to think that he might cross the Andes almost anywhere, and succeeded in scattering their forces so as to enable him to bring the main body of his army over the most practical route, the Uspallata Pass.

The expedition was successful, and in 1818 San Martín had the satisfaction of administering such a decisive defeat to the Spaniards at Maipo as to insure Chilean independence. With the aid of a remarkable soldier of fortune, Thomas Cochran, Earl of Dundonald, and an interesting group of Anglo-Saxon seamen, San Martín drove the Spaniards from the West Coast and captured the city of Lima. The aid which was given him by Buenos Aires and Chile was not sufficient to enable him to penetrate the great Andes of the interior and totally destroy the last Spanish army. He sought Bolívar's aid, but that proud Liberator would only come as commander-in-chief. So, rather than sacrifice the cause of independence, San Martín, with unexampled self-effacement, gave up his well-trained veterans to Bolívar and Sucre and quietly withdrew to his modest home in Argentina. His unwillingness to enter into political squabbles, his large-minded statesmanship, and his dignified bearing did not endear him to his fellow countrymen, and he was forced to pass the declining years of his life in Europe, an exile from his native land.

The history of the period is full of petty personal

rivalries and absurd political squabbles. Against these as a background the magnificent figure of San Martín, efficient soldier, wise statesman, and unselfish patriot, stands out plainly distinct. His achievements are worthy to be remembered with those of the greatest heroes of history. His character, the finest South America has ever produced, has few equals in the annals of any country.

For many years he was disliked by his fellow patriots because he openly expressed the belief that they were not fit for pure democratic government. Since his day many South Americans agree with him.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS

[About 1870]

BY DR. DOMINGO FAUSTINO SARMIENTO

FIRST comes the *rastreador*, or tracker; then the *baqueano*, or guide; the *payador*, or bard; and the *gaucho malo*, or outlaw.

The rastreador possesses the highest development of gaucho instinct. He can tell, in a confused track of animals' feet, how many of them are laden or have riders. He can even detect the footstep of a person or animal that he knows, and follow it in the most miraculous manner for hundreds of miles. Nature seems to give him a special instinct in these vast plains for the recovery of a lost animal or the pursuit of a fugitive. Whenever a robbery occurs, the person robbed, instead of applying to the authorities, sends for the nearest rastreador, covering up, meanwhile, very carefully whatever footmarks the intruder may have left. The rastreador examines it closely, mounts his horse, and rides away, now and then casting his eyes to the ground, and following the trail like a bloodhound; until, after weeks and months, he brings the criminal to justice. The latter seldom asserts his innocence, as the judge usually regards the rastreador as infallible. The stories told of Calibar, who was well known in San Juan for forty years, are surprising. It happened once that, while he was gone to Buenos Aires on business, his best saddle was stolen. His wife, having covered the footmark as

usual, showed it to him on his return after two months. A year and a half later, he was seen, one afternoon, with his head bent down, walking along a street in the suburbs of San Juan, till he entered a certain house, and found there his lost saddle, soiled and torn. In 1830, a criminal under sentence of death having escaped from prison, Calibar was sent in pursuit. The fugitive had taken every precaution to leave no track, and walked for some distance up the course of a shallow stream; but Calibar was not to be baffled, and followed the stream till he came to a place where he saw drops of water on the grass. "He got out here," he said. Following the criminal through fields and plantations, and over walls, he finally led the soldiers into a small vineyard, where, having examined all the approaches to the house, he said they would find him inside. The soldiers searched the premises, and, coming out, maintained that the man had escaped. Calibar, however, insisted that he was inside, and so it proved. The unhappy man was shot next morning.

The baqueano, or guide, is hardly inferior to the rastreador in importance. He knows every inch of country for five hundred miles around his abode, and is the only map by which South American generals conduct their campaigns. He is always at the side of the commander, and the fate of the army depends on him. Rarely, if ever, does he betray the confidence reposed in him. He knows every pool of water, fresh or salt, and many a secret ford across a river, or passage through a swamp, by which he can shorten the route. In the darkest night, whether in the midst of a forest or on a boundless plain, in which his companions may think themselves lost, he

dismounts for a moment, plucks a few leaves or a handful of grass, and chews them; by the taste he can tell pretty nearly where he is, and especially whether he is near salt or fresh water. He then mounts again, tells his companions that they are so many leagues from this or that place, and starts off at an easy gallop in a given direction without even a star to guide him. In the Pampas it often happens that a traveler may meet one of these baqueanos, and ask him to guide him to a certain place two or three hundred miles off. The baqueano will glance along the horizon, reflect for a moment, and, fixing his eye on a given point, start off like an arrow, riding day and night until he reaches his destination. He knows of the approach of an army forty or fifty miles off, and the direction it is taking, by the course which the deer, guanacos, and ostriches follow. When the enemy gets nearer, he can tell, by the volume of dust, whether their force numbers hundreds or thousands; his commander relying upon his estimate as infallible. If the condors and other birds of prey are wheeling in circles overhead, he can tell, from their manner, whether it is an enemy in ambush, an encampment recently abandoned, or merely a dead animal.

The payador is a kind of wandering minstrel, who sings of the wars and adventures of the day, like the troubadours of the Middle Ages. He goes about from "rancho" to "pulperia" with his guitar, singing of the outlaws of the Pampas or the raids of the Indians. He is a living chronicle of customs, history, and exploits, and his verses would form, perhaps, many a valuable link for the future historian of these countries. He has no home, his dwelling is wherever the night may find him, his

fame and fortune are his verses and his guitar. In every rural dance, in every festive gathering, his is the place of honor. So much is music a passion of the gauchos that at every "pulperia" or wayside inn a guitar is always hung over the counter for the use of the first group of wayfarers. The payador sometimes mixes his own exploits with those of his heroes, for he is not uncommonly a fugitive from justice, either for killing a friend, stealing a horse, or for some daring adventure. The character of his songs is generally monotonous, unless under some sudden inspiration.

The gaucho malo, or outlaw, has his home in the desert, and despises the people of the towns, glorying in the epithet which is given to him. He has probably been a fugitive for years, and his name is so much dreaded that it is only whispered with a certain amount of respect. He lives in a clump of thistles or wild hemlock; his food consists of game, unless when he lassoes a cow, which he kills for the tongue, leaving the carcass for the birds of prey. He will suddenly present himself in a village from which the police have just gone in pursuit of him, talk with the neighbors as they form an admiring circle around him, get some tobacco and yerba, remount his horse, and if he sees the police in sight, quietly trot away toward the desert without any symptom of fear, or even looking back. The police will not pursue him, for they know that their horses are no match for his "pangare," as famous as himself. If he happens to be surprised by the police, and surrounded, he rushes at them knife in hand, and, leaving two or three of them on the ground dead or wounded, leaps on the nearest horse and escapes, while the bullets vainly

whistle after him. The payador of the district adds this fresh exploit to his list of songs. Sometimes he will appear at a village dance, take part in the festivity, and retire as suddenly and unmolested as he came. But he is not a common robber or assassin, and would not think of stopping a traveler. If he steals, it is only horses. He knows every horse in the province, and can tell in a moment where any lost one may be found. He is often employed to recover such animals, and will deliver them up for a stipulated sum at a given time and place, with the utmost punctuality. Dishonest traders frequently buy stolen hides from this class of outlaws.

I remember an amusing occurrence in Azul, a town about two hundred miles south of Buenos Aires, where the principal shopkeeper, who was also justice of the peace for the district, made a bargain with a gaucho named El Cuervo, or "The Crow," to take hides from him *without asking questions.* It was arranged that every evening after dusk El Cuervo was to throw the hides over the wall of the shopkeeper's yard. I may mention that the shopkeeper had one of the largest estancias in the neighborhood, and people did not speak well of the way in which he had acquired his wealth. For several nights El Cuervo threw over the wall half a dozen or more hides, and was paid next morning a few dollars for each. It was not long before one of the shopkeeper's peons, or laborers, in stacking out the hides, observed his master's mark. As soon as the hides began to dry in the sun the mark became plainly visible. The shopkeeper was furious, and said to El Cuervo, "You scoundrel, you have killed and skinned some of my cattle"; to which the gaucho replied, "Master! whose

cattle did you want me to kill unless your own?" The shopkeeper, being justice of the peace, did not dare to punish El Cuervo, and wisely said no more about it, seeing that the gaucho had outwitted him.

A REAL PATAGONIAN

[About 1880]

BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE

We had not gone far when we saw a rider coming slowly toward us, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the presence of a real Patagonian Indian. We reined in our horses when he got close to us, to have a good look at him, and he doing the same, for a few minutes we stared at him to our hearts' content, receiving in return as minute and careful a scrutiny from him. Whatever he may have thought of us, we thought him a singularly unprepossessing object, and, for the sake of his race, we hoped an unfavorable specimen of it. His dirty brown face, of which the principal feature was a pair of sharp black eyes, was half-hidden by tangled masses of unkempt hair, held together by a handkerchief tied over his forehead, and his burly body was enveloped in a greasy guanaco-capa, considerably the worse for wear. His feet were bare, but one of his heels was armed with a little wooden spur, of curious and ingenious handiwork. Having completed his survey of our persons, and exchanged a few guttural grunts with Gregorio, of which the purport was that he had lost some horses and was on their search, he galloped away, and, glad to find some virtue in him, we were able to admire the easy grace with which he sat his well-bred looking little horse, which, though considerably below his weight, was doubtless able to do its master good service.

Continuing our way we presently observed several mounted Indians, sitting motionless on their horses, like sentries, on the summit of a tall ridge ahead of us, evidently watching our movements. At our approach they disappeared over the ridge, on the other side of which lay their camping-ground. Cantering forward we soon came in sight of the entire Indian camp, which was pitched in a broad valley-plain, flanked on either side by steep bluffs, and with a little stream flowing down its center. There were about a dozen big hide tents, in front of which stood crowds of men and women, watching our approach with lazy curiosity. Numbers of little children were disporting themselves in the stream, which we had to ford in order to get to the tents. Two Indians, more inquisitive than their brethren, came out to meet us, both mounted on the same horse, and saluted us with much grinning and jabbering. On our arrival in the camp we were soon encircled by a curious crowd, some of whose number gazed at us with stolid gravity, whilst others laughed and gesticulated as they discussed our appearance in their harsh guttural language, with a vivacious manner which was quite at variance with the received traditions of the solemn bent of the Indian mind. Our accouterments and clothes seemed to excite great interest, my riding-boots in particular being objects of attentive examination, and apparently of much serious speculation. At first they were content to observe them from a distance, but presently a little boy was delegated by the elders, to advance and give them a closer inspection. This he proceeded to do, coming toward me with great caution, and when near enough, he stretched out his hand and touched the boots gently

with the tips of his fingers. This exploit was greeted with roars of laughter and ejaculations, and emboldened by its success, many now ventured to follow his example, some enterprising spirits extending their researches to the texture of my ulster, and one even going so far as to take my hand in his, whilst subjecting a little bracelet I wore to a profound and exhaustive scrutiny.

Whilst they were thus occupied I had leisure to observe their general appearance. I was not struck so much by their height as by their extraordinary development of chest and muscle. As regards their stature, I do not think the average height of the men exceeded six feet, and as my husband stands six feet two inches I had a favorable opportunity for forming an accurate estimate. One or two there were, certainly, who towered far above him, but these were exceptions. The women were mostly of the ordinary height, though I noticed one who must have been quite six feet, if not more. The features of the pure-bred Tehuelche are extremely regular, and by no means unpleasant to look at. The nose is generally aquiline, the mouth well shaped and beautified by the whitest of teeth, the expression of the eye is intelligent, and the form of the whole head affords a favorable index to their mental capabilities. These remarks do not apply to the Tehuelches in whose veins there is a mixture of Araucanian or Fuegian blood. The flat noses, oblique eyes, and badly proportioned figures of the latter make them most repulsive objects, and they are as different from a pure-bred Tehuelche in every respect as "Wheel-of-Fortune" from an ordinary cart-horse. Their hair is long and coarse, and is worn parted in the

middle, being prevented from falling over their faces by means of a handkerchief, or fillet of some kind, tied round the forehead. They have naturally little hair on the face, and such growth as may appear is carefully eradicated, a painful operation, which many extend even to their eyebrows. Their dress is simple, and consists of a "chiripá," a piece of cloth round the loins, and the indispensable guanaco-capa, which is hung loosely over the shoulders and held round the body by the hand, though it would obviously seem more convenient to have it secured round the waist with a belt of some kind. Their horse-hide boots are only worn, for reasons of economy, when hunting. The women dress like the men except as regards the chiripá, instead of which they wear a loose kind of gown beneath the capa, which they fasten at the neck with a silver brooch or pin. The children are allowed to run about naked till they are five or six years old, and are then dressed like their elders. Partly for ornament, partly also as a means of protection against the wind, a great many Indians paint their faces, their favorite color, as far as I could see, being red, though one or two I observed had given the preference to a mixture of that color with black, a very diabolical appearance being the result of this combination.

The Tehuelches are a race that is fast approaching extinction, and even at present it scarcely numbers eight hundred souls. They lead a rambling nomadic existence, shifting their camping places from one region to another, whenever the game in their vicinity gets shy or scarce. It is fortunate for them that the immense numbers of guanaco and ostriches makes it an easy matter for them to find subsistence, as they are extremely

lazy, and, plentiful as game is around them, often pass two or three days without food rather than incur the very slight exertion attendant on a day's hunting.

But it is only the men who are cursed or blessed with this indolent spirit. The women are indefatigably industrious. All the work of Tehuelche existence is done by them except hunting. When not employed in ordinary household work they busy themselves in making guanaco-capas, weaving gay-colored garters and fillets for the hair, working silver ornaments, and so forth. Not one of their least arduous tasks is that of collecting firewood, which, always a scarce article, becomes doubly hard to find, except by going great distances, when they camp long in one place.

But though treated thus unfairly as regards the division of labor, the women can by no means complain of want of devotion to them on the part of the men. Marriages are matters of great solemnity with them, and the tie is strictly kept. Husband and wife show great affection for each other, and both agree in extravagant love of their offspring, which they pet and spoil to their hearts' content.

The most prominent characteristic of the Tehuelche is his easy-going good humor, for whereas most aboriginal races incline to silence and saturnine gravity, he is all smiles and chatter. The other good qualities of the race are fast disappearing under the influence of "aguardiente,"[1] to the use of which they are getting more and more addicted, and soon, it is to be feared, they will become nothing more than a pack of impoverished, dirty, thieving ragamuffins.

[1] An intoxicating liquor.

After having sat for some time on horseback, in the center of the numerous circle above referred to, we dismounted, the act causing fresh animation and merriment in our interviewers, whose interest in us, after a thorough examination, had begun to flag somewhat. An object which greatly excited their feelings was a rifle belonging to my brother, and their delight knew no bounds when he dismounted and fired it off for their edification once or twice at a distant mark. At each discharge they set up a lusty howl of satisfaction, and nothing would do for them but for each to be allowed to handle the weapon and inspect its mechanism. There was a trader in the camp who had arrived about the same time as we did, and amongst other wares he had brought a rusty carbine with him for sale. He was called upon by the Indians to produce it and fire it off to compare its qualities with those of my brother's rifle. This he proceeded to do, but seven times in succession the cartridges missed fire. Each time this happened he was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter, and it was evident that both he and his weapon were the objects of most disparaging remarks on the part of the Tehuelches. One of them, a man of some humor, brought out a small piece of ostrich meat and offered it to the trader in exchange for his carbine, saying in broken Spanish, "Your gun never kill piece of meat as big as this. Your gun good to kill dead guanaco." At which witticism there was renewed and prolonged applause, as the newspapers say.

IN BUENOS AIRES

[Twentieth century]

BY HIRAM BINGHAM

A GENERATION ago the traveler to Buenos Aires was obliged to disembark in the stream seven or eight miles from the city, proceed in small boats over the shallow waters, and then clamber into huge ox-carts and enjoy the last mile or two of his journey as best he could. Since then, extraordinary harbor improvements, costing millions of dollars, have been completed, and ocean steamers are now able to approach the city through dredged channels. Yet such has been the phenomenal growth of the port that the magnificent modern docks are already overcrowded and the handling of cargo goes on very slowly, retarded by many exasperating delays. The regular passenger and mail steamers are given prompt attention, however, and the customs house examination is both speedy and courteous, in marked contrast to that at Rio. In years to come, the two other important ports of Argentina — Rosario, higher up the Rio de la Plata, and Bahia Blanca, farther down the Atlantic Coast — are destined to grow at a rapid rate because of the better docking facilities they will be able to afford.

Bahia Blanca in particular is destined to have a great future, as it is the natural outlet for the rapidly developing agricultural and pastoral region of southern Argentina.

Buenos Aires, however, will always maintain her political and commercial supremacy. She is not only the capital of Argentina, but out of every five Argentinos, she claims at least one as a denizen of her narrow streets. Already ranking as the second Latin city in the world, her population equals that of Madrid and Barcelona combined.

Hardly has one left the docks on the way to the hotel before one is impressed with the commercial power of this great city. Your taxicab passes slowly through crowded streets where the heavy traffic retards your progress and gives you a chance to marvel at the great number of foreign banks, English, German, French, and Italian, that have taken possession of this quarter of the city. With their fine substantial buildings and their general appearance of solidity, they have a firm grip on the situation. One looks in vain for an American bank or agency of any well-known Wall Street house. American financial institutions are like the American merchant steamers, conspicuous by their absence. The Anglo-Saxons that you see briskly walking along the sidewalks are not Americans, but clean-shaven, red-cheeked, vigorous Britishers.

In some ways this is an English colony. The majority of the people do not speak English, except in the commercial district, and the Englishman is here on sufferance. But it is his railroads that tie this country together. It is his enterprises that have opened thousands of its square miles; and although the folly of his ancestors a century ago caused him to lose the political control of this "purple land," the energy of his more recent forebears has given him a splendid heritage. Not only

has he been able to pay large dividends to the British stockholders who had such great faith in the future of Argentina, he has made many native Argentinos wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

Landowners, whose parents had not a single change of clothes, are themselves considering how many motor-cars to order. Their patronage sustains the finely appointed shops which make such a brave display on Florida and Cangallo streets. These streets may be so narrow that vehicles are only allowed to pass in one direction, but the shops are first class in every particular, and include the greatest variety of goods, from the latest creations of Parisian millinery to the most modern scientific instruments. Fine book shops, large department stores, gorgeous restaurants, expensive to the last degree, emphasize the wealth and extravagance of the upper classes. It is hardly necessary to speak of the more usual evidences of great wealth, palatial residences that would attract attention even in Paris and New York, charming parks beautifully laid out on the shores of the great Rio de la Plata, and a thousand luxurious automobiles of the latest pattern carrying all they can hold of Parisian millinery.

One does not need to be told that this is a city of electric cars, telephones, and taxis. These we take for granted. But there is a characteristic feature of the city that is unexpected and striking: the central depots for imported thoroughbreds. Only a few doors from the great banks and railway offices are huge stables where magnificent blooded horses and cattle, sheep and pigs, which have brought records of distinguished ancestry across the Atlantic, are offered for sale and command high prices.

These permanent cattle shows are the natural rendezvous of the wealthy ranchmen and breeders who are sure to be found here during a part of each day while they are in town. So are foreigners desirous of purchasing ranches and reporters getting news from the interior. The cattle fairs offer ocular evidence of the wealth of the modern Argentino and the importance of the pastoral industry. There are over a hundred million sheep on the Pampas. Cattle and horses also are counted by the millions.

The problems of Argentine agriculture and animal industries are being continually studied by the great landowners, who have already done much to improve the quality of their products. Argentina has worked hard to develop those industries that are dependent upon stock-raising. The results have amply justified her. The exportation of frozen meat from Argentina amounts to nearly twenty million dollars annually. Only recently one of the best-known packing-houses of Chicago opened a large plant here and is paying tribute to the excellence of the native stock. Every year Argentina sends to Europe the carcasses of millions of sheep and cattle as well as millions of bushels of wheat and corn, more in fact than we do. Of all the South American Republics, she is our greatest natural competitor, and she knows it. Nevertheless, she lacks adequate resources of iron, coal, lumber, and water-power, and notwithstanding a high protective tariff, can never hope to become a competitor in manufactured products. Argentina exports more than three times as much per capita as we do, and must do so in order to pay for the necessary importation of manufactured goods. It also means that she will always find it to her advantage to buy her goods from England,

France, and Germany, where she sells her foodstuffs. Brazil can send us unlimited amounts of raw materials that we cannot raise at home, while at present Argentina has little to offer us. Yet we are already buying her wool and hides, and before long will undoubtedly be eating her beef and mutton,[1] as England has been doing for years.

The number of "North Americans" in Buenos Aires is very small. While we have been slowly waking up to the fact that South America is something more than "a land of revolutions and fevers," our German cousins have entered the field on all sides.

The Germans in southern Brazil are a negligible factor in international affairs. But the well-educated young German who is being sent out to capture South America commercially, is a power to be reckoned with. He is going to damage England more truly than Dreadnoughts or gigantic airships. He is worth our study as well as England's.

Willing to acquit himself with and adapt himself to local prejudices, he has already made great strides in securing South American commerce for his Fatherland. He has become a more useful member of the community than the Englishman. He has taken pains to learn the language thoroughly, and speaks it not only grammatically but idiomatically as well; something which the Anglo-Saxon almost never does. He has entered into the social life of the country with a much more gracious spirit than his competitors and rarely segregates himself from the community in pursuing his pleasures, as the English do. His natural prejudices against the Spanish way of doing things are not so strong.

[1] This came to pass in 1914.

His steamers are just as luxurious and comfortable as the new English boats. It is said that even if the element of danger that always exists at sea is less on the British lines, the German boats treat their passengers with more consideration, giving them better food and better service. No wonder the Spanish-American likes the German better than he does the English or American. Already the English residents in Buenos Aires, who have regarded the River Plate as their peculiar province for many years, are galled beyond measure to see what strides the Germans have made in capturing the market for their manufactured products and in threatening their commercial supremacy. And neither English nor Germans are going to hold out a helping hand or welcome an American commercial invasion.

Meanwhile the Argentinos realize that their country cannot get along without foreign capital, much as they hate to see the foreigner made rich from the products of their rolling prairies. They realize also that they greatly need more immigrants. The population is barely five per square mile, and as a matter of fact, is practically less than that, for so large a part of the entire population is crowded into the city and province of Buenos Aires. Consequently they are doing all they can to encourage able-bodied immigrants to come from Italy and Spain.

And the immigrants are coming. My ship brought a thousand. Other ships brought more than three hundred thousand in 1908. Argentina is not standing still. Nor is she waiting for "American enterprise." During 1908 considerably more than two thousand vessels entered the ports of the Republic. Four flew the American flag.

CENTRAL AMERICA

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the time of the coming of the Spaniards, Central America was inhabited by a race known as the Mayas. That this race was well along on the road to civilization is attested by the ruined cities that are scattered through the tropical jungles of Central America and Yucatan.

In 1502 the coast of Central America was sighted by Columbus. A few years later the country was subjugated by Spain, and until 1821 it was called Guatemala. In that year Guatemala proclaimed its independence, but during the following year, what are now the five States, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala, were united in the Mexican Empire of Iturbide. One year later, they had freed themselves and had become the Republic of the United States of Central America. In 1839, this union was dissolved, and a second one, formed soon afterwards, was also dissolved. Indeed, the history of these States for many years has consisted of attempts to form an enduring union.

A SACRIFICE TO TOHIL

BY WILLIAM T. BRIGHAM

[TOHIL was a god of the Quichés, a powerful Indian tribe of western Guatemala at the time of the Spanish conquest.
The Editor.]

ON the platform where Frank and I had stumbled over the confused piles of rubbish and tried in vain to trace the buildings, so distinct only forty years before, the mighty Gucumatz had built high the altar of the blood-thirsty Tohil, — a steep pyramid in the center of the rebuilt Gumarcah, now called Utatlan. Our knowledge of the ceremonial of that Quiché worship is but slight; but enough is known to give an air of reality to the pile of rubbish that alone marks the site of the holy place of this ancient kingdom. I sat near the base of the altar, and the city walls arose about me; the ruin of three centuries departed, and again all was new and full of busy life. Around me, but at a suitable distance from the altar-temple, were the palaces of the princes, built of cut stone and covered with the most brilliant white stucco. From the flat roofs of these massive dwellings floated banners of many colors and strange devices; arches of evergreens and flowers spanned every entrance to this plaza, whose floor was of the smoothest, whitest stucco, and heaps of fragrant flowers were piled at the palace doorways, and about the great altar that towered like a mountain of light in the midst. All around me were the phantom forms of the Indios, clad in garments

of rich colors, but silent and expectant; I seemed to know them all and understand their tongue. It was the most sacred festival of the year; the rains had ceased, and the summer was beginning, — and a summer at Utatlan was a delight unequaled in the outer world.

For many months the high priest and king had hidden himself from the sight of man, high in the mountains that overlook the Quiché plain. In his *casa verde* he was engaged in prayer and meditation, while his only food was fruit and uncooked maize. His body was unclothed, but stained with dismal dyes; and twice every day, as the sun rose and set, he cut himself with an obsidian knife on his arms, legs, and tongue, that he might offer his choicest blood to the divinity he worshiped. Once only in his life must he do this; and scattered in the remote mountain hermitages were many nobles keeping him company in the spirit. These were the fathers of the young men who had not yet offered their blood, and had been selected to be the god-children of their king and priest. In these lonely retreats the fathers taught their sons manly duties, and drew their blood from the five wounds.

The votaries had gathered from their various cells at the sound of the drum, which was beaten only on most solemn occasions, and were marching in procession to the plaza. I could see them as they filed on to the narrow causeway that led into the town, and then they were lost to sight as they climbed the steep ascent. In profound silence these men and youths, naked as they were born, entered the inclosure and seated themselves at the foot of the altar steps. The solemn silence was now suddenly broken by a crash of trumpets and drums,

while a procession of a different kind took up its march to the temple. Bright colors and the gleam of gold and precious stones, the clang of barbaric music and the sound of holy songs, reached the eye and ear as the idols, which had been carefully concealed since the last *fiesta*, were now brought to the place of sacrifice. Strange things these were, — not of "heaven above, nor the earth beneath, nor of the waters which are under the earth," but carved from wood and stone and decked with beaten gold, hung with jewels, and borne triumphantly on the shoulders of the noblest citizens. Then all was joy and bustle in the plaza. The hermits were clothed with new robes and welcomed back with honor, the high priest put on his robes and miter, and for a while the people gave themselves up to music and dancing and ball-playing; it seemed as if life had no other end. But a terrible solemnity was to come. Even among the dancers I saw men clothed in a peculiar but rich garb, — generally of another people, but not always foreign; and I knew that these men had for days before the festival gone freely through the town, entered any house, even the royal palace, where the food they sought was freely given them, and they were treated with marked respect. Outside the city walls were some of them, with collars about their necks, attended by four officers of the king's guard. Food and drink were free to these honored men; but they were captives taken in war, or perhaps men who were obnoxious to the king, and were to be sacrificed to Tohil. A terrible death awaited them; but they regarded their fate as a matter they could not help, and with Indian stolidity enjoyed the frolics of the people and smiled at care. It was

strange to see how little any one seemed to be affected by the certainly approaching death of their fellows. Every one knew what was coming; but no dread anticipation marred the festive scene.

The music ceased in the plaza, the chief idol was placed on the altar top, and the priests and nobles seized the victims by the hair and passed them, struggling, one by one up the steep steps of the altar to the chief priest, who stood high on the sacrificatorio in the sight of all the people. There was no murmur, not even a shudder, among the multitude, only the involuntary shrieks of the sacrifice as the priest cut into his breast with the stone knife and tore out his quivering heart. Holding this in the golden spoon of the temple, he placed it reverently in the mouth of the idol, loudly chanting this prayer: "Lord, hear us, for we are thine! Give us health, give us children and prosperity, that thy people may increase! Give us water and the rains, that we may be nourished and live! Hear our supplications, receive our prayers, assist us against our enemies, and grant us peace and quiet!" And the people cried, "So be it, O Lord!"

The body had been extended on a rounded sacrificial stone and the neck held securely by the yoke; but now it was hurled down the side of the pyramid where there were no steps, and those appointed carried the remains to the cauldron whither those who had the right came for the cooked meat, the hands and feet being reserved for the officiating priest. One by one the victims were offered to the idol, while the pyramid was no longer white, but crimson; and their death-shrieks were ringing in my ears, when Frank laid his hand on my shoulder

and asked if I was asleep. Called back to deserted ruins and the humdrum present, I could not entirely shake off the impression of the past. On that little mound where we were sitting so peacefully, hundreds, yes, thousands, of our fellow men had writhed in agony to satisfy the enmity of their fellows or to be an acceptable offering to the gods who were supposed to be their creators.

COPAN

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

[DEEP in the mountains of Honduras is a level plain whereon stand the ruins of a city. There are remains of palaces, temples, and other public buildings; there are bits of stone pavements, fragments of colossal statues, columns, and pyramids; there are sewers made of stone and cement; there are portions of what were once massive stairways; and there are obelisks covered with hieroglyphics. The builders of this city and of others equally mysterious must have lived in Honduras long before the coming of the Spaniards, long before Columbus discovered America; but who they were and when they lived are as yet unanswered questions.

The Editor.]

FAR in the wildest quinine wood
We found a city old, — so old,
Its very walls were turned to mould,
And stately trees upon them stood.
No history has mentioned it,
No map has given it a place;
The last dim trace of tribe and race, —
The world's forgetfulness is fit.
It held one structure grand and mossed,
Mighty as any castle sung,
And old when oldest Ind was young,
With threshold Christian never crossed;
A temple builded to the sun,
Along whose somber altar stone
Brown bleeding virgins had been strown
Like leaves, when leaves are crisp and dun,
In ages ere the Sphinx was born,
Or Babylon had birth or morn.

BALBOA

[1513]

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

[THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON says: "It is exciting to hear how Balboa, crossing the Isthmus of Darien in 1513, came, for the first time, in sight of an unknown sea, — the vast Pacific Ocean; how he knelt on the mountain-top from which he saw it, and thanked God for this great discovery; and how, descending to the shore, he waded in, waist-deep, and, waving his sword, took possession of the ocean for the King of Spain, and pledged himself to defend it for his sovereign."

The Editor.]

FROM San Domingo's crowded wharf
  Fernandez' vessel bore,
To seek in unknown lands afar
  The Indian's golden ore.
And hid among the freighted casks,
  Where none might see or know,
Was one of Spain's immortal men,
  Three hundred years ago!

But when the fading town and land
  Had dropped below the sea,
He met the captain face to face,
  And not a fear had he!
"What villain thou?" Fernandez cried,
  "And wherefore serve us so?"
"To be thy follower," he replied,
  Three hundred years ago.

He wore a manly form and face,
  A courage firm and bold,
His words fell on his comrades' hearts,
  Like precious drops of gold.
They saw not his ambitious soul;
  He spoke it not — for lo!
He stood among the common ranks
  Three hundred years ago.

But when Fernandez' vessel lay
  At golden Darien,
A murmur, born of discontent,
  Grew loud among the men:
And with the word there came the act;
  And with the sudden blow
They raised Balboa from the ranks,
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he took command beneath
  The banner of his lord,
A mighty purpose grasped his soul,
  As he had grasped the sword.
He saw the mountain's fair blue height
  Whence golden waters flow;
Then with his men he scaled the crags,
  Three hundred years ago.

He led them up through tangled brakes,
  The rivulet's sliding bed,
And through the storm of poisoned darts
  From many an ambush shed.

BALBOA

He gained the turret crag — alone —
  And wept! to see below,
An ocean, boundless and unknown,
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon that height
  The banner of his lord,
The mighty purpose grasped him still,
  As still he grasped his sword.
Then down he rushed with all his men,
  As headlong rivers flow,
And plunged breast-deep into the sea,
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head
  The conquering flag of Spain,
He waved his gleaming sword, and smote
  The waters of the main:
For Rome! for Leon! and Castile!
  Thrice gave the cleaving blow;
And thus Balboa claimed the sea,
  Three hundred years ago.

CHIEF NICARAGUA AND THE SPANIARDS

[1522]

BY FREDERICK PALMER

Gil Gondalez Dávila effected the conquest [of Nicaragua] in 1522 with one hundred horses, four men, and his grand conceit and winning manners.

He found a large, indolent native population, existing easily off the plentiful fish in the rivers and the products of the bountiful soil, divided into many tribes and, in the highlands, sharing the Mayan civilization. The first chief he met was Nicoya, whom he told of the all-powerful Christian God, who could send unbelievers to hell-fire and believers to heaven. According to the persuasive Gil's report to Spain, Nicoya concluded immediately in favor of bliss rather than burning, and he and all his followers were baptized. In return for salvation, Nicoya made Gil a present of all his gold idols and gold-dust to the value of sixteen thousand castellanos.

Back in the hills was a mightier chief, Nicaragua, from whom the country takes its name. Nicoya warned Gil that Nicaragua might fight valiantly if angered; or if approached properly he might accept Christianity. So Gil sent an embassy with this message: "Tell him that a captain cometh, commissioned to these parts by the great King of the Christians, to tell all the lords of these lands that there is in the heavens, higher than the sun, one Lord, maker of all things, and that those believing and obeying Him shall at death ascend to that

loftiness, while disbelievers shall be driven into the fire beneath the earth. Tell him to be ready to hear and accept these truths, or else to prepare for battle."

Nicaragua's answer was that of a proud and hospitable gentleman. "Tell those who sent you," he said, "that I know not their king, and therefore cannot do him homage; that I fear not their sharp swords, but love peace rather than war; gold has little value, they are welcome to what I have. In regard to the religion they teach I will talk with them, and if I like it I will adopt it."

Gil now proposed an exchange of gifts before discussing spiritual affairs. In return for gold valued at fifteen thousand castellanos he gave a shirt, a red cap, and a silk dress. After this successful bargain, he harangued Nicaragua on the value of Christianity through the grace of the King of Spain. But Nicaragua begged to ask the missionary a few questions.

"You who know so much of the maker and of the making of this world, tell me," he said, "of the great flood, and will there be another? In the universal end, will the earth be overturned, or will the sky fall and destroy us? Whence do the sun and moon obtain their light, and how will they lose it? How large are the stars? How are they held in the sky and moved about? Why are the nights made dark and the winters cold? Why did not the Christian's God make a better world? What honor is due Him? And what rights and duties has man, under whose dominion are the beasts? Whither goes the soul, which you hold to be immortal, when it leaves the body? Does the Pope never die, and is the great King of Spain a mortal, and why do the Christians so love gold?"

Gil answered all most satisfactorily, according to his accounts, though he does not say how. "Came these men from heaven?" Nicaragua asked of the interpreter. "Yes," was the answer. "But in what way?" asked Nicaragua; "directly down, like the flight of an arrow, or riding a cloud, or in a circuit like a bent bow?" The interpreter's reply is not recorded. Possibly he said that this detail was known only to the King of Spain.

After he had exercised his wits long enough, Nicaragua concluded: "I see no harm in it. We cannot, however, give up our war-paint and weapons, our gay decorations and dances, and become women." Then, according to Bancroft, "upon a high mound, whose summit was reached by steps, Gil Gonzalez had planted the cross upon first entering the town. A procession headed by the Spanish and the native leaders now marched solemnly about the town, and ascended the steps of the mound on their knees, chanting their hymns of praise the while. Proceeding to the temple, they erected there an altar, and jointly placed upon it the sacred emblem, in token the one of giving and the other of receiving the true faith." Gil says that in one day he personally catechized every one of the nine thousand and seventeen natives. His exactitude about the number ought to be convincing to any skeptic.

But peace in Nicaragua was transient. Gil's men were soon trying by treacherous attack to force such gold from the natives as they would not give. Other conquerors set claim to this land of treasure, with its amiable people. Among them was Cortés. These quarrels were carried to the court of Spain when not fought out on the spot; and while Guatemala was under single-

headed authority, Nicaragua became the scene of the broils of fortune-hunters, who set the example for the feuds of leaders and communities which followed independence.

At the end of Spanish dominion in 1822 Nicaragua must have had nearly two millions population. The prosperous cities of Granada and Leon each had a hundred thousand. Then for more than thirty years the civil tumult of municipality against municipality, house against house, family against family, and neighbor against neighbor continued. Men of wealth were forced to beggary on the highways. The fertile plateau of the northern midland was devastated and depopulated, until, by 1850, probably less than five hundred thousand people remained.

WILLIAM WALKER, "THE LAST OF THE FILIBUSTERS"

[1853-1860]

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

[In 1853, William Walker, an American, led an expedition to conquer the Mexican State of Sonora, and proclaimed himself its president. This scheme was not a success; and two years later he was ready to undertake another. This was to aid the land speculators in Nicaragua. Sixty-two followers accompanied him to that country, and he was joined by a few natives. Victory came swiftly. He entered the city of Grenada, and was made secretary of war and then commander-in-chief. The next step was his election as president of the country. Then came insurrection and defeat. Twice he set off with a small force to arouse a revolution in Honduras, but he was at length captured, tried by court-martial, and shot.

The Editor.]

I lay this crude wreath on his dust,
Inwove with sad, sweet memories
Recalled here by these colder seas.
I leave the wild bird with his trust,
To sing and say him nothing wrong;
I wake no rivalry of song.

He lies low in the level sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.

Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low sad song of tempered grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crowned its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.
In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy-lipped and pearly red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
A shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,

And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more:
I turned me down the olive shore,
And set a sad face to the sea.

THE CARGADORS OF GUATEMALA

[Twentieth century]

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

THE Indians are obliged by law to do carrying work across the country when desired and paid for their services. If the traveler is unable to get a *cargador*, an appeal to the proper official will secure one within a reasonable time. That official will, if necessary, arrest a man and lock him up overnight in the *cabildo*, in order to have him on hand when wanted. They can only be obliged to go about a two days' journey from home and carry a hundred pounds. Their wages are only a few cents per day in gold, so that their services do not come very high. In case of attempted overcharge the *jefe* (local governor) will settle all disputes, and he is generally very fair in his conclusions. Many of the *cargadors* use a framework called a *carcaste* in which to carry their loads.

If one desires to engage a *cargador*, it is necessary to give him enough time to prepare *tortillas* for the journey. With a basket of these, a plenteous supply of coffee, a cup, and a few twigs for fire, the Indian is ready for the journey. He will not need to buy anything on the road except some fruit or a little "white-eye," the native brandy. Their excuse for this extra would be like the old Guatemalan, who said, "One wants to get rid of his memory once in a while." At night they light their fires either in the public hall, or out of doors under the

brilliant starlit canopy, where they make their coffee and warm their *tortillas*. Embers of these fires may be seen on every hand as one journeys across the country. The men are unobtrusive, and even when gathered together in considerable numbers they are quiet if any strangers are present. Among themselves, however, they are gay and light-hearted and seem to enjoy life.

These *cargadors* are an ancient and honorable institution in Central America. From time immemorial they have transported baggage and produce from one part of the country to another, and they rather look upon the encroachment of railroads with disfavor, for it will curtail their business. They will carry a mule's load of one hundred and fifty pounds at even a greater speed, averaging five or six miles an hour, for they travel at a sort of jog trot. Some of the couriers in olden times were very fleet of foot, for they used to be kept busy in time of war before the introduction of the telegraph. President Rufino Barrios had a runner in his employ of whom it is said that he carried a dispatch thirty-five leagues into the interior and returned an answer in thirty-six hours, making the two hundred and ten miles over mountains at the rate of six miles an hour, including stops and delays for food and sleep. When equipped for the road these men wear a costume consisting of short trousers, like bathing-trunks, a white cotton shirt, and sandals made of cowhide.

HAPPY LITTLE COSTA RICA

[Twentieth century]

BY FREDERICK PALMER

A Frenchman, Leferrière, writing of this little-known region thirty years ago in "De Paris à Guatemala," says, "The Costa Ricans dislike wasting their resources in wars or war material, preferring the arts of peace and to welcome those bringing wealth from other countries."

The policy and character of the old social order remain unchanged. Still talking of union, Costa Rica's instinct is as naturally for isolation as that of Switzerland. She has never been an aggressor against her neighbors. But if Central America is assailed, her response is immediate as a measure of self-protection. Without her assistance, William Walker, the filibuster, would not have been beaten in Nicaragua. Her little army administered the decisive defeat to his forces and then marched back from those unpleasant lowlands to its own pleasant highlands.

Neighboring dictators have learned a wholesome respect for the men who have the qualities of the farmer and the planter, which the Boers exemplified. At a signal of danger they will, as Don Carlos Peralta said, come riding in from all directions, rifle in hand, confident of their ability to defeat any tatterdemalion lot of conscripts from the other republics. They have suffered presidents who grew autocratic and who won office by chicanery and ballot-box stuffing. But every president

has a check. He knows that he may look out of the window one morning to see men on horseback streaming into town. So public opinion exists and has an effect.

Clannishness makes the Costa Ricans love company. Their fraternal feeling, which is the growth of time, leads to the greeting of "brother" as men pass, and other Central Americans have nicknamed them the "brotherly people." While outlying regions wait on development, the population centers around San José, the new, and Cartago, the old, capital. San José is one third the size of Guatemala City, and its first distinction to the approaching visitor is an electric car line, when he has seen none since leaving the City of Mexico.

The streets are scrupulously clean and well paved. Sanitation is the hobby of the president, Gonzalez Vigez, whom the weekly "Life" — for San José included in its free press a humorous weekly — always pictures with a mosquito on the top of his bald head; and one of the local newspapers is of the opinion that he is otherwise the head of a perfectly incapable administration, and tells him so daily.

No city of its size at home — and none is, of course, a capital — has so many attractive shops. That rich coffee land is prodigal, creating an extravagant people. If this year's crop is bad, why not live while you live? and no doubt next year's crop will be good. Señora and señorita must have Parisian hats for the church parade, and beautiful gowns for the opera. Imported dainties for the palate reappear in the store windows after being absent since leaving the City of Mexico. Costa Rica spends so freely that her foreign trade amounts to five times the average *per capita* of the other Central

American countries. Ten million people of the Costa Rican type in Central America would soon change our attitude of disinterestedness. Then there would be a commercial prize on our borders worth having.

The light-hearted Costa Rican is proudest of the beauty of his women and his opera house. What would be the use of the opera house if it were not for the beautiful women? as Don Carlos well said. Some of them are fair-haired and have blue eyes, a distinction worth a dowry to any San José girl. They are devoted to religion, and their influence sways fathers, husbands, and sons. Though freedom of worship is guaranteed, Costa Rica recognizes the Church by an annual grant, and every Sunday morning the well-uniformed, European-appearing garrison marches to the cathedral, which is the only one I saw in Central America that was in repair.

That crowning piece of Costa Rican extravagance, the National Opera House, which cost a million dollars in this town of twenty thousand people, is a tribute to their cultivated taste. We had not its equal in New York in architectural pretensions until the New Theater was built, and on the American continent it is surpassed only by the national theaters in Mexico, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Aires. The marble for its staircase came from Italy; artists were brought from abroad to paint the scenes of coffee and banana culture which should express the source of Costa Rican wealth. And the love of music is no affectation. It is a serious matter, with predilection for the Italian and French classics and for rigid observance of stage conventions, and a discriminating exhibition of pleasure or displeasure over the performers' work. . . .

San José boasts its polo teams, its football eleven, and baseball nines. Nothing which belongs to a great world capital seems wanting, at least in miniature. There is a national fondness for beautiful parks and impressive public buildings. Though the Costa Ricans took relatively little interest in the Treaty of Washington, it was considered a national honor to have the court of peace sit in the one country which had been peaceful, and when Mr. Carnegie gave the money to build a palace for housing the judges at Cartago the attitude changed to positive enthusiasm. A national library is building; an enormous penitentiary stands outside the town as an example of architectural pride. Future generations may grow up to it. At present the guests are as lonely as the scattered few in a summer hotel just before the autumn closing time.

The insane asylum, set in a garden of palms and flowers, might be mistaken for the suburban residence of some multimillionaire. But I should not call it an insane asylum. This is against the rules of modern science, as I was reminded by the director, educated in Germany, who showed me through a hospital modern in every respect. Whatever public institution I visited the impression was the same. The national museum was not a travesty, the art school had a score of busy pupils, boys and girls, and the high school and the girls' seminary lose little by any foreign comparison: while on the severely practical side, the public abattoir, well ordered in keeping with what doctors trained abroad had concluded was the best precedent, would not have been thought complete without an ornamental front to soften the thought of the butchery within to passers-by.

And that new department store kept by a German! It opens up a world of gossip about bargains, and is a drain on many a coffee estate. But no Costa Rican woman, you may be sure, will ever allow any bargain to permit the sale of a rood of the family coffee land. Issue debentures, yes; but sell, never! From generation to generation the land is held, and its value, close to San José, would astound a Western farmer who owns a valuable wheat farm. That coffee plant is capricious. It grows better nowhere in the world than here.

After all my ineffectual efforts to find out about exports and imports in the other countries, what a pleasure it was to be referred to a bureau which filled your pockets and arms with statistical information and your mind with confidence that the information was at least approximately correct. The Spanish-American custom of no land tax still prevails. Costa Rica is a country of landowners, large and small, and if one wants to borrow money, instead of laying a mortgage he can issue debentures on his property. Titles are clear and the books open to all to see whatever loan stands against any holding. Taxes are chiefly on imports and by weight, but under a more reasonable scale than elsewhere.

But there is a fly in the amber. Proud little Costa Rica, so scrupulous about her national honor, has been defaulting the interest on her national debt for many years. She loved those handsome buildings, and paying for dead horses was most trying. However, be it said to her credit, her citizens were always apologizing for the fact, which represented at least a stage of self-consciousness; and, at last accounts, arrangements were under way to settle with her creditors and begin a new career.

MEXICO

I

STORIES OF THE AZTECS

HISTORICAL NOTE

It is thought that before the coming of the Spaniards Mexico had been occupied by at least three races. First were the Toltecs. They built cities, some fifty miles from the present City of Mexico, so vast that their ruins have won for these people the name of "the Builders." Early in the twelfth century the Chichimecas came upon them and drove them to the southward. The Chichimecas settled near Texcoco, and there they remained until, in the twelfth century, some Nahuatlaca tribes came to that region. According to tradition, the Aztecs, one of these tribes, found it difficult to secure an abiding-place for themselves, and were told by their gods to build where they should see an eagle perched upon a prickly-pear cactus and strangling a serpent. In obedience to this command, they settled upon some marshy islands in Lake Texcoco where the City of Mexico now stands. The power of the Aztecs increased until the other tribes had become subordinate to them. In 1502, Montezuma II was elected ruler of the Aztecs, and he was on the throne at the coming of the Spaniards.

The religion of the ancient Mexicans was the most bloodthirsty the world has known. Their favorite deity was the god of war, to whom were dedicated the prisoners taken in battle. His temple was in the shape of a pyramid, rising in successive terraces to an immense height, so that from all parts of the city the wretched captives could be seen as they were driven up the steps to the shrine at the top. Here they were stretched on a concave slab of jasper before the statue of the war-god, their hearts were cut out by the priest as a sacrifice, and their bodies were rolled down the steps for the captors to take home and eat at the feast of victory. In order to obtain enough victims for their ferocious deity the Aztecs were obliged to make almost continuous war on neighboring tribes, and in battle to devote their energies rather to capturing their enemies than to slaying them.

A HYMN OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS

[This is addressed to Teteoinan, Mother of the Gods.
The Editor.]

Hail to our mother, who caused the yellow flowers to blossom, who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who poured forth flowers in abundance, who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who caused the yellow flowers to blossom, she who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who poured forth white flowers in abundance, who scattered the seeds of the maguey, as she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to the goddess who shines in the thorn bush like a bright butterfly.

Ho! she is our mother goddess of the earth, she supplies food in the desert to the wild beasts, and causes them to live.

Thus, thus, you see her to be an ever-fresh model of liberality toward all flesh.

And as you see the goddess of the earth do to the wild beasts, so also does she toward the green herbs and the fishes.

NEZAHUALCOYOTL, KING OF THE TUSCUCANS

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

The king was strict in the execution of his laws, though his natural disposition led him to temper justice with mercy. Many anecdotes are told of the benevolent interest he took in the concerns of his subjects, and of his anxiety to detect and reward merit, even in the most humble. It was common for him to ramble among them in disguise, like the celebrated caliph in the "Arabian Nights," mingling freely in conversation, and ascertaining their actual condition with his own eyes.

On one such occasion, when attended only by a single lord, he met with a boy who was gathering sticks in a field for fuel. He inquired of him "why he did not go into the neighboring forest, where he would find a plenty of them." To which the lad answered, "It was the king's wood, and he would punish him with death, if he trespassed there." The royal forests were very extensive in Tezcuco, and were guarded by laws full as severe as those of the Norman tyrants in England. "What kind of man is your king?" asked the monarch, willing to learn the effect of these prohibitions on his own popularity. "A very hard man," answered the boy, "who denies his people what God has given them." Nezahualcoyotl urged him not to mind such arbitrary laws, but to glean his sticks in the forest, as there was no one present who would betray him. But the boy sturdily

refused, bluntly accusing the disguised king, at the same time, of being a traitor, and of wishing to bring him into trouble.

Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to the palace, ordered the child and his parents to be summoned before him. They received the orders with astonishment, but, on entering the presence, the boy at once recognized the person with whom he had discoursed so unceremoniously, and he was filled with consternation. The good-natured monarch, however, relieved his apprehensions by thanking him for the lesson he had given him, and, at the same time, commended his respect for the laws, and praised his parents for the manner in which they had trained their son. He then dismissed the parties with a liberal largess; and afterwards mitigated the severity of the forest laws, so as to allow persons to gather any wood they might find on the ground, if they did not meddle with the standing timber.

Another adventure is told of him, with a poor woodman and his wife, who had brought their little load of billets for sale to the market-place of Texcuco. The man was bitterly lamenting his hard lot, and the difficulty with which he earned a wretched subsistence, while the master of the palace before which they were standing lived an idle life, without toil, and with all the luxuries of the world at his command.

He was going on in his complaints, when the good woman stopped him, by reminding him that he might be overheard. He was so, by Nezahualcoyotl himself, who, standing, screened from observation, at a latticed window, which overlooked the market, was amusing himself, as he was wont, with observing the common people

chaffering in the square. He immediately ordered the querulous couple into his presence. They appeared trembling and conscience-struck before him. The king gravely inquired what they had said. As they answered him truly, he told them they should reflect, that, if he had great treasures at his command, he had still greater calls for them; that, far from leading an easy life, he was oppressed with the whole burden of government; and concluded by admonishing them "to be more cautious in future, as walls had ears." He then ordered his officers to bring a quantity of cloth, and a generous supply of cacao (the coin of the country), and dismissed them. "Go," said he; "with the little you now have, you will be rich; while, with all my riches, I shall still be poor."

MEXICAN HIEROGLYPHICS

MEXICAN HIEROGLYPHICS

"The Mexican priesthood, being the educated class, were much concerned with the art of picture-writing, which they had developed to a stage quite above the rude figures of the American hunting-tribes, and used systematically as a means of recording religious festivals and legends, as well as keeping calendars of years and recording the historical events which occurred in them. . . . Their main principle is pictorial. Gods are represented with their appropriate attributes, — the fire-god hurling his spear, the moon-goddess with a shell, etc.; the scenes of human life are pictures of warriors fighting with club and spear, men paddling in canoes, women spinning and weaving, etc. An important step toward phonetic writing appears, however, in the picture-names of places and persons. The simplest forms of these depict the objects signified by the name, as where *Chapultepec*, or 'Grasshopper Hill,' is represented by a grasshopper on a hill, or a stone with a cactus on it stands for *Tenoch*, or 'Stone Cactus,' the founder of *Tenochtitlan*. The system had, however, risen a stage beyond this when objects were drawn to represent, not themselves, but the syllables forming their names, as where a trap, an eagle, a pricker, and a hand are put together not to represent these objects, but in order that the syllables of their names *mo-quauh-zo-ma* should spell the word Moquauhzoma."

HOW AN AZTEC BOY BECAME A KNIGHT

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

THERE were several military orders and titles which were bestowed as a reward for gallantry, one of them — the knightly order of the Tecuhtli — being restricted to the nobility. To obtain this rank, it was necessary, besides being of noble birth, to have given proof of the highest courage, and to have sufficient wealth to defray the enormous expenses attached to it.

For three years before he was admitted, the candidate and his parents busied themselves in making ready for the ceremony, and in collecting rich garments, jewels, and golden ornaments, as presents for the guests. When the time approached, the omens were consulted, and an auspicious day being selected, his relatives and friends, and a number of great nobles and tecuhtlis were invited to a sumptuous banquet. On the morning of this all-important day, the company set forth in a body for the temple of Camaxtli, the Tlascaltec god of war, followed by a multitude of curious spectators, mainly of the lower orders. Arriving at the summit of the pyramid consecrated to the war-god, the aspirant to knightly honors bowed down reverently before his altar. The high priest then approached him, and, with a tiger's bone or an eagle's claw, perforated the cartilage of his nose in two places, inserting pieces of jet or obsidian, which remained until the year of his probation was passed, and were then replaced with golden beads and

precious stones. This operation signified that he who aspired to the dignity of a tecuhtli must be swift to overtake an enemy as the eagle, and fierce in battle as the tiger.

Speaking in a loud voice, the high priest now begins to heap insults upon the candidate, who makes no answer, but stands meekly before him. His voice grows louder and louder; he brandishes his arms aloft, and works himself into a fury. The assistant priests gather close around the object of the pontiff's wrath; they jostle him; they point their fingers sneeringly at him, and call him coward. For a moment the dark eyes of the victim gleam savagely; his hands close involuntarily; he is about to spring upon his tormentors; but with an effort he calms himself and remains passive as ever. That look makes the priests draw back, but only for an instant; they are upon him again, for they know that he is strong to endure, and they will prove him to the uttermost. Screaming vile epithets in his ears, they tear the garments piece by piece from his body, until nothing but the *maxtli* is left, and the man stands bruised and almost naked in their midst. All is useless, however; their victim is immovable, and at length he is left in peace.

The candidate has now passed safely through his most trying ordeal, but that fierce look was a narrow escape. Had he lifted only a finger in resistance, he must have gone down from the temple, to be scorned and jeered at by the crowd below as one who had aspired to the dignity of a tecuhtli, and yet could restrain his temper no better than a woman. All the long months of preparation would have been in vain;

his parents would have wept for vexation and shame, and perchance he would even have been punished for sacrilege.

But he is by no means yet a member of the coveted order. He is now conducted to a hall in the temple, where he commences his novitiate, or period of probation, with four days of penance, prayer, and fasting. During this time his powers of endurance are sorely taxed. The only furniture allowed him are a mat and a low stool, and his garments are of the coarsest description. At nightfall a priest brings to him a black ointment wherewith to besmear his face, a few spines of the maguey plant with which to draw blood from his body, a censer, and some incense. His sole companions are three veteran warriors, who instruct him in his duties and keep him awake, for during the four days he must only sleep a few minutes at a time. If, overcome with drowsiness, he should exceed the limit, his guardians thrust the maguey thorns into his flesh, crying: "Awake, awake! Learn to be vigilant and watchful; keep your eyes open, that you may look to the interests of your vassals."

At midnight the candidate burns incense before the war-god, and draws blood from various parts of his body. He then walks round the temple, and on his way burns paper and copal at the four sides of the building facing the cardinal points, letting fall upon each offering a few drops of his own blood. Once only in twenty-four hours he breaks his fast, and then the food, which is taken at midnight, consists only of four small dumplings of maize meal, each about the size of a walnut, and a little water. Even this he leaves untasted, if he wishes to display

extraordinary powers of endurance. The four days elapsed, he obtains permission from the high priest to complete his time of probation at some temple in his own city or district.

For two or three months before his formal admission to the order, the relatives of the candidate make ready for the coming ceremony. A grand display is made of the rich attire and costly jewels prepared for him; presents without stint are provided for the guests; a second banquet is made ready and the whole house is decorated for the occasion. On the day appointed, the company assemble as before, and with music and dancing, the knight is borne toward the shrine of Camaxtli. Accompanied by his brother tecuhtlis, he ascends the steps of the temple, and respectfully salutes the god. The coarse garments are then removed, and his hair is bound in a knot with a red cord, to the ends of which are appended some feathers of brilliant plumage. He is now arrayed in a garb of rich material, including a tunic, adorned with a delicately embroidered device, the badge of his newly acquired rank. In his right hand are placed some arrows, and in his left a bow.

The ceremony is completed by the high priest, who instructs him in his duties; tells him the names which he is to add to his own as a member of the order; describes to him the signs and devices which he must emblazon on his escutcheon; and exhorts him to be liberal and just, to love his country and his gods. The knight then descends into the court of the temple, and music and dancing are resumed until it is time for the banquet to commence. To the guests, at least, this was the most interesting feature of the day; for in front of each one were placed

the presents intended for him, consisting of costly wares and ornaments, in such profusion that two slaves could with difficulty carry a single portion. On the following day the servants and followers of the guests were feasted and presented with gifts, according to the means and liberality of the donor.

The privileges of the tecuhtlis were important and numerous. In council their votes outweighed all others, and at feasts and ceremonies, in peace or in war, they always received the preference. The vast outlay needed to obtain this title debarred many who were really worthy of the distinction. In some instances, however, when a noble had won renown in war, but had not the means to pay for his initiation, the expenses were borne by the order, or by the governor of his province.

HOW THE AZTEC KING PASSED HIS TIME

[Early part of the sixteenth century]

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

The number of attendants attached to the royal houses was very great. Every day, from sunrise until sunset, the antechambers of Montezuma's residence in the capital were thronged with nobles, who discussed in low tones the topics of the day, for it was considered disrespectful to speak loudly within the walls of the palace. They took their meals from the dishes provided for the royal table, as did, after them, their own servants, of whom each one was entitled to a certain number according to his rank. These retainers filled several of the outer courts during the day, numbering in all some two or three thousand.

The king took his meals alone, in one of the largest halls of the palace. In cold weather a fire was kindled of charcoal, made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but gave forth a delicious perfume; and to protect him from the heat, a screen, ornamented with gold and carved with figures of idols, was placed between his person and the fire. He was seated on a low leathern cushion, covered with soft skins, and his table, which was of a similar description, though larger and higher, was covered with white cloths of the finest texture. The dinner service was of the finest wares of Cholulu, and many of the goblets were of gold and silver, or of beautiful shells. The viands included all descriptions of

fish, flesh, and fowl that could be procured in the empire or imported from beyond it. Relays of courtiers were employed in bringing delicacies from afar; and it is said that the royal table was every day supplied with fish brought from the seacoast, more than fifty leagues distant.

There were skillful cooks among the Aztecs, and in preparing the royal banquets there was almost as much variety in the cooking as in the materials used. Meats, fish, and poultry, roasted, stewed, and boiled, were served up in every style, and among them were many curious messes, such as frog spawn and stewed ants seasoned with chile. But strangest of all the compounds that made up the royal *carte* was one highly seasoned dish, so carefully prepared that its principal ingredient was completely disguised, that ingredient being human flesh.

Bread of many varieties, all more or less resembling the modern *tortilla*, or unleavened cake of maize, and *tamales* of various descriptions, — the *tamale* being a compound of meat, vegetables, herbs, and lard coated with maize dough and wrapped in a corn husk, — formed a portion of each repast. As to the quantities of food prepared for these meals, authorities differ; but it must have been enormous; for the lowest estimate places the number of dishes at three hundred and the highest at three thousand. They were brought into the hall by pages of noble birth, who placed their burdens upon the matted floor and retired noiselessly. The monarch then pointed out the viands of which he desired to partake, or left the selection to his steward, who alone was privileged to place them upon his table.

Everything being in readiness, a number of beautiful women entered, bearing water in round vessels, in which the king might wash his hands, and towels wherewith to dry them. At the same time two other women brought him small loaves of bread made of the finest maize flour beaten up with eggs. This done, a wooden screen, carved and gilt, was placed before him, that none might see him eat except the five or six aged lords, who on these occasions stood in the presence of royalty, barefooted and with bowed heads. To these, as a special mark of favor, the monarch occasionally sent a choice morsel from his own plate.

During his meal the king sometimes amused himself with watching the performances of his jugglers and tumblers, and at other times there was dancing, accompanied with singing and music. There were always present dwarfs and professional jesters, who were allowed to speak, — a liberty denied to all others under penalty of death, — and, as one of the privileges of their calling, to tell sharp truths in guise of jests.

The more solid food was followed by pastry, sweetmeats, and a variety of fruits. The only beverage served at the meal was chocolate, which was taken with a spoon finely wrought of gold or shell from a goblet of the same material. His repast concluded, the king again washed his hands in water brought to him as before, and then, after inhaling from a gilt and painted pipe the smoke of a mixture of liquid amber and tobacco, he took his siesta.

The after-dinner hours Montezuma devoted to affairs of state, giving audience to foreign ambassadors, to deputations from various portions of his empire, and to

such of his lords and nobles as had business to transact with him. Before entering the presence-chamber, all except those of royal blood were required to leave their sandals at the door, to cover their rich dresses with a large coarse mantle, and to approach the monarch barefooted and with downcast eyes, for the subject who should dare to look the sovereign in the face was surely put to death. The king usually made answer through his secretaries, or, when he deigned to reply directly, spoke in a tone of voice almost inaudible. Nevertheless he listened attentively to all that was said to him, and encouraged those who, from diffidence or embarrassment, found difficulty in speaking, each one, when dismissed, retiring with his face toward the royal throne.

The business of the day thus concluded, the monarch again gave himself up to pleasure, passing his time in familiar badinage with his jesters, in listening to ballad-singers, who sang of war and the glorious deeds of his ancestors, or in watching the feats of strength and sleight of hand of his acrobats and jugglers. Thrice each day he changed his dress, and a garment once worn was never used again.

The Aztec monarchs seldom appeared in state among their people, though we are told that they would sometimes go forth in disguise to see that none of the religious ceremonies were omitted, to ascertain whether the laws were observed, and probably to learn the true state of public opinion with regard to themselves. When they did appear, however, the parade was in keeping with their other observances. On these occasions the king was seated in a magnificent litter, covered with a canopy of feather-work, adorned with gold and precious

stones, and borne on the shoulders of four noblemen. He was attended by a vast multitude of courtiers, who walked in silence and with downcast eyes, the procession being headed by an official carrying three wands, whose duty it was to give warning of his approach.

In addition to the host of retainers already mentioned, there were innumerable servants and officials attached to the royal household, such as butlers, stewards, and cooks, treasurers, secretaries, scribes, military officers, superintendents of the royal granaries and arsenals, and those employed under them. Numbers of artisans were constantly engaged in repairing old buildings and erecting new ones, and a small army of jewelers and workers in precious metals was maintained permanently at the palace, for the purpose of supplying the king and court with their costly ornaments. The enormous expense of supporting the monarch's household was defrayed by the people, who were sorely oppressed by overtaxation. The entire management was entrusted to a head steward who, with the help of his secretaries, kept minute hieroglyphic records of the royal revenue, and it is said that, at the time of the conquest, one of the palace apartments was filled with these records.

II

THE COMING OF THE SPANIARDS

HISTORICAL NOTE

When Cortés first landed in Mexico, on the spot where Vera Cruz now stands, the Aztecs met him in most friendly fashion. They told him that the governor of their province was Teuhtlile, but that, far inland, dwelt the great Montezuma, the mighty ruler of the whole land. Cortés assured them of his friendly intentions, and said that he desired to meet their governor. This meeting was accomplished, and he then pushed on to the City of Mexico. Montezuma tried his best to induce the Spaniards to remain away from his capital; but he still refused to fight them, for, according to national tradition, the god Quetzalcoatl would some day return to Mexico with beard and a white skin, and the king was half convinced that these invaders might be of the race of the Sun.

At length the Spaniards entered the city, and fortified themselves in one of the palaces. As the attitude of the Mexicans grew menacing, Cortés seized Montezuma, and compelled him to acknowledge the authority of Spain and to pay an immense ransom. Soon after he was stoned to death by his own subjects for having submitted to Cortés. His successor led a furious attack on the handful of Spaniards, who were forced to retreat after losing many of their men. Having recruited fresh forces Cortés marched again to the city, which he captured after a long and desperate siege. The Aztec king was seized and executed, and all Mexico submitted to Spanish rule.

HAS THE GOD QUETZALCOATL COME TO MEXICO?

[1519]

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

TEUHTLILE arrived, as he had announced, before noon. He was attended by a numerous train, and was met by Cortés, who conducted him with much ceremony to his tent, where his principal officers were assembled. The Aztec chief returned their salutations with polite though formal courtesy. Mass was first said by Father Olmedo, and the service was listened to by Teuhtlile and his attendants with decent reverence. A collation was afterwards served, at which the general entertained his guests with Spanish wines and confections. The interpreters were then introduced, and a conversation commenced between the parties.

The first inquiries of Teuhtlile were respecting the country of the strangers, and the purport of their visit. Cortés told him that "he was the subject of a potent monarch beyond the seas, who ruled over an immense empire, and had kings and princes for his vassals; that, acquainted with the greatness of the Mexican emperor, his master had desired to enter into a communication with him, and had sent him as his envoy to wait on Montezuma with a present in token of his good will, and a message which he must deliver in person." He concluded by inquiring of Teuhtlile when he could be admitted to his sovereign's presence.

To this the Aztec noble somewhat haughtily replied, "How is it, that you have been here only two days, and demand to see the emperor?" He then added, with more courtesy, that "he was surprised to learn there was another monarch as powerful as Montezuma; but that, if it were so, he had no doubt his master would be happy to communicate with him. He would send his couriers with the royal gift brought by the Spanish commander, and, so soon as he had learned Montezuma's will, would communicate it."

Teuhtlile then commanded his slaves to bring forward the present intended for the Spanish general. It consisted of ten loads of fine cottons, several mantles of that curious feather-work whose rich and delicate dyes might vie with the most beautiful painting, and a wicker basket filled with ornaments of wrought gold, all calculated to inspire the Spaniards with high ideas of the wealth and mechanical ingenuity of the Mexicans.

Cortés received these presents with suitable acknowledgments, and ordered his own attendants to lay before the chief the articles designed for Montezuma. These were an armchair richly carved and painted, a crimson cap of cloth, having a gold medal emblazoned with St. George and the dragon, and a quantity of collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of cut glass, which, in a country where glass was not to be had, might claim to have the value of real gems, and no doubt passed for such with the inexperienced Mexican. Teuhtlile observed a soldier in the camp with a shining gilt helmet on his head, which he said reminded him of one worn by the god Quetzalcoatl in Mexico; and he showed a desire that Montezuma should see it. The coming of the

Spaniards was associated with some traditions of this same deity. Cortés expressed his willingness that the casque should be sent to the emperor, intimating a hope that it would be returned filled with the gold dust of the country, that he might be able to compare its quality with that in his own! He further told the governor, as we are informed by his chaplain, that the Spaniards were troubled with a disease of the heart, for which gold was a specific remedy! "In short," says Las Casas, "he contrived to make his want of gold very clear to the governor."

While these things were passing, Cortés observed one of Teuhtlile's attendants busy with a pencil, apparently delineating some object. On looking at his work, he found that it was a sketch on canvas of the Spaniards, their costumes, arms, and, in short, different objects of interest, giving to each its appropriate form and color. This was the celebrated picture-writing of the Aztecs, and, as Teuhtlile informed him, this man was employed in portraying the various objects for the eye of Montezuma, who would thus gather a more vivid notion of their appearance than from any description by words. Cortés was pleased with the idea; and, as he knew how much the effect would be heightened by converting still life into action, he ordered out the cavalry on the beach, the wet sands of which afforded a firm footing for the horses. The bold and rapid movements of the troops, as they went through their military exercises; the apparent ease with which they managed the fiery animals on which they were mounted; the glancing of their weapons, and the shrill cry of the trumpet, all filled the spectators with astonishment; but when they heard the thunders of

the cannon, which Cortés ordered to be fired at the same time, and witnessed the volumes of smoke and flame issuing from these terrible engines, and the rushing sound of the balls, as they dashed through the trees of the neighboring forest, shivering their branches into fragments, they were filled with consternation, from which the Aztec chief himself was not wholly free.

Nothing of all this was lost on the painters, who faithfully recorded, after their fashion, every particular; not omitting the ships, "the water-houses," — as they called them, — of the strangers, which, with their dark hulls and snow-white sails reflected from the water, were swinging lazily at anchor on the calm bosom of the bay. All was depicted with a fidelity that excited in their turn the admiration of the Spaniards, who, doubtless unprepared for this exhibition of skill, greatly overestimated the merits of the execution.

These various matters ended, Teuhtlile with his attendants withdrew from the Spanish quarters, with the same ceremony with which he had entered them; leaving orders that his people should supply the troops with provisions and other articles requisite for their accommodation, till further orders from the capital.

[Teuhtlile promptly sent messengers to Montezuma to tell him of the coming of the strangers. Now from the appearance of comets and other signs, the subjects of the king believed that Quetzalcoatl himself was about to visit his people. It was possible that among these fair-skinned visitors was the God of the Sun; it was also possible that they might be enemies. Montezuma decided to send an embassy to them, bearing magnificent presents to impress them with his power and wealth, but forbidding them to come any nearer to his capital city.]

At the expiration of seven, or eight days at most, the Mexican embassy presented itself before the camp. It may seem an incredibly short space of time, considering the distance of the capital was near seventy leagues. But it may be remembered that tidings were carried there by means of posts, as already noticed, in the brief space of four-and-twenty hours; and four or five days would suffice for the descent of the envoys to the coast, accustomed as the Mexicans were to long and rapid traveling. At all events, no writer states the period, occupied by the Indian emissaries on this occasion, as longer than that mentioned.

The embassy, consisting of two Aztec nobles, was accompanied by the governor, Teuhtlile, and by a hundred slaves, bearing the princely gifts of Montezuma. One of the envoys had been selected on account of the great resemblance which, as appeared from the painting representing the camp, he bore to the Spanish commander. And it is a proof of the fidelity of the painting that the soldiers recognized the resemblance, and always distinguished the chief by the name of the "Mexican Cortés."

On entering the general's pavilion, the ambassadors saluted him and his officers with the usual signs of reverence to persons of great consideration, touching the ground with their hands and then carrying them to their heads, while the air was filled with clouds of incense, which rose up from the censers borne by their attendants. Some delicately wrought mats of the country were then unrolled, and on them the slaves displayed the various articles they had brought. They were of the most miscellaneous kind: shields, helmets,

cuirasses, embossed with plates and ornaments of pure gold; collars and bracelets of the same metal, sandals, fans, *panaches* and crests of variegated feathers, intermingled with gold and silver thread, and sprinkled with pearls and precious stones; imitations of birds and animals in wrought and cast gold and silver, of exquisite workmanship; coverlets, and robes of cotton, fine as silk, of rich and various dyes, interwoven with feather-work that rivaled the delicacy of painting. There were more than thirty loads of cotton cloth in addition. Among the articles was the Spanish helmet sent to the capital, and now returned filled to the brim with grains of gold. But the things which excited the most admiration were two circular plates of gold and silver, "as large as carriage-wheels." One, representing the sun, was richly carved with plants and animals, — no doubt, denoting the Aztec century. It was thirty palms in circumference, and was valued at twenty thousand *pesos de oro*. The silver wheel, of the same size, weighed fifty marks.[1]

The Spaniards could not conceal their rapture at the exhibition of treasures which so far surpassed all the dreams in which they had indulged. For, rich as were the materials, they were exceeded — according to the testimony of those who saw these articles afterwards in Seville, where they could coolly examine them — by the beauty and richness of the workmanship.

When Cortés and his officers had completed their survey, the ambassadors courteously delivered the message of Montezuma. "It gave their master great pleasure," they said, "to hold this communication with so powerful

[1] About twenty-five pounds.

a monarch as the King of Spain, for whom he felt the most profound respect. He regretted much that he could not enjoy a personal interview with the Spaniards, but the distance of his capital was too great; since the journey was beset with difficulties, and with too many dangers from formidable enemies, to make it possible. All that could be done, therefore, was for the strangers to return to their own land, with the proofs thus afforded them of his friendly disposition."

Cortés, though much chagrined at this decided refusal of Montezuma to admit his visit, concealed his mortification as he best might, and politely expressed his sense of the emperor's munificence. It made him only the more desirous, he said, to have a personal interview with him. He should feel it, indeed, impossible to present himself again before his own sovereign, without having accomplished this great object of his voyage; and one, who had sailed over two thousand leagues of ocean, held lightly the perils and fatigues of so short a journey by land. He once more requested them to become the bearers of his message to their master, together with a slight additional token of his respect.

This consisted of a few fine Holland shirts, a Florentine goblet, gilt and somewhat curiously enameled, with some toys of little value, — a sorry return for the solid magnificence of the royal present. The ambassadors may have thought as much. At least they showed no alacrity in charging themselves either with the present or the message; and, on quitting the Castilian quarters, repeated their assurance that the general's application would be unavailing.

The splendid treasure, which now lay dazzling the

eyes of the Spaniards, raised in their bosoms very different emotions, according to the difference of their characters. Some it stimulated with the ardent desire to strike at once into the interior, and possess themselves of a country which teemed with such boundless stores of wealth. Others looked on it as the evidence of a power altogether too formidable to be encountered with their present insignificant force. They thought, therefore, it would be most prudent to return and report their proceedings to the governor of Cuba, where preparations could be made commensurate with so vast an undertaking. There can be little doubt as to the impression made on the bold spirit of Cortés, on which difficulties ever acted as incentives, rather than discouragements, to enterprise. But he prudently said nothing, — at least in public, — preferring that so important a movement should flow from the determination of his whole army, rather than from his own individual opinion.

Meanwhile the soldiers suffered greatly from the inconveniences of their position amidst burning sands and the pestilent effluvia of the neighboring marshes, while the venomous insects of these hot regions left them no repose, day or night. Thirty of their number had already sickened and died; a loss that could ill be afforded by the little band. To add to their troubles, the coldness of the Mexican chiefs had extended to their followers; and the supplies for the camp were not only much diminished, but the prices set on them were exorbitant. The position was equally unfavorable for the shipping, which lay in an open roadstead, exposed to the fury of the first *norte* which should sweep the Mexican Gulf.

The general was induced by these circumstances to

dispatch two vessels, under Francisco de Montejo, with the experienced Alaminos for his pilot, to explore the coast in a northerly direction, and see if a safer port and more commodious quarters for the army could not be found there.

After the lapse of ten days the Mexican envoys returned. They entered the Spanish quarters with the same formality as on the former visit, bearing with them an additional present of rich stuffs and metallic ornaments, which, though inferior in value to those before brought, were estimated at three thousand ounces of gold. Besides these, there were four precious stones, of a considerable size, resembling emeralds, called by the natives *chalchuites*, each of which, as they assured the Spaniards, was worth more than a load of gold, and was designed as a mark of particular respect for the Spanish monarch. Unfortunately they were not worth as many loads of earth in Europe.

Montezuma's answer was in substance the same as before. It contained a positive prohibition for the strangers to advance nearer to the capital; and expressed the confidence, that, now they had obtained what they had most desired, they would return to their own country without unnecessary delay. Cortés received this unpalatable response courteously, though somewhat coldly, and, turning to his officers, exclaimed, "This is a rich and powerful prince, indeed; yet it shall go hard but we will one day pay him a visit in his capital."

THE KING WITHOUT A THRONE

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

THE Spaniards approached the capital, and were met by a procession of more than one thousand nobles and merchants, arrayed in embroidered robes, and with jewelry of pendent stones and gold. Passing in file before their visitors, they touched the earth with their hands, carrying the fingers to the lip, in token of respect. At the junction of the causeway with the main avenue of the city was a wooden bridge, ten paces in width. On this spot the captain-general dismounted to await the arrival of the emperor, who, borne in solitary grandeur through the ranks of his nobles, lords, and court dignitaries, all of them marching with bare feet, and bowed heads, descended from his richly adorned litter, and with the dignified mien of an Aztec sovereign, advanced toward Cortés. Above his head four chieftains held a canopy covered with green feathers, adorned with gold and silver and jewels, and before him attendants swept the path and spread tapestry, lest the imperial feet should be soiled by contact with the earth. The monarch was arrayed in a blue *timatli*, or mantle, which, bordered with gold, and richly embroidered and jeweled, hung in loose folds from the neck. On his head was a mitred crown of gold and plumes and on his feet were golden sandals, their fastenings embossed with precious stones.

Saluting Cortés with the grace of an Old-World mon-

arch, Montezuma presented him a bouquet of flowers in token of welcome. In return, the Spaniard took from his person and placed around the neck of the emperor a necklace of glass, in the form of pearls and diamonds, strung on cords of gold, and scented with musk. With these baubles, false as were the assurances of friendship that accompanied them, the sovereign pretended to be pleased, and after many expressions of good will returned to his palace.

The Spaniards then marched into the capital. In front were scouts on horseback, followed by the cavalry, at the head of which rode the captain-general, then came the infantry, with the artillery and baggage in the center, and last the allies. The streets which had been deserted in deference to the emperor, were now alive with spectators, who thronged the lanes, the windows, and the roofs.

At the plaza, from which rose the huge pyramid-temple, surrounded on all sides by palatial structures, the procession turned to the right, and Cortés was escorted up the steps of a palace facing the eastern side of the temple inclosure. Hence, through a courtyard shaded with colored awnings, and cooled with fountains, Montezuma conducted him in person into a spacious hall, and seated him on a gilded dais bedecked with jewels. "Malinche," he said, — the word meaning "companion of Marina," the attendant of Cortés, — "everything in the palace is at your disposal, and every want shall be attended to." Then, with the courtesy of a monarch he retired, while the Spaniards arranged their quarters, and enjoyed the banquet spread before them by the emperor's servants.

In the afternoon, Montezuma returned, attended by his suite, and expressing his delight at meeting such valiant men, declared that he had sought to prevent them from visiting the capital solely because his subjects feared them. He then related the myth of Quetzalcoatl, expressing his belief that the Spaniards were the predicted race. "Hence," he said to Cortés, if we can believe the statement of the latter, "be assured that we shall obey you, and hold you as lord-lieutenant of the great king. You may command in all my empire as you please, and shall be obeyed. All that we possess is at your disposal." The captain-general replied that his sovereign, the mightiest in the world, and the ruler of many great princes, was indeed Quetzalcoatl. He desired not, however, to interfere with the emperor's authority, and had sent his envoys only to serve him and instruct him in the true faith.

A few days later, the visitors asked permission to erect a church in their own quarters, and with the help of native artisans the work was completed in three days. While selecting a site for the altar, relates Bernal Diaz, the carpenter observed that an opening in the wall had been recently closed up and coated with plaster. Cortés, ever on his guard against treachery, immediately ordered the wall to be opened. Aladdin on entering his cave could not have been more astonished than were the Spaniards on stepping into the chamber thus exposed. Here were riches for them to their hearts' content. Bars of gold were there, nuggets, large and small, and figures, implements, and jewelry of the same metal; there was silver; there were embroidered and jeweled fabrics; and there were emeralds and precious stones. The com-

mander allowed his followers to revel in ecstasy at the sight, but on their greed he set restraint. He had reasons of his own for not at that moment disturbing the treasures, and gave orders that the wall should be closed up, all being enjoined to keep secret the discovery.

Already rumors in circulation among the Spaniards had roused anew the fears which had been soothed by the emperor's friendly and hospitable reception. It was even said that the nobles had prevailed on him to break down the bridges, arm the entire populace, and fall on the Spaniards with all his available strength. Whether these reports were originated by Cortés, in order to carry out his plans, cannot be determined. At least, they served as an excuse for holding a council, at which a most daring expedient was proposed and accepted. This was no less than to seize the person of the emperor, and hold him as a hostage.

If, instead of committing this outrage, the captain-general had now been content to depart with his treasure from the capital, it is probable that the conquest of Mexico would have been completed without further bloodshed. There was, in truth, no foundation for the rumors. Montezuma desired the friendship of the strangers, and had even offered Cortés his daughter in marriage. His real reasons for such an unhallowed deed were best known to himself; he was zealous for his religion, burning with ambition, and deemed this the shortest and surest road to the full realization of his purposes.

On the morrow, Cortés sent word that he was about to visit the emperor, and ordering out small parties, as if for a stroll around the palace and the paths leading to it,

gave them instructions to be ready for any emergency. Twenty-five soldiers followed him in twos and threes to the audience-chamber, all armed to the teeth, but as this was nothing unusual, no suspicion was aroused.

Assuming a serious tone, the captain-general produced a letter from Vera Cruz, containing information of an outrage committed, as was believed, at the emperor's instigation, whereby several Spaniards had been slain. The latter indignantly denied the charge, and Cortés assured him that he believed it to be false; but as commander of the party, he must account for their lives to the king, and ascertain the truth. In this, Montezuma said he would aid him, and calling a trusted officer, gave him a bracelet from his wrist, bearing the imperial signet, and bade him conduct to Mexico the guilty parties. Cortés expressed his satisfaction, but added that, in order to convince his men of the emperor's innocence, it would be advisable for him to remove to their quarters until the offenders were brought to justice.

Montezuma was thunder-struck at this matchless impudence. He, the august sovereign, before whom princes fell prostrate, at whose word armies sprang into existence, and at whose name great potentates trembled, to be thus treated in his own palace by a score of men, whom he had received as guests, and loaded with presents! For a moment he stood mute; and the changing aspect of his countenance revealed the agitation of his mind. Then he declared that he would not go. They could always find him at his palace. At length, however, he yielded, and closely surrounded by the Spaniards, though, merely, he was told, as a guard of honor, was

borne on his litter, through wondering and excited multitudes, to the apartments of Cortés. . . .

Though not held a close prisoner, being permitted at times to visit under a strong escort his palaces, temples, and hunting-grounds, the mere fact of his captivity was itself a burden almost greater than the monarch could bear. At first he was not unkindly treated, respect for his person being enforced among the Spaniards under severe penalties. It is related that one of the sentinels exclaimed in his hearing, "Confusion on this dog! By guarding him constantly, I am sick at stomach unto death." When informed of this insult, Cortés ordered the man to be publicly lashed in the soldiers' hall. We may presume, however, that the lash was not applied with undue severity.

Within a fortnight after the seizure of Montezuma, a chieftain named Quauhpopoca, the ringleader in the disturbance already mentioned, made his appearance at the capital. As a Spanish historian relates, though his may not be the correct version of the matter, he confessed his guilt, and after some hesitation, admitted that he had acted under the emperor's orders. This excuse availed him not, however, and he was at once condemned to the stake, together with his own son and the members of his suite, who had accompanied him to Mexico.

Before the pyre was lit, Cortés presented himself before the emperor, and in a severe tone declared that his life was forfeit; but as he loved him, for himself and for his generosity, he would inflict only a nominal punishment. He then turned on his heel, while one of the soldiers clasped round the prisoner's ankles a pair of

shackles. For a moment Montezuma stood rooted to the ground. Then he groaned in anguish at this, the greatest indignity that could be offered to his sacred person.

But the cup of his bitterness was not yet full. The kings of Tezcuco and Tlacopan, and a number of the principal caciques, were now in the captain-general's power. This was surely a good opportunity to exact of them an acknowledgment of Spanish sovereignty. He reminded the emperor of a promise already made to pay tribute, and required that he and his vassals should tender their allegiance. Instead of objecting, as had been anticipated, Montezuma at once acquiesced, mainly for the reason, perhaps, that he imagined his consent would be followed by the departure of his persecutors.

The chieftains and dignitaries of his court were summoned, and in their presence he declared that the long-expected race had arrived from the land of the rising sun, and demanded their allegiance in the name of Quetzalcoatl, to whom of right the sovereignty belonged. The gods had willed that their own generation should repair the omission of their ancestors. "Hence," he continued, his words being probably dictated by the Spaniards, "I pray that as you have hitherto honored and obeyed me as your lord, so you will henceforth honor and obey this great king, for he is your legitimate ruler, and in his place accept this mighty captain. All the tribute and service hitherto tendered to your emperor, bestow upon him, for I must also serve him, and bestow upon him all that he may require. In doing so, you will please me, and fulfill your

duty." The concluding words of the self-deposed monarch were choked with sobs, which, in the humiliation of his soul, he could no longer stifle. The courtiers and chieftains wept, and even the eyes of the Spaniards were dimmed with tears.

THE FALL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

[1521]

BY JACOB ABBOTT

It was on Tuesday, the 13th of August, 1521, that the conflict ceased. The mighty empire of Mexico on that day perished, and there remained in its stead but a colony of Spain.

On the very day of the capture [of the City of Mexico] Cortés searched every spot where treasure could be found, and having collected everything of value, returned to his camp, "giving thanks," he says, "to our Lord for so signal a reward and so desirable a victory as he has granted us." He continued for three or four days searching eagerly for spoils, amid all the scenes of horror presented by the devastated city. All the gold and silver which were found were melted down, and one fifth was set apart for the King of Spain, while the rest was divided among the Spaniards according to their rank and services.

"Among the spoils obtained in the city," says Cortés, in his dispatch to Charles V, "were many shields of gold, plumes, *panaches*, and other articles of so wonderful a character, that language will not convey an idea of them, nor could a correct conception be formed of their rare excellence without seeing them."

Still the booty which was gained fell far short of the expectation of the victors. The heroic Guatemozin, when the hope of successful defense had expired, deter-

mined that the conquerors should not be enriched by the treasures of the empire. A vast amount was consequently sent out in boats, and sunk to the bottom of the lake. For a short time, however, exultation in view of their great victory caused both the commander and his soldiers to forget their disappointment; love of glory for a moment triumphed over avarice.

The native allies had been but tools in the hand of Cortés to subjugate the Mexicans. The deluded natives had thus also subjugated themselves. They were now powerless, and the bond-servants of the Spaniards. Cortés allowed them to sack the few remaining dwellings of the smouldering capital, and to load themselves with such articles as might seem valuable to semi-barbarian eyes, but which would have no cash value in Spain. With this share of the plunder they were satisfied, and their camp resounded with revelry as those fierce warriors, with songs and dances, exulted over the downfall of their ancient foes. Cortés thanked them for their assistance, praised them for their valor, and told them that they might now go home. They went home, soon to find that it was to them home no more. The stranger possessed their country, and they and their children were his slaves.

In the Spanish camp the victory was honored by a double celebration. The first was purely worldly, and religion was held entirely in abeyance. Bonfires blazed. Deep into the night the drunken revelry resounded over the lake, until Father Olmedo remonstrated against such godless wassail.

The next day was appropriated to the religious celebration. The whole army was formed into a procession.

The image of the peaceful Virgin was decorated with tattered, blackened, and blood-stained banners, beneath which the Christians had so successfully struggled against the heathen. With hymns and chants, and in the repetition of creeds and prayers, this piratic band of fanatics, crimson with the blood of the innocent, moved to an appointed sanctuary, where Father Olmedo preached an impressive sermon, and solemnized the ordinance of the mass. The sacrament was administered to Cortés and his captains, and, with the imposing accompaniments of martial music and pealing artillery, thanksgivings were offered to God.

But now came the hour for discontent and murmuring. The excitement was over, the din of arms was hushed, the beautiful city was entirely destroyed, and two hundred thousand of the wretched inhabitants, whose only crime against the Spaniards was that they defended their wives, their children, and their homes, were festering in the grave. In counting up their gains, these guilty men found that the whole sum amounted to but about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Their grievous disappointment vented itself in loud complainings, and was soon turned into rage. They accused Guatemozin of having secreted the treasure which had been hoarded up, and demanded that he should be put to the torture to compel him to disclose the place of concealment. Cortés, for a time, firmly refused to yield to this atrocious demand; but the clamor of the disaffected grew louder and louder, until at last Cortés was accused of being in agreement with Guatemozin, that he might appropriate to his own use the secreted treasure.

Thus goaded, Cortés infamously consented that the

unhappy captive monarch should be put to the torture. The cacique of Tacuba, the companion of Guatemozin, and his highest officer, was put to the torture with him. Guatemozin had nothing to reveal. He could merely assert that the treasures of the city were thrown into the lake. With extraordinary fortitude he endured the agony, adding additional luster to a name already ennobled by the heroism with which he conducted the defense. His companion died upon this bed of agony. In the extremity of his torment, he turned an imploring eye toward the king. Guatemozin, it is recorded, observing his look, replied, "Am I, then, reposing upon a bed of flowers?" Cortés, who had reluctantly yielded to this atrocity, at last interposed, and rescued the imperial sufferer. Cortés has much to answer for before the bar of this world's judgment. For many of his criminal acts some apology may be framed, but for the torture of Guatemozin he stands condemned without excuse. No voice will plead his cause. Cortés seemed to be fully aware that it was not a creditable story for him to tell, and in his dispatches to the King of Spain he made no allusion to the event.

It was a grievous disappointment to Cortés that so little treasure was obtained, for his ambition was roused to send immense sums to the Spanish court, that he might purchase high favor with his monarch by thus proving the wealth and grandeur of the kingdom he had subjugated. Cortés himself accompanied a party of practiced divers upon the lake, and long and anxiously conducted the search; but the divers invariably returned from the oozy bottom of the lake empty-handed: no treasure could be found.

For three hundred years, while Mexico remained under Spanish rule, the anniversary of this victory was regularly celebrated with all the accompaniments of national rejoicing.

STATUE OF QUAUHTEMOC

STATUE OF QUAUHTEMOC

This statue was raised in memory of Quauhtemoc, last Prince of the Aztecs, and the warriors who fought with him in 1521 in defense of their country. By order of Cortés, the prince was fiendishly tortured to make him reveal the hiding-place of Montezuma's treasure; but the hero "bore the infernal pain of the fire with admirable fortitude. When Tetlepanquetzal testified his own anguish by groans, and begged his prince to reveal the location of the gold, Quauhtemoc rebuked him coldly, saying, 'Am I taking my pleasure in my bath?' This dictum is proverbial in Mexico, and is employed when one has his own troubles, yet is asked to bear those of others."

Cortés either believed or pretended to believe that his prisoner was plotting against him, and ordered his execution. "When brought to the fatal tree, Quauhtemoc displayed the intrepid spirit worthy of his better days. 'I knew what it was,' said he, 'to trust to your false promises, Malinche; I knew that you had destined me to this fate, since I did not fall by my own hand when you entered my city of Tenochtitlan. Why do you slay me so unjustly? God will demand it of you!' Tetlepanquetzal, protesting his innocence, declared that he desired no better lot than to die by the side of his lord. The unfortunate princes, with one or more inferior nobles, were then executed by being hanged from the huge branches of a ceiba tree which overshadowed the road.

"August 21 of each year — the anniversary of the torture of the prince — a curious festival is held at the base of the monument. Aztec costumes are worn by the participants, Indian dances are performed, and the descendants of the great prince recall, in the Aztec language, the chief episodes of his life."

CUITLAHUAC

III
MODERN MEXICO

HISTORICAL NOTE

From the time of Cortés until her final revolt against Spain, in 1810, Mexico was under Spanish misrule and suffered from unbearable taxation, corruption of the courts of justice, and the granting of offices and privileges to those only who had been born in Spain. The land which now forms the State of Texas formerly belonged to Mexico. Texas fought herself free and became a part of the United States. Disagreements about the boundary arose which led to war between Mexico and this country in 1846–48. In 1860, Mexico refused to make payments on money borrowed from foreign nations. This resulted in war with France, wherein the French were victors. Napoleon III hoped to found a French empire in America, and gave the crown of Mexico to Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria. On the withdrawal of the French troops, Maximilian fell into the hands of ex-President Juarez and was executed. Juarez was then made President, and held this position until his death, in 1872.

In 1877, Porfirio Diaz became president. Under his rule the country made an amazing advance in material prosperity. Nevertheless, heavy taxation, the extortions of officials, and the impossibility of expressing the free will of the people at the polls became at length unendurable, and in 1910 there was an outbreak. Diaz was forced to resign, and withdrew to Spain. Francisco Madero was elected in his place, but was unable to carry out the promised reforms, and uprisings soon broke out in various parts of the kingdom, which were suppressed with difficulty. In October, 1912, General Felix Diaz, a nephew of the old dictator, attempted to seize Vera Cruz. He was captured, but instead of being executed in the accepted Mexican fashion, was imprisoned at the capital. In February, 1913, a body of troops in the capital revolted, released Diaz and attacked the National Palace. After nine days of sanguinary but indecisive fighting in the heart of the city, two of Madero's generals, Huerta and Blanquet, deserted with their troops to the rebels. Madero was arrested and soon after assassinated, and Huerta was proclaimed provisional president.

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on!
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?
"Alas, alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled;
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountain, leaving blood and death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food.
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO

[1872]

BY MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

THE scion of immemorial lines,
  August with histories hoary,
Whose grand, imperial heirship shines
  With the starriest names of story, —
Stands doomed to die: — and the grenadiers
  In serried and silent column,
Their pitiless eyes half hazed with tears,
  Are waiting the signal solemn.

The brave young emperor lifts his brow, —
  It never has shown so regal;
Yet it is not the pride of the Hapsburg now,
  Nor the glance of the clefted eagle.
No blazing coronet binds his head,
  No ermined purple is round him;
But his manhood's majesty instead
  With royaler rank has crowned him.

An instant's pause he is caught away
  To Schönbrunn's peaceful bowers;
There's a lightning-dazzle of boyhood's day;
  Vienna's glittering towers
Flash back with a mocking, blinding glare;
  To barter such princely splendor,
For wrecked ambition and stark despair,
  Betrayal and base surrender!

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MAXIMILIAN

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MAXIMILIAN

BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

(*France.* 1838)

EARLY in the morning of the day set for the execution, a priest came to the emperor to give him the last sacraments, and mass was celebrated. At six the officer came for him. The emperor said, "I am ready." His servants wept and kissed his hands. "Be calm," he said; "you see I am so. It is the will of God that I should die, and we cannot act against that." The emperor and the two generals who were to die with him were then carried through the crowded streets to the place of execution. On taking their positions, the emperor moved aside for General Miramon to stand in the middle, saying, "A brave soldier must be honored by his monarch even in his last hour, therefore permit me to give you the place of honor." The fatal shots were fired, and the Emperor Maximilian was no more.

Wild, infinite taunting memories thrill
  His soul to its molten center;
Remorses that madden him clamor still,
  But he will not let them enter.
The groveling traffic of time all done,
  He would have the temple lonely,
Its sanctuaries emptied one by one,
  That God may fill it only.

But under the Austrian skies afar,
  Aglow with a light elysian,
The mullioned windows of Miramar
  Loom out on his tortured vision:
He looks on its gray abeles again;
  He is threading its pleachèd alleys;
He is guiding his darling's slackened rein,
  As they scour the dimpled valleys.

He can gaze his last on the earth and sky, —
  Step forth to his doom, nor shiver, —
Eternity front his steadfast eye,
  And never a muscle quiver:
But love's heart-rackings, despairs, and tears
  Wrench the fixed lips asunder;
"My poor Carlotta!" — Now, grenadiers,
  Your volley may belch its thunder!

THE RULE OF PORFIRIO DIAZ

[1877-1910]

BY CHANNING ARNOLD AND FREDERICK J. TABOR FROST

UNTIL 1876, when upon his distracted country Porfirio Diaz, innkeeper's son and born ruler, descended as *Deus ex machina*, the State of Mexico may be summed up in the words, "rapine, murder, and sudden death." But though Mexico has had — and the bulk of her population has had reason during the past thirty years to thank her lucky stars for him — an "iron master," the quietude of the country is only skin-deep. Law and order is represented by a blend of a rough-and-ready justice, a sort of legalized lynch-law, with an official law administration venal to a high degree. With every second mestizo[1] a born robber, Mexico is no place for tedious processes with remands and committals to assizes. A man caught red-handed is usually dealt with on the spot. Such a case occurred while we were visiting the capital. Two days after we had traveled on the marvelous mountain railway, the guards of the day train (which, by the way, always takes the bullion to the coast and has a carriage-load of soldiers attached as military convoy) saw, as they approached the steepest descent, two fellows loitering on the line, presumably wreckers. The train was stopped, and the guards and the officer commanding the convoy gave chase, and, coming up with the men, shot them with their revolvers

[1] A man of Spanish and Indian blood.

and kicked the bodies down the precipice. The sun and the vultures do the rest, and on the re-arrival of the train in the capital the matter may or may not be formally notified to the Government.

Even to the casual observer the difficulty of governing Mexico must seem inexpressibly great. President Diaz has succeeded not so much because he does not know what mercy means or because a rifle bullet is his only answer for those who question his authority, but because he is endowed with superhuman tact. The iron heel, like that of Achilles, has its vulnerable spot if pressed too hard upon a people's throat, and so he has little dodges by which he appears to his subjects to exercise a judicious clemency. If some redoubtable criminal is captured, some monarch of murderers, Diaz knows well that among his thousands of crime-loving fellow countrymen the brute will have a large following. His execution will mean the declaration of a vendetta against the police. So he is put on his trial, condemned to death, and within twenty-four hours the president commutes his sentence to one of twenty years' incarceration in the penitentiary. After about a week there, he is taken out one evening, as usual, into the prison yard for exercise under a small guard of soldiers. One of these sidles up to him and suggests that as the night is dark he might make a bolt for it. The convict believes it a genuine offer, sprints off, and is dropped at thirty yards like a rabbit by the five or six soldiers who have been waiting under the shadow of the farther wall. The next morning the official newspaper states, "Last night the notorious criminal So-and-So, to whom His Excellency the President recently extended clemency, made an

attempt to escape while being exercised in the prison yard, and was shot dead by the sentries." Thus everybody is pleased, except possibly the convict, and the president, without the least odium to himself, has rid the country of another blackguard.

Another stroke of real genius was the way in which he has succeeded in setting thieves to catch thieves. When he became president, the country was infested with bandits who stopped at nothing; but Diaz erected huge gallows at the crossways all over Mexico, and the robbers found they had to stop at these, and stop quite a long while till the *zopilotes* and vultures had picked their bones to the blameless white to which good Porfirio Diaz desired the lives of all his subjects to attain. After some weeks of brisk hanging-business, Diaz played his trump card. He proclaimed that all other bandits, known or unknown, who cared to surrender would be enrolled as *rurales*, country police, and, garbed in state uniform and armed with Winchesters, would spend the remainder of their lives agreeably engaged in killing their recalcitrant comrades. This temptation to spend their declining days in bloodshed, to which no penalties were attached, was too much for many. Thus fifty per cent of Mexico's robbers turn police and murder the other fifty, and acute Diaz has a body of men who and whose sons have proved, and sons' sons will prove, the eternal wisdom of this hybrid sphinx of a ruler.

But there is a comic side to Mexican justice. There is a Gilbertian humor in the go-as-you-please style in which prisoners are treated. In one crowded court, when the jury had retired to consider their verdict, the prisoner was engaged in walking up and down, hands

in pockets, cigarette in mouth, while the police, entirely oblivious to their charge, smoked and chatted in another part of the court. We asked one officer whether they were not afraid of the prisoner attempting an escape. "Oh, no," he said, "he'll wait for the verdict." Road-making is practically always done by gangs of convicts, and, when they think they have had enough work, they throw down their spades and picks, and warders and everybody sit down on the roadside and enjoy a cigarette and a chat. The British Minister told us that he had recently been shown over the penitentiary, in which at the moment there was a bloodthirsty rascal whose record of crime would have shamed a Jack the Ripper. The governor of the jail entered into a long and friendly conversation with him as to his wife and family, and, as the British Minister humorously put it, "We were all but presented to him." . . .

Nominally Mexico is a republic: really she is nothing of the sort. There is a Senate, a Chamber of Deputies, periodic elections of state representatives, a governor and council in each State of the Federation; but for upwards of a quarter of a century these have all been but pawns on a chessboard — the player a man of such astounding nature that those who laughed at Mrs. Alec Tweedie's description of him as "the greatest man of the nineteenth century" laughed from the fullness of their ignorance. Porfirio Diaz is an autocrat. He is an autocrat fiercer, more relentless, more absolute than the Czar of Russia, than any recent czar has been, almost than Peter the Great himself. He is more: he is a born ruler. He has played for the regeneration of his country. He has played, but it is too much to say he has won.

Nobody could win; but he has chained the bloody dogs of anarchy and murder, chained them successfully for so many years that there are some who forget that he has not killed them outright. Diaz is literally living over a volcano: he is a personified extinguisher of the fierce furnace of his country's turbulence. But when death removes him, what then? The deluge, surely; and after that one more apotheosis of the Monroe Doctrine, and the very wholesome, if somewhat aggressive, Stars and Stripes. You must go to Mexico and live among its people to know all this. It is singular how little the English people know of the country. Only the other day a veteran Anglo-Indian officer gravely asked us, "What is the exact position of Mexico in the United States of America?" We simply gasped: words failed in such an emergency. Before Diaz came, Mexico's history was one of uninterrupted rapine, murder, and sudden death. Out of a morass of blood he has made a garden; out of robbers he has made citizens; out of bankruptcy he has made a revenue; out of the bitterest civil strivings he has *almost* made a nation.

He is nearly eighty: he is upright as a dart: he has the face of a sphinx with a jaw which makes you shudder. He rarely talks, he still more rarely smiles. And yet the whole man expresses no false pride — no "wind in the head." His icy superhumanly self-controlled nature is too great to be moved by such petty things as pride and a vulgar joy in power. In manner and in life he is simplicity itself. He rides unattended in the Paseo; he comes down to the Jockey Club in the afternoon, and the members just rise and bow, and the president picks up his paper and sits quietly at the window reading. He

dislikes all ostentation; his food is simple; his clothes are almost always a plain blue serge suit and dark tie; and in his winter home in the city he lives as a simple citizen. But his power is literally limitless. The Mexicans do not love him: nobody could love such a man. The lower classes fear him unreasoningly; the upper classes fear him too, but it is blended with a lively sense of what he means to Mexico. But mark you! there is nothing of the bully about him. The bully is always weak, a coward. If Diaz was arrogant, he would be assassinated in twenty-four hours. He knows that. He knows the blood of the cattle he drives. Nobody but a madman whips a blooded horse; but he must have an iron wrist and a good hold on the rein. And that is why one can safely describe Diaz as a born ruler. He instinctively understands his subjects: he has not learned it, for he began thirty years ago. He was never educated in statecraft, for, indeed, he had no education at all; he was merely the son of an innkeeper, first sent to a Jesuit seminary, whence he ran away and joined the army. No! the man's secret is an iron will and positively miraculous tact. Whatever he does, whatever he orders, is always done so nicely. Everybody knows it has got to be done. Nobody ever crosses Diaz and lives to boast of so doing. But he gilds the pills he thinks his people must swallow, and they gulp them down and look up with meek smiles into that awful face.

Here is a little characteristic story of him. Some while back there was an election of governor of Yucatan. The Yucatecan people have always been one of the most restive of the presidential team. They nominated a man disagreeable to Diaz; he nominated a second. The elec-

tion ballot took place. The Yucatecan nominee was successful by an enormous majority. The news is wired to Mexico City. Back comes the presidential answer: "Glad to know my man elected: am sending troops to formally inaugurate him." The troops came, and Diaz's man was formally installed. To the Chamber of Deputies no one can be elected against the president's wish. For the over-popular governor of a State, Diaz provides distinguished employment elsewhere. Such a case occurred while we were in Yucatan. Señor Olegario Molina, of whom we shall later speak more, has been for some years deservedly popular in Merida, for he has done much to improve it. President Diaz visited Merida recently, and on his return appointed Señor Molina a cabinet minister. When he arrived in Vera Cruz, Molina found the presidential train awaiting him, and on reaching Mexico City the president and the whole cabinet had come to the station to greet him, and drove him triumphantly to the Iturbide Hotel. Charming courtesies! how favorably the presidential eyes beam on him! Yes, but he is banished: as much banished as the shivering pauper Jew workman turned away from the London docks. He was too powerful: he is safer in Mexico City, far away from the madding crowds who would perchance have made him state dictator. A too popular cabinet minister, again, is sent as minister to Madrid: another is found essential to the pacification of a turbulent State of northern Mexico; and so the pretty game goes on, and there is literally no kicking amongst the presidential team.

But there are fiercer exhibitions of autocracy at which people only hint, or of which they speak in whispers.

There is no Siberia in Mexico, but there are the equivalents of banishment and disappearance for those who would challenge the authority of the Mexican czar. Even criticism is tyrannically repressed. There is a press, but the muzzling order has long been in force, and recalcitrant editors soon see the inside of the penitentiary. General Diaz's present (second) wife is a daughter of a prominent supporter of Lerdo de Tejada, who on the death of Juarez assumed the presidency, but was expelled in 1876 by Diaz. The alliance brought about an armed peace between the two men. But they tell this story: One day an argument arose, and hot words followed. It was at a meal; and when wine's in, wit's out. Diaz's father-in-law went far, and half in jest, half in earnest, said, "Why, Porfirio, you almost tempt me to turn rebel again." They all saw the president's face darken, but the storm blew over. That night it is said that Madame Diaz had to go on her knees to her husband to beg for her father's life.

Such is the arbiter and autocrat of Mexico. What, then, is the state of the country politically, and what will be her future? Mexico's great weakness (she has many, but this overtops all others, and lowers menacing on her political horizon) is that she is not a nation. There is no true national feeling, and a moment's thought will show that the circumstances of her population forbid the existence of such. On the one side you have the Spanish Mexicans, the white population, representing the purest European blood in the country. They are but some nineteen per cent of a population of twelve million odd. Among them, and among them alone, is patriotism in its highest sense to be expected or found.

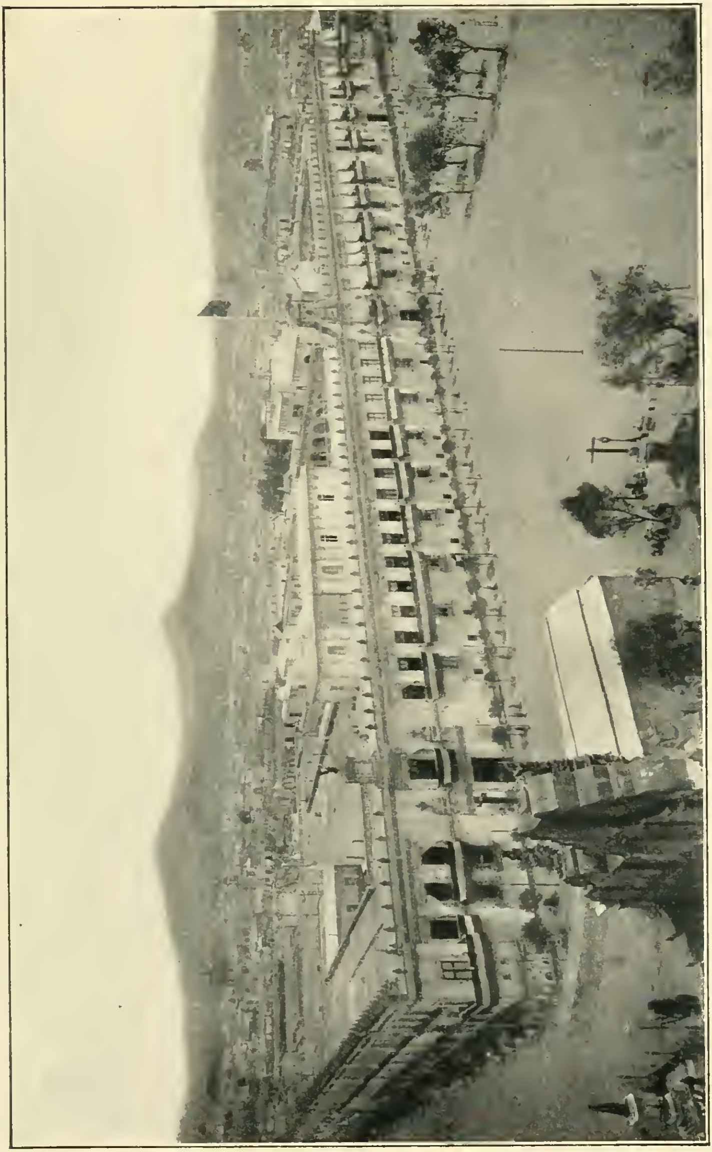
On the other side you have the vast mestizo class, — the half-castes, — some forty-three per cent, and then the purer Indians, forming the remaining thirty-eight per cent. Of these three classes the characteristics are sufficiently marked to destroy hope of any welding or holding together. The Spanish Mexicans are sensual and apathetic, avaricious and yet indolent, inheriting a full share of that Castilian pride and bigotry which has worked the colonial ruin of Spain. Brave, with many of those time-honored traits of the proverbial Spanish don, they are yet a people inexorably "marked down" by Fate in the international remnant basket. They have had their day. Ye gods! they have used it, too; but it is gone. The mestizos — near half the population — have all the worst features of their Spanish and Indian parents. Turbulent, born criminals, treacherous, idle, dissolute, and cruel, they have the Spanish lust and the Indian natural cynicism, the Spanish luxury of temperament with the Indian improvidence. These are the true Mexicans; these are the unruled and unrulable hotchpotch whom Diaz's iron hand holds straining in the leash: the dogs of rapine, murder, and sudden death, whose cowardice is only matched by their vicious treachery. And last there are the Indians, heartless, hopeless, disinherited, enslaved, awaiting with sullen patience their deliverance from the hated yoke of their Spanish masters, not a whit less abhorrent to them because they have had four centuries in which to become accustomed to it. The heterogeneity of Mexico's population is only matched by the depth of the antagonism of each class to each in all their most vital interests. To a common enemy Mexico can never present an un-

THE NATIONAL PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO

THE NATIONAL PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO

"No one at all familiar with the history of Mexico can wander about the streets and suburbs of this, its principal city, without seeing at every turn some evidence of the vast changes which have marked its past, and which have made its story so thrilling. . . . If you push aside the broad-leaved plants in the grand plaza, you find, heaped up and all covered with tangled vines, broken fragments of rudely carved stones once the glory of an Aztec temple. If you climb down the steep hill under Chapultepec and break away the matted underbrush, you will discover the mutilated effigy of Montezuma's predecessors, stretched out on the natural rock, the same the ancient sculptor selected for his chisel in the days when the groves about him echoed with song, and when these same gnarled cypresses gave grateful shadow to priest, emperor, and slave. . . . The two civilizations, pagan and Christian, are still distinct to those who look below the surface. Time has not altered them materially. Even to-day, in the hollows of the mountains and amid the dense groves on the tropical slopes, the natives steal away and prostrate themselves before the stone images of their gods, and in churches of the more remote provinces the parish priest has found more than once a rude sculptured idol concealed behind the Christian altar." — *F. Hopkinson Smith.*

The palace shown in this picture occupies an entire block in the heart of the City of Mexico on a site once covered by a palace of Montezuma. In a decree signed by the Emperor Charles V, the property was granted to Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico, who built himself a dwelling on the site. Since that time additions and alterations have been made until but little of the original building is left. President Madero made his headquarters in this palace during the uprising of 1912, and from the windows his machine guns mowed down hundreds of rebels in the square below. Here he was confined after his capture by Huerta, and it was while being removed from this palace that he was assassinated.



divided front. Indeed, it is not too much to say she can never have a common enemy; and whencesoever the bolt comes it will find Mexico unprepared, a land of ethnic shreds and patches, slattern in her policy, slattern in her defense, her vitals preyed upon by the vultures of civil strife. Of all lands she might best afford a realistic presentment of the sad tale of the Kilkenny cats.

THE WEST INDIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

"West Indies" is a general name for the Bahamas and the Greater and Lesser Antilles. Their history is much the same: namely, discovery and colonization by the Spaniards; introduction of negro slaves, who became a large and sometimes a powerful portion of the community; and the falling into the hands of some other nation.

In the seventeenth century, the Bahamas became a refuge for pirates, and during the Revolutionary War, for the friends of King George. In the American Civil War, Nassau was headquarters for blockade-runners.

The Greater Antilles comprise Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, and Porto Rico. In Cuba colonies were founded, but in their constant fear of pirates and attacks by other nations, the Spanish colonists had little comfort. The misrule of the Spanish aroused a serious revolt in 1895. Much sympathy for the Cubans was felt in the United States, and the mysterious destruction of the battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana in 1898 resulted in war. Spain was forced to give up all claim to Cuba, which became independent.

Haiti was a colony of France, but after the insurrection led by Toussaint l'Ouverture its independence was recognized. Jamaica belongs to England, and for many years was a crown colony, but at length received some degree of representation. Porto Rico was in 1869 made a province of Spain, and in the Spanish-American War of 1898 it was surrendered to the United States.

Of the Lesser Antilles, Martinique is known, first, as the birthplace of the Empress Josephine; and, second, because of the terrible eruption of Mont Pelée in 1902, which destroyed St. Pierre, the largest town on the island.

THE FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS

[1492]

BY FERDINAND COLUMBUS, SON OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

On Monday the 8th of October twelve singing birds of various colors came to the ship, and after flying round it for a short time held on their way. Many other birds were seen from the ship flying towards the southwest, and that same night great numbers of large fowl were seen, and flocks of small birds proceeding from the northwards, and all going to the southwest. In the morning a jay was seen, with an alcatraz, several ducks, and many small birds, all flying the same way with the others, and the air was perceived to be fresh and odoriferous as it is at Seville in the month of April. But the people were now so eager to see land and had been so often disappointed, that they ceased to give faith to these continual indications; insomuch that on Wednesday, the 10th, although abundance of birds were continually passing both by day and night, they never ceased to complain. The admiral upbraided their want of resolution, and declared that they must persist in their endeavors to discover the Indies, for which he and they had been sent out by their Catholic majesties.

It would have been impossible for the admiral to have much longer withstood the numbers which now opposed him; but it pleased God that, in the afternoon of Thursday, the 11th of October, such manifest tokens of being near the land appeared, that the men took cour-

age and rejoiced at their good fortune as much as they had been before distressed. From the admiral's ship a green rush was seen to float past, and one of those green fish which never go far from the rocks. The people in the Pinta saw a cane and a staff in the water, and took up another staff very curiously carved, and a small board, and great plenty of weeds were seen which seemed to have been recently torn from the rocks. Those of the Nina, besides similar signs of land, saw a branch of a thorn full of red berries, which seemed to have been newly torn from the tree.

From all these indications the admiral was convinced that he now drew near to the land, and after the evening prayers he made a speech to the men, in which he reminded them of the mercy of God in having brought them so long a voyage with such favorable weather, and in comforting them with so many tokens of a successful issue to their enterprise, which were now every day becoming plainer and less equivocal. He besought them to be exceedingly watchful during the night, as they well knew that in the first article of the instructions which he had given to all the three ships before leaving the Canaries, they were enjoined, when they should have sailed seven hundred leagues west without discovering land, to lay to every night, from midnight till daybreak. And, as he had very confident hopes of discovering land that night, he required every one to keep watch at their quarters; and, besides the gratuity of thirty crowns a year for life, which had been graciously promised by their sovereigns to him that first saw the land, he engaged to give the fortunate discoverer a velvet doublet from himself.

After this, as the admiral was in his cabin about ten o'clock at night, he saw a light on shore; but it was so unsteady that he could not certainly affirm that it came from land. He called to one Peter Gutierres and desired him to try if he could perceive the same light, who said he did; but one Roderick Sanchez, of Segovia, on being desired to look the same way, could not see it, because he was not up time enough, as neither the admiral nor Gutierres could see it again above once or twice for a short space, which made them judge it to proceed from a candle or torch belonging to some fisherman or traveler, who lifted it up occasionally and lowered it again, or perhaps from people going from one house to another, because it appeared and vanished again so suddenly. Being now very much on their guard, they still held on their course until about two in the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, when the Pinta, which was always far ahead, owing to her superior sailing, made the signal of seeing land, which was first discovered by Roderick de Triana at about two leagues from the ship. But the thirty crowns a year were afterwards granted to the admiral, who had seen the light in the midst of darkness, a type of the spiritual light which he was the happy means of spreading in these dark regions of error. Being now so near land, all the ships lay to; every one thinking it long till daylight, that they might enjoy the sight they had so long and anxiously desired.

When daylight appeared, the newly discovered land was perceived to consist of a flat island fifteen leagues in length, without any hills, all covered with trees, and having a great lake in the middle. The island was inhabited by great abundance of people, who ran down

to the shore filled with wonder and admiration at the sight of the ships, which they conceived to be some unknown animals. The Christians were not less curious to know what kind of people they had fallen in with, and the curiosity on both sides was soon satisfied, as the ships soon came to anchor. The admiral went on shore with his boat well armed, and having the royal standard of Castile and Leon displayed, accompanied by the commanders of the other two vessels, each in his own boat, carrying the particular colors which had been allotted for the enterprise, which were white with a green cross and the letter F on one side and on the other the names of Ferdinand and Isabella crowned.

The whole company kneeled on the shore and kissed the ground for joy, returning God thanks for the great mercy they had experienced during their long voyage through seas hitherto unpassed, and their now happy discovery of an unknown land. The admiral then stood up, and took formal possession in the usual words for their Catholic majesties of this island, to which he gave the name of St. Salvador. All the Christians present admitted Columbus to the authority and dignity of admiral and viceroy, pursuant to the commission which he had received to that effect, and all made oath to obey him as the legitimate representative of their Catholic majesties, with such expressions of joy and acknowledgment as became their mighty success; and they all implored his forgiveness of the many affronts he had received from them through their fears and want of confidence. Numbers of the Indians or natives of the island were present at these ceremonies; and perceiving them to be peaceable, quiet, and simple people, the

admiral distributed several presents among them. To some he gave red caps, and to others strings of glass beads, which they hung about their necks, and various other things of small value, which they valued as if they had been jewels of high price.

After the ceremonies, the admiral went off in his boat, and the Indians followed him even to the ships, some by swimming and others in their canoes, carrying parrots, clews of spun cotton yarn, javelins, and other such trifling articles, to barter for glass beads, bells, and other things of small value. Like people in the original simplicity of nature, they were all naked, and even a woman who was among them was entirely destitute of clothing. Most of them were young, seemingly not above thirty years of age; of a good stature, with very thick black lank hair, mostly cut short above their ears, though some had it down to their shoulders, tied up, with a string about their head like women's tresses. Their countenances were mild and agreeable and their features good; but their foreheads were too high, which gave them rather a wild appearance. They were of a middle stature, plump, and well shaped, but of an olive complexion, like the inhabitants of the Canaries, or sunburnt peasants. Some were painted with black, others with white, and others again with red; in some the whole body was painted, in others only the face, and some only the nose and eyes. They had no weapons like those of Europe, neither had they any knowledge of such; for when our people showed them a naked sword, they ignorantly grasped it by the edge. Neither had they any knowledge of iron; as their javelins were merely constructed of wood, having their points hardened in

the fire, and armed with a piece of fish-bone. Some of them had scars of wounds on different parts, and being asked by signs how these had been got, they answered by signs that people from other islands came to take them away, and that they had been wounded in their own defense. They seemed ingenious and of a voluble tongue; as they readily repeated such words as they once heard. There were no kind of animals among them excepting parrots, which they carried to barter with the Christians among the articles already mentioned, and in this trade they continued on board the ships till night, when they all returned to the shore.

In the morning of the next day, being the 13th of October, many of the natives returned on board the ships in their boats or canoes, which were all of one piece hollowed like a tray from the trunk of a tree; some of these were so large as to contain forty or forty-five men, while others were so small as only to hold one person, with many intermediate sizes between these extremes. These they worked along with paddles formed like a baker's peel or the implement which is used in dressing hemp. These oars or paddles were not fixed by pins to the sides of the canoes like ours; but were dipped into the water and pulled backwards as if digging. Their canoes are so light and artfully constructed, that if overset they soon turn them right again by swimming; and they empty out the water by throwing them from side to side like a weaver's shuttle, and when half emptied they lade out the rest with dried calabashes cut in two, which they carry for that purpose.

This second day, the natives, as said before, brought various articles to barter for such small things as they

could procure in exchange. Jewels or metals of any kind were not seen among them, except some small plates of gold which hung from their nostrils; and on being questioned from whence they procured the gold, they answered by signs that they had it from the south, where there was a king who possessed abundance of pieces and vessels of gold; and they made our people to understand that there were many other islands and large countries to the south and southwest. They were very covetous to get possession of anything which belonged to the Christians, and being themselves very poor, with nothing of value to give in exchange, as soon as they got on board, if they could lay hold of anything which struck their fancy, though it were only a piece of a broken glazed earthen dish or porringer, they leaped with it into the sea and swam on shore with their prize. If they brought anything on board they would barter it for anything whatever belonging to our people, even for a piece of broken glass; insomuch that some gave sixteen large clews of well-spun cotton yarn, weighing twenty-five pounds, for three small pieces of Portuguese brass coin not worth a farthing. Their liberality in dealing did not proceed from their putting any great value on the things themselves which they received from our people in return, but because they valued them as belonging to the Christians, whom they believed certainly to have come down from Heaven, and they therefore earnestly desired to have something from them as a memorial. In this manner all this day was spent, and the islanders as before went all on shore at night.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

[1801]

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

[Toussaint l'Ouverture was a full-blooded negro slave of Haiti who became a revolutionary leader and finally governed the island from 1795 to 1801. The remainder of his story is told in the following extract.

The Editor.]

It was 1811. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Grégoire, "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions, if they changed their skins." Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand.

He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that, when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British Crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must give them work at a distance to do."

. . . .

Mounting his horse and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he (Toussaint) looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe, — soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed, "All France is come to Haiti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life, — his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he

comes to make": — and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to the ocean"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce freemen to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand *white* men, women, and children; and carried them to the mountains in safety; then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just

finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the "Marseillaise Hymn," and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the "Marseillaise." And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years, — could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand

would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him, — the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight-errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the crusades is, "You lie." Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish general, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness, "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters, — one from the French general, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was, "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the Government would have doubted him, — would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus, "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly"; and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords, and told him he was a prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You think

you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up." Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is damp and wet. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropics was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus: — "Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered this letter. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English Government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years

after to his prison at St. Helena, planned for a tomb, as he had planned that of Toussaint, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

From the moment he was betrayed, the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Soon every negro but Maurepas deserted the French. Leclerc summoned Maurepas to his side. He came, loyally bringing with him five hundred soldiers. Leclerc spiked his epaulettes to his shoulders, shot him, and flung him into the sea. He took his five hundred soldiers on shore, shot them on the edge of a pit, and tumbled them in. Dessalines from the mountain saw it, and selecting five hundred French officers from his prisons, hung them on separate trees in sight of Leclerc's camp; and born, as I was, not far from Bunker Hill, I have found yet no reason to think he did wrong. They murdered Pierre Toussaint's wife at his own door, and after such treatment that it was mercy when they killed her. The maddened husband, who had but a year before saved the lives of twelve hundred white men, carried his next thousand prisoners and sacrificed them on her grave.

The French exhausted every form of torture. The negroes were bound together and thrown into the sea; any one who floated was shot,—others sunk with cannon-balls tied to their feet; some smothered with sulphur fumes, — others strangled, scourged to death, gibbeted;

sixteen of Toussaint's officers were chained to rocks in desert islands, — others in marshes, and left to be devoured by poisonous reptiles and insects. Rochambeau sent to Cuba for bloodhounds. When they arrived, the young girls went down to the wharf, decked the hounds with ribbons and flowers, kissed their necks; and, seated in the amphitheater, the women clapped their hands to see a negro thrown to these dogs, previously starved to rage. But the negroes besieged this very city so closely that these same girls, in their misery, ate the very hounds they had welcomed.

The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed his efforts. What the sword did not devour, the fever ate up. Leclerc died. Pauline carried his body back to France. Napoleon met her at Bordeaux, saying, "Sister, I gave you an army, — you bring me back ashes." Rochambeau, — the Rochambeau of our history, — left in command of eight thousand troops, sent word to Dessalines, "When I take you, I will not shoot you like a soldier, or hang you like a white man; I will whip you to death like a slave." Dessalines chased him from battle-field to battle-field, from fort to fort, and finally shut him up in Samana. Heating cannon-balls to destroy his fleet, Dessalines learned that Rochambeau had begged of the British admiral to cover his troops with the English flag, and the generous negro suffered the boaster to embark undisturbed.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Haiti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you,

go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them.

. . . .

Haiti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Thus far, she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England, and the malicious statesmanship of Calhoun. Toussaint made her what she is. In this work there was grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war, and skillful in civil affairs, but not, like him, remarkable for that rare mingling of high qualities which alone makes true greatness, and insures a man leadership among those otherwise almost his equals. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance, — these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave.

I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Lafayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noonday; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

"THE MARBLE MEMORY OF JOSEPHINE," EMPRESS OF FRANCE

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

YOU reach Fort-de-France, the capital of Martinique, by steamer from St. Pierre, in about an hour and a half. . . . There is an overland route — *La Trace;* but it is a twenty-five mile ride, and a weary one in such a climate, notwithstanding the indescribable beauty of the landscapes which the lofty road commands. . . .

Rebuilt in wood after the almost total destruction by an earthquake of its once picturesque streets of stone, Fort-de-France (formerly Fort-Royal) has little of outward interest by comparison with St. Pierre. It lies in a low, moist plain, and has few remarkable buildings: you can walk all over the little town in about half an hour. But the Savane, — the great green public square, with its grand tamarinds and *sabliers,* — would be worth the visit alone, even were it not made romantic by the marble memory of Josephine.

I went to look at the white dream of her there, a creation of master-sculptors. . . . It seemed to me absolutely lovely.

Sea winds have bitten it; tropical rains have streaked it: some microscopic growth has darkened the exquisite hollow of the throat. And yet such is the human charm of the figure that you almost fancy you are gazing at a living presence. . . . Perhaps the profile is less artistically real, — statuesque to the point of betraying the

chisel; but when you look straight up into the sweet Creole face, you can believe she lives: all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there.

She is standing just in the center of the Savane, robed in the fashion of the First Empire, with gracious arms and shoulders bare: one hand leans upon a medallion bearing the eagle profile of Napoleon. . . . Seven tall palms stand in a circle around her, lifting their comely heads into the blue glory of the tropic day. Within their enchanted circle you feel that you tread holy ground, — the sacred soil of artist and poet; — here the recollections of memoir-writers vanish away; the gossip of history is hushed for you; you no longer care to know how rumor has it that she spoke or smiled or wept: only the bewitchment of her lives under the thin, soft, swaying shadows of those feminine palms. . . . Over violet space of summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light, she is looking back to the place of her birth, back to beautiful drowsy Trois-Islets, — and always with the same half-dreaming, half-plaintive smile, — unutterably touching.

THE FER-DE-LANCE OF MARTINIQUE

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

There are trees distilling venom, there are plants that have fangs, there are perfumes that affect the brain, there are cold green creepers whose touch blisters flesh like fire; while in all the recesses and the shadows is a swarming of unfamiliar life, beautiful or hideous, — insect, reptile, bird, — interwarring, devouring, preying. . . . But the great peril of the forest — the danger which deters even the naturalist — is the presence of the terrible *fer-de-lance* (*trigonocephalus lanceolatus*, — *bothrops lanceolatus*, — *craspodecephalus*), — deadliest of the Occidental thanatophidia, and probably one of the deadliest serpents of the known world. . . . There are no less than eight varieties of it, — the most common being the dark gray, speckled with black — precisely the color that enables the creature to hide itself among the protruding roots of the trees by simply coiling about them, and concealing its triangular head. Sometimes the snake is a clear bright yellow: then it is difficult to distinguish it from the bunch of bananas among which it conceals itself. Or the creature may be a dark yellow, — or a yellowish brown, — or the color of wine-lees, speckled pink and black, — or dead black with a yellow belly, — or black with a pink belly: all hues of tropical forest-mould, of old bark, or decomposing trees. . . .

The iris of the eye is orange, — with red flashes: it glows at night like burning charcoal.

And the *fer-de-lance* reigns absolute king over the mountains and the ravines; he is lord of the forest and the solitudes by day, and by night he extends his dominion over the public roads, the familiar paths, the parks, the pleasure resorts. People must remain at home after dark, unless they dwell in the city itself: if you happen to be out visiting after sunset, only a mile from town, your friends will caution you anxiously not to follow the boulevard as you go back, and to keep as closely as possible to the very center of the path. Even in the brightest noon you cannot venture to enter the woods without an experienced escort; you cannot trust your eyes to detect danger: at any moment a seeming branch, a knot of lianas, a pink or gray root, a clump of pendent yellow fruit, may suddenly take life, writhe, stretch, spring, strike. . . . Then you will need aid, indeed, and most quickly; for within the span of a few heart-beats the wounded flesh chills, tumefies, softens. Soon it changes color, and begins to spot violaceously; while an icy coldness creeps through all the blood. If the *panseur* or the physician arrives in time, and no vein has been pierced, there is hope; but it more often happens that the blow is received directly on a vein of the foot or ankle, — in which case nothing can save the victim. Even when life is saved, the danger is not over. Necrosis of the tissues is likely to set in: the flesh corrupts, falls from the bone sometimes in tatters, and the colors of its putrefaction simulate the hues of vegetable decay, — the ghastly grays and pinks and yellows of trunks rotting down into the dark soil which gave them birth. The human victim moulders as the trees moulder, — crumbles and dissolves as crumbles the substance of the dead

palms and balatas: the Death-of-the-Woods is upon him.

To-day a *fer-de-lance* is seldom found exceeding six feet in length; but the dimensions of the reptile, at least, would seem to have decreased considerably by man's warring upon it since the time of Père Labat, who mentions having seen a *fer-de-lance* nine feet long and five inches in diameter. He also speaks of a *couresse* — a beautiful and harmless serpent said to kill the *fer-de-lance* — over ten feet long and thick as a man's leg; but a large *couresse* is now seldom seen. The negro woodsmen kill both creatures indiscriminately; and as the older reptiles are the least likely to escape observation, the chances for the survival of extraordinary individuals lessen with the yearly decrease of forest-area. . . .

But it may be doubted whether the number of deadly snakes has been greatly lessened since the early colonial period. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The favorite haunts of the *fer-de-lance* are to a large extent inaccessible or unexplored, and its multiplication is prodigious. It is really only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane-fields, and makes the public roads dangerous after dark; — yet more than three hundred snakes have been killed in twelve months on a single plantation. The introduction of the Indian mongoose, or *mangouste* (ichneumon), proved futile as a means of repressing the evil. The *mangouste* kills the *fer-de-lance* when it has a chance; but it also kills fowls and sucks their eggs, which condemns it irrevocably with the country negroes, who live to a considerable extent by raising and selling chickens. . . .

Domestic animals are generally able to discern the presence of their deadly enemy long before a human eye can perceive it. If your horse rears and plunges in the darkness, trembles and sweats, do not try to ride on until you are assured the way is clear. Or your dog may come running back, whining, shivering: you will do well to accept his warning. The animals kept about country residences usually try to fight for their lives; the hen battles for her chickens; the bull endeavors to gore and stamp his supple enemy; the pig gives more successful combat; but the creature who fears the monster least is the brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and begin to feint, — teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. How the emerald and the topazine eyes glow then! — they are flames! A moment more and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw that dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled in the dust. Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring; — the enemy, still active, has almost instantly re-formed his coil; — but she is again in front of him, watching, — vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the lashing stroke; again the beautiful encountering; — again the living death is hurled aside; and now the scaled skin is deeply torn, — one eye socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupefied; — before he can attempt to coil, Pussy has leaped upon him, — nailing the horrible flat head fast to the

ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her! — in vain! he will never lift his head: an instant more, and he lies still: — the keen white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebra just behind the triangular skull!

THE ERUPTION OF MONT PELÉE

[1902]

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD

On the 8th of May, 1902, Mont Pelée, which had been inactive for fifty-one years, suddenly burst forth with scalding steam, liquid fire, stifling gas, and smothering dust. There had been warnings of disaster for several weeks, and a few of the inhabitants had made their way over the mountains, or by boat to Fort-de-France, at the southern end of the island. But the great majority remained. The volcano was evidently uneasy, and threw up clouds of steam and a fine dust which covered everything and darkened the air; but no great damage had been done. The priests were praying in the cathedral and churches, the authorities ordered the people to stay, and many cheerful and hopeful people believed that there would be no serious eruption. Fifty years had passed since any fatal outbreak had occurred; probably after a little smoke, noise, and ashes all would be over.

So the people hoped and waited, till in the twinkling of an eye the whole vast mass of boiling, blazing, suffocating mud and ashes burst from the rent and torn crater, rising miles into the air, to fall the next instant and for hours thereafter, in killing blisters and deadly fumes and choking lava dust on man and beast, orchards and gardens, houses and streets, the wharves and beaches, boats in the harbor, vessels in the roadstead,

and even upon ships far out at sea. Meanwhile the earth was rocking, roofs were whirled away by a tempest, and as the affrighted crowds rushed down the steep streets to the bay of St. Pierre, the sea rose and with an immense tidal wave drowned them by thousands. In the gray dawn of that May morning there were forty-five thousand bright, handsome, living French Creoles, colored people, and negroes in St. Pierre. Instead of sunrise came a rain of fire, amid which the whole population, shrieking, wailing, crazed, crammed the cathedral only to die, climbed the mountains and sought the forests only to be burned or buried alive, fled to the river to find it a torrent of scalding water, and to the sea to meet a watery grave. At noon there was but one living man in the ruined and desolate city of St. Pierre, and he was a negro prisoner, burned, but not dead, in a subterranean dungeon where he had been confined for crime. A strange travesty of justice! All the innocent met a dreadful doom, the one guilty and condemned criminal was saved. I have seen this naked negro, his back scarred and blistered by the heat which found its way even into his prison. He is vouched for by the authorities of Fort-de-France, has come to New York, and, if allowed to remain by the authorities, is to be shown as a curiosity in the United States. He was rescued four days after the eruption, frightened almost out of his senses, unable to say anything except that he heard dreadful noises, and felt intolerable heat, and thought he would die of thirst.

The London "Times" gave a description of the scene as viewed from the deck of the Roddam, which arrived at moorings in St. Pierre half an hour before the erup-

tion on May 8, 1902: The Roddam approached the island very cautiously, the more so that as the land was neared Mont Pelée was seen to be throwing out volumes of black smoke; but as, on reaching the bay, several vessels were seen riding at anchor, Captain Freeman decided to bring his ship also to her moorings. This was about 7.30 on the morning of the 8th.

The captain, the agent, and supercargo were engaged in conversation near the companion ladder, when suddenly, with a mighty, earth-shaking roar, the whole side of the mountain seemed rent in twain from top to bottom, and a solid wall of fire swept over the town and bay. So rapid was its progress that those on board had hardly time to throw themselves wherever shelter was nearest when the vessel was struck with such force by the burning mass as nearly to capsize her, and she was enveloped from stem to stern in a whirlwind of fire.

Alas, for those who reached no shelter! They were never seen again. They either jumped overboard in the frantic effort to escape, or they were swept bodily away. No human being could stand against that terrific deluge of molten ashes. Even those who reached the cabin or hold did not escape, for almost every nook and cranny of the ship was filled with the blazing dust. Captain Freeman sought shelter in the chart-room, but the port-holes being open, the fire streamed in and burned him badly on face and hands.

After the first shock was over the captain came out on deck, as soon as it was possible to do so with any chance of safety. The scene was now awful and terrifying — a pitchy darkness had succeeded the cataract of fire, pierced only fitfully by the flames from the fated city.

St. Pierre was blazing from every quarter, and as the flames rose higher, by their lurid light the doomed inhabitants could be seen, wildly running from place to place, vainly seeking a way of escape, and even above the roar of the flames could be heard their piercing shrieks of agony and despair. By heroic efforts the ship was saved and reached St. Lucia after seven hours. Every part of the vessel was heaped with ashes like powdered pumice-stone; there was not a square inch of her deck but was strewn with them; and when one came to realize that when these ashes descended on the ship they were aglow, some idea could be formed of the awful nature of the danger through which the vessel had come.

Moving slowly about were a few gray figures, clothes, hair, and beard covered with the same coating of ash. They looked like men suddenly stricken with age. One of these gray figures came up to the ship's agent as he went aboard. "You don't know me?" And, indeed, it was hard to recognize this seemingly old man, with face all scorched and blackened hands held up helplessly swollen to three times their natural size, and burned and blistered cruelly — only his voice betrayed him.

"Why, captain, you have come through an awful time."

"Aye, sir, from hell's gates! But look to the others, I'm all right."

THE COURT OF JUSTICE OF GENERAL GOMEZ

[1895]

BY GROVER FLINT

[GOMEZ was a native of Santo Domingo. At one time he served in the Spanish army; but he felt so indignant at Spanish methods that he left the army and became a planter. In the revolution of 1895, he was put at the head of the Cuban forces; but when the Americans landed, he placed his followers at their disposal.

The Editor.]

RAIN fell intermittently day and night during the last week in May, and the forest trails became sloughs, wherein horses splashed to their knees, covering the backs of riders ahead with black mud. The rivers were swollen, and in the shallowest fords, water rippled above the saddle-girths, and your mount fought for a footing. Marches were therefore short, and made in the mornings. Of afternoons, Gomez had offenders from all parts brought before him, and the journey was like riding the circuit with a British magistrate of the last century. Evil-doers were run to ground and *majaces* were punished. In Camaguey many officers had become demoralized. They were not hard-pressed enough to fight in self-defense, and they grew fond of ease in camp and cottage. Samples of discipline like the following were common.

Scene. — A bit of worn canvas stretched on poles between two palms. Beneath it Gomez in a hammock, with Colete sitting in the grass, writing, at his side. Bosa,

Miguelito, and half a dozen alert *ayudantes* in background. Soldiers and *asistentes* in groups to right and left.

Enter, in a cloudburst of geniality and clean linen, fat, elderly man, with white mustache and red face. He gives his horse to an *asistente*. He wears a shiny pistol-belt and crossbelt with the stars of a major, top boots, and silver-mounted machete.

The major. — "Ah, citizens, gentlemen, my respects to you all. My respects to the commander-in-chief. I report at my general's order. I trust my general is well." (Removes his hat and bows before headquarters.)

Gomez (testily). — "Lift up the tent. Let me see the man. I can't see the fellow." (Arranges his spectacles and peers from beneath canvas.) "Ah! indeed! A *co-man-dan-te*. How many men have you?"

The major. — "About fifty, my general."

Gomez (raising his voice). — "Answer my question directly; how many men have you?"

The major (embarrassed). — "Just fifty-five, my general, and forty rifles."

Gomez. — "Are your men well, in good health? Have they ammunition?"

The major. — "Excellent, my general, with some forty rounds per man."

Gomez. — "How near does your family live?"

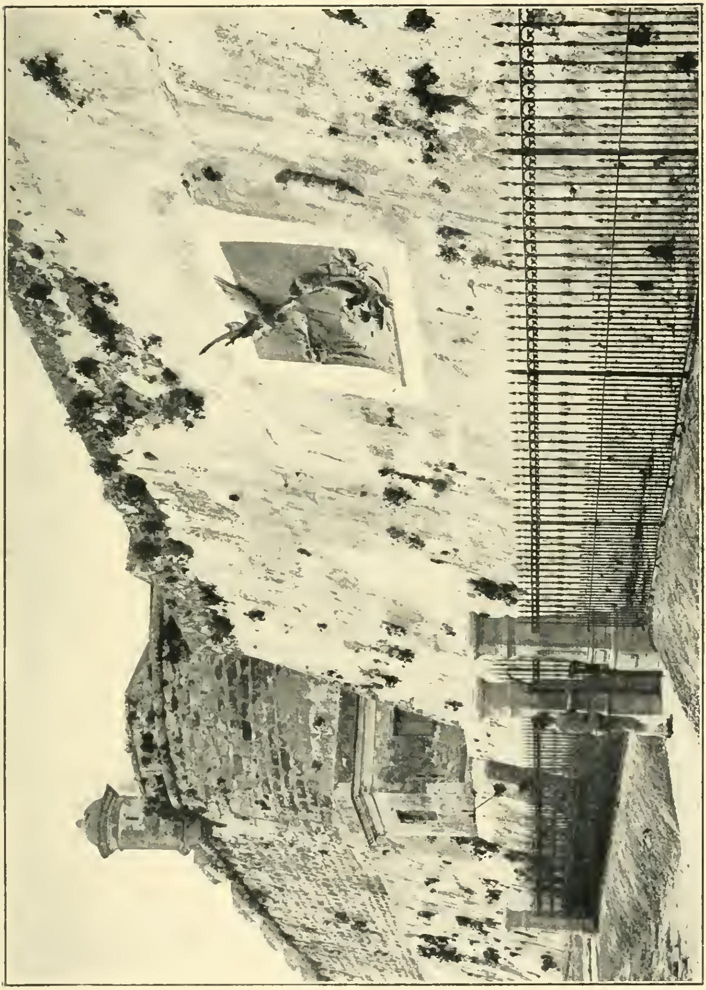
The major (in mild astonishment). — "Two leagues, my general."

Gomez. — "Go to them to-day. Prepare your equipment, turn over your men and your arms to Colonel Bosa at once. To-morrow I will send you to Pinar del Rio, to Maceo, where there is fighting, where you will have to fight."

EXECUTION WALL, HAVANA

EXECUTION WALL, HAVANA

"ADJOINING Morro is Fort Cabañas, of the same general order of architecture — wonderful architecture, rambling, but symmetrical. Morro was built beginning in 1587, and Cabañas was built in 1763 to 1774. Where so many patriots were executed, the Cuban Government has set a tablet in the wall, which is chipped by the bullets of the executioners, and surrounded it by an iron fence. It was the habit to stand prisoners facing the wall and then shoot them in the back. The picture shows a number of the dead on the ground and one soldier standing in the act of turning and defying his executioners with the challenge, 'You shall not shoot me in the back.' Above this is the Angel of Peace extending the laurel wreath." — *Thomas Rees.*



The major. — "My general!"

Gomez. — "Monday you allowed the Spanish convoy to pass through your district without attacking them. You have men, you have arms and ammunition, you are strong; how is this?"

The major. — "But, my general, I did not know they were coming."

Gomez. — "But you should know; it is your business to know. I knew. Every one knew. The *asistentes* knew. It is easy enough to go one way and let the Spaniards go another." (Rising and addressing his officers.) "Here, who wants an *asistente?* Here is a good strong man for an *asistente,* — but no, you must fight; you shall be a private soldier. Tear off those stars which you disgrace; you are a common soldier."

The major. — "But, my general, remember my services in the last war. I fought in the Ten Years' War."

Gomez. — "The more shame you. This is as if I said I had money but I spent it; I had health but I lost it. Do you think the war is already over? It is not when a man comes here saying, 'I am of ancient family, or I am a college professor, or I am a millionaire,' that he is respected; but only when he can say, 'I fight.' White or black or yellow, 'I fight' is a man's glory here. We respect men for service alone, and your service does not entitle you to respect. Oh, I have heard of you many times before. It is my duty as commander-in-chief to make you fight as a common soldier. Here, Colonel Bosa, take this private soldier away."

And before the column was halfway through Camaguey, a major and three captains were privates of the *escolta.*

HOW FREEDOM CAME TO PORTO RICO

[1898]

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

SPAIN formally released Porto Rico from her sovereignty at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, October 18, 1898, by the withdrawal of her troops from the capital city of San Juan. It was the breaking of the last tie which has bound the easternmost fertile isle of the western hemisphere to a galling yoke of tyranny and taxation for nearly four hundred years.

The dawn of this memorable day in Porto Rican history came clear, colorless, and hot; not a cloud dotted the sky, and, as the sun rose toward the zenith, the narrow, brick-paved streets of San Juan quivered with moist heat, and, in the breathless air, the surging crowds elbowed one another for positions of vantage within the narrow shadows of noonday.

Two days before the ceremony, every hotel in the town was crowded to its utmost capacity, and, on the night before the evacuation, strangers slept three and four together in the tiny, dark rooms, whose only source of light was the stained-glass doors opening into a central rotunda, suffering all night long from an infestation of humming, insatiable mosquitoes.

In the harbor lay a Spanish transport, ready to carry home the soldiers; while outside, on a calm ocean, lay our ships loaded with blue-uniformed men, waiting for the moment when the booming of the midday gun was

to sound the death-knell of Spanish supremacy and give Porto Rico to the American Government.

At daybreak on Tuesday, the last callings of the Spanish bugles rang through the town from the *cuartels* of San Cristobal and Morro, and sixteen hundred Spanish soldiers prepared to march through the massive-walled portals, down the narrow streets of the town, and out to the westward suburban town of Santurce, where they were to camp temporarily until the arrival of a second Spanish steamer; but, through the courtesy of General John R. Brooke, commanding our forces, they were granted permission to remain in their barracks until all the Spanish transports arrived.

A surrender of the conquered to the conqueror is a sad function from its very nature, but in this instance it was far more than sad; it was the acme of human misery, arising, however, not from the hurt done to martial spirit, but from the annihilation of happy homes. The Spanish soldiers and Guardia Civil have married largely among Porto Rican women and have become factors in the domestic life of the island. The evacuation programme did not provide for a condition like this, so the Spaniard went back to his own country,— though only for a time, perhaps,—and his wife and children must weep and go hungry until his return.

As if in answer to the shrill blasts of Spanish bugles, came the deeper notes of our own, echoing back from without the city limits, and soon the steady, sturdy tramp of our own stalwart men resounded between the low walls of the city streets. *We* were going to cheer our country's flag and glory in our new possessions — *they*

— well, no one knows what the Spanish soldiers felt; a mixture, perhaps, of pleasure in going back to their hillside vineyards, of heartache at leaving their loved ones, and of well-marked hatred for those who had broken Spain's arrogant power.

As the hour of twelve drew near, American soldiers stood before the white front of the balconied home of past Spanish governor-generals, and in the plaza before the Chamber of Deputies and the City Hall, and again at the gates of the castles of Morro and San Cristobal, patiently awaiting the coming of the hour. Around them at all these places, were gathered queer, interesting, and withal motley crowds of American tourists and newspaper-men, of well-dressed Spanish and Porto Rican merchants and landholders. Little talk was indulged in, and enthusiasm, if there was any, was withheld from active expression. The minutes were passed in hushed waiting, a straining of eyes toward the bare flag-poles, and a nervous consultation of watches.

Now it was coming, and a long-drawn breath sighed through the packed crowds, followed by the first uneasy shuffling of feet. The cry of "Attention!" caused every soldier to straighten rigidly on his heels, except a few poor fellows who had dropped, weak and sweltering, under the fierce heat of the sun, and lay uncaring beneath the shaded walls. The newsmen craned their necks in eager expectancy, and the click of adjusted camera shutters could be heard from every point of elevation.

At each flagstaff a shoulder-strapped man stood grasping the flag-halyards, trying them now and again

in fear lest they might fail at the critical moment, and, from their high-perched positions, they watched the clock-towers or looked seaward toward the bold, rugged, fortified castles for the first flash of fire and smoke from the great black guns.

Ding! and the little, sweet-toned bell of a near-by cathedral sang the first stroke of twelve; it was over-powered in its first vibrations by the deep-bellowing clang of the great bell on the City Hall. They answered each other in rhythmic chime, the ponderous and the weak, one after another, until the last echoing thrill of twelve made Porto Rico ours.

The Stars and Stripes rose gently over every building, and were wafted by a new-born breeze, as if in sympathy with the rousing cheers of the surging Americans beneath, and as if in salutation to the roaring guns which belched their smoke far to seaward, as they boomed out the twenty-one shots of honor and of freedom.

It was a deeply impressive ceremony — done without ostentatious display, done without gold-laced uniforms or martial panoply, but well done. The very simplicity of the celebration appeals to American hearts. Our attitude was not that of the dictator, but of the protector. No bombastic speeches wounded the still sensitive Spanish pride, no great military pomp caused the teeth of a vanquished enemy to grind in hidden rage; we raised our flag softly, proudly, if you like, but we raised it with an outstretched hand of friendship.

With the floating of our flag over Spain's provincial capital of San Juan, the United States became, not only

the master of a veritable Garden of Eden, but the possessor of a vast amount of government property. In the cities of the whole island permanent structures have been erected, in the nature of buildings for officials, barracks for soldiers, many hospitals, and, on the seacoast, massive stone forts. In San Juan, itself, our prizes include two wonderful stone forts, whose gray, moss-covered walls tell a story of antiquated defenses, which would, however, even now offer a very material protection against modern projectiles. On them were mounted fifty-six guns, new and old, twenty-eight of which are fairly modern, six-inch, breech-loading, rifled guns, and four modern mortars. In the magazines were stored immense quantities of powder and ammunition; in fact, shortly before war was declared, an entire shipload of the most approved projectiles was landed at San Juan, and now belongs to our Government. Again, in this city, we now own a five-storied infantry barracks which has been constructed during the last five years, and will hold one hundred thousand men. It was damaged badly, but not beyond repair, during the three hours' naval bombardment of the city, when it was believed that Cervera's fleet lay in hiding in the harbor. There are two other immense barracks, but they are of old Spanish architecture — the Cuartel San Cristobal and the Marine Barracks. The United States also owns a new city hall and a great public building, the "Intendencia," both facing the plaza of the city. The value of our entire acquisitions runs up into millions of money, which have been expended by Spain in furnishing homes for her soldiers and her officials, and in the vain attempt to protect and hold her colonial possessions, even though,

in years gone by, she has valiantly and successfully repelled all assailants.

The American officers who had the honor of raising the flags at San Juan were Major J. T. Dean at the governor's palace; Colonel Goethals, of the Engineer Corps, over the "Intendencia"; Major Carson, of the Quartermaster's Department, at the City Hall; and Major Day, in command of a battery of the Fifth Artillery, over Morro Castle. Major Day also raised the first American flag floated at Ponce.

Few troops took active part in the ceremony: two battalions of the Eleventh Infantry at different points; troop A of the Sixth Cavalry at the palace, and the Fifth Heavy Artillery at Morro and San Cristobal. All the afternoon, however, the soldiers were marching from camps without the city's limits, until at nightfall several thousand men were scattered through the town. On Monday night at every street corner stood the Spanish Guardia Civil, the official tyrant of the island, while sentries of the Spanish army were posted near all government buildings; when Tuesday's sunset came, our armed soldiers paced back and forth over the selfsame posts, while the Spanish soldiers — without guns, though armed with bayonets — wandered through the town as aliens, or gathered in clusters, in animated discussion. It was a curious metamorphosis.

Almost at the moment that the brilliant planet Venus shone faintly in the waning light of evening, a great gun on Morro Castle, manned by men in blue, belched forth a farewell salute to day. The long white curls of smoke were wafted eastward slowly out to sea, and, as its billows ascended high in the air, the sinking sun tinted

their topmost crest with rosy light, an omen, it was said, that the black cloud of Spanish cruelty had passed away, and in its stead had dawned the pearl- and rose-colored promise of future happiness for Porto Rico.

END OF VOLUME XI

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